



COLUMN SOUTH

WITH THE 15th PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY

SUZANNE COLTON WILSON

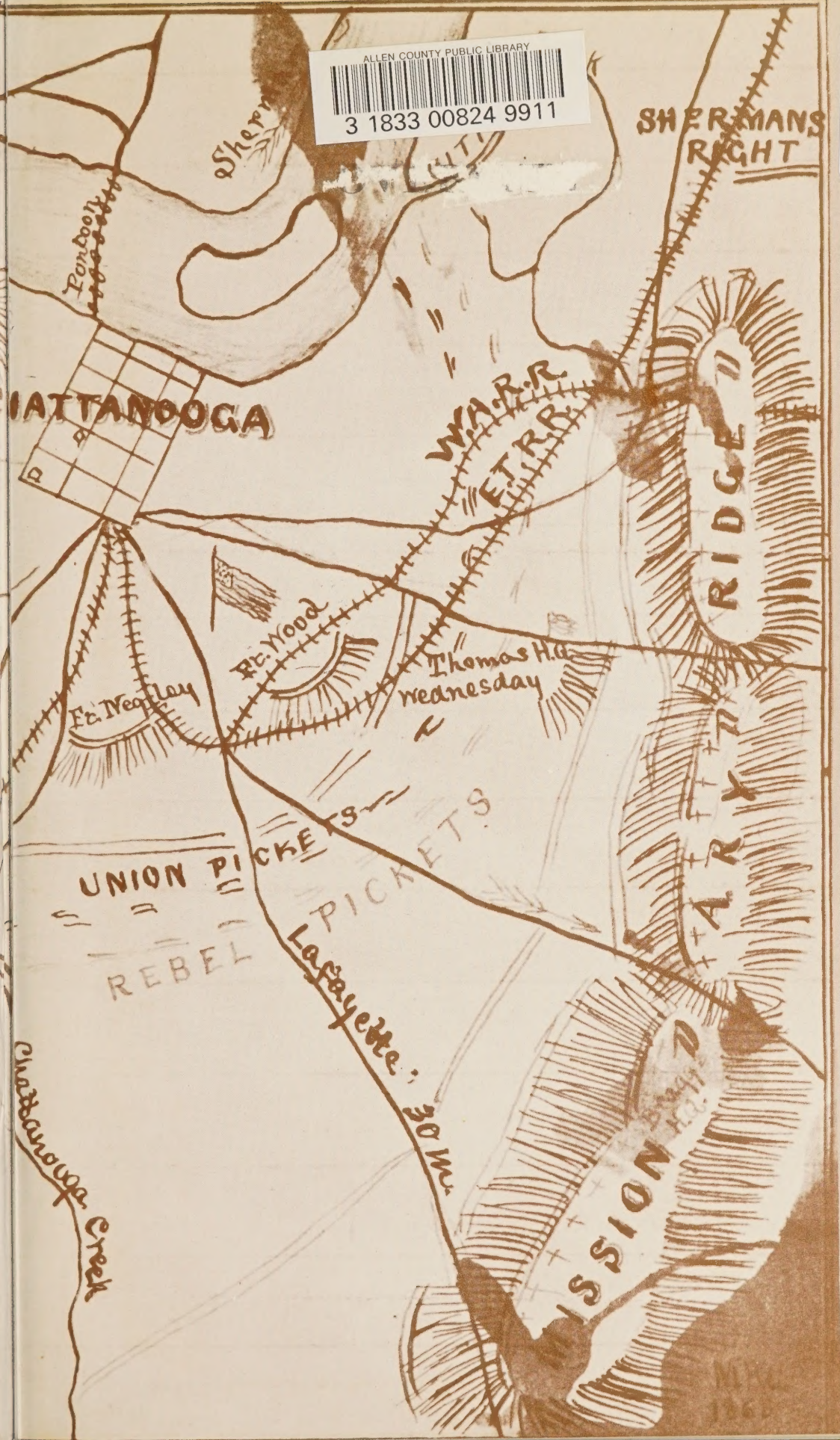
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"No book is so bad but that some good may be got out of it."

Pliny the Elder.



COLUMN SOUTH

COLLEGE SOUTH

COLUMN SOUTH

WITH THE FIFTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY

From Antietam To The Capture Of Jefferson Davis

Compiled By

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J. F. COLTON & CO.

Flagstaff

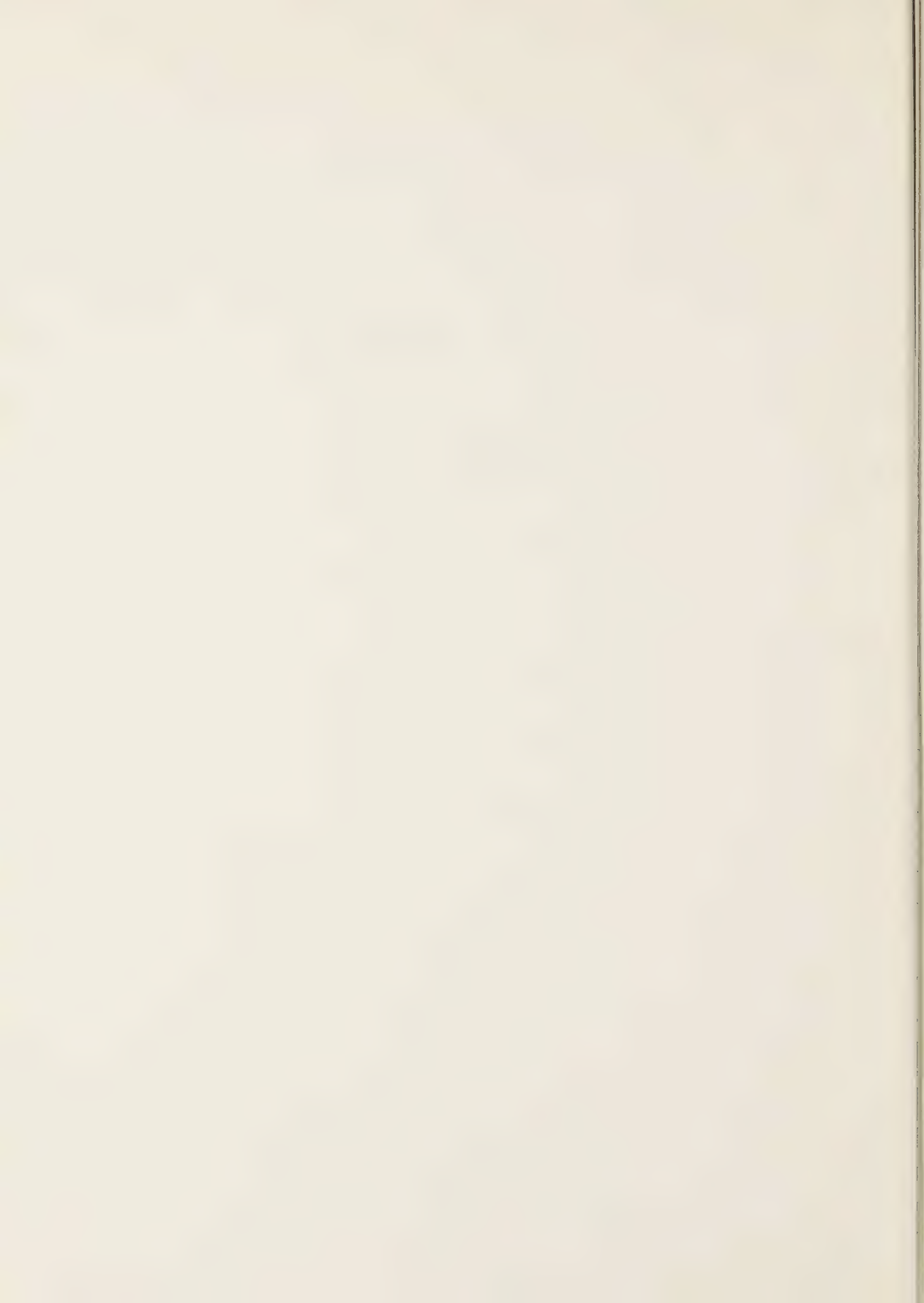
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TO
MY GRANDCHILDREN



Foreword

This is not a history of the Civil War but of two young men who fought in it. Like so many of their companions they kept diaries, and it is from these that I have compiled the story of their life in the cavalry during the three years of their service.

From their diaries it is sometimes difficult to know where they were and why, and for this reason brief descriptions of the battles in which they took part have been added, together with some of the adventures of other members of their cavalry regiment.

To explain the rather casual and free life the two boys led in the early months of their service it might be well to show the condition of the army at the beginning of the Civil War.

In 1861 the United States army consisted of only 16,000 men, with only two generals who had directed the evolution of as large a unit as a brigade. These were General Winfield Scott, the General-in-Chief, and General John E. Wool, both of whom had served in the War of 1812 and the war with Mexico in 1847. It was in the latter war that they won their fame: General Scott at Vera Cruz and General Wool at Buena Vista. But now they were old. General Scott was ill with dropsy and vertigo and quite incapable of directing an army in the field, while General Wool, although still active, could no longer remember what he had said a few minutes before and had to ask his aides if he had put his hat on straight.

There were plenty of excellent men who had graduated from West Point, but they had no knowledge of staff work and little if any knowledge of the problems of operating an army or the planning of war manoeuvres. West Point's curriculum included engineering, fortifications, and mathematics with only a minor part devoted to strategy. Then, too, the government had made no topographical maps except for the West. This was natural as all the fighting had been located in the West during the years just prior to 1861. But the result was that, at the beginning of the war, most of the generals of the North and of the South had no real knowledge of their own country, and didn't know where they were going or how to get there. No wonder there was chaos on both sides.

It has been said the Civil War was the last Gentlemen's War and the first Modern one. This would seem to be true, for at the beginning the soldiers were taught respect for women and for civilian property, no looting being tolerated. There was the parole and exchange system* rigidly respected by both sides. There was the raising of troops by States, selecting their own uniforms, which in its turn caused confusion. These were many and varied at the start of the war. There were highlanders in plaid "trews" (tight fitting breeches). There were blue jackets, gray jackets, Zouaves, pleated blue blouses and many full gray uniforms. Lumber men from Michigan in tasseled caps and zouave-like trousers. There were cavalry with jackets resplendent with yellow braid. There were hats of all kinds, high, wide,

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tall, squat, some with brass emblems on them. There were wool caps, felt caps, every kind of cap. One regiment from New York wore scarlet fezzes and French breeches. There was an Italian regiment wearing a uniform copied after the Bersaglieri of the time of the Crimean War. A French battalion in Algerian uniform.

Most of these gay and easy-to-shoot-at uniforms were completely worn out after their wearers had been in one campaign and were replaced by the regular uniform of blue flannel shirt and light blue kersey trousers usually with the funny little forage cap. However, many wore the high crown felt hat, if you can judge by the pictures of that time.

At the outbreak of the war there were only six regiments of cavalry, and it wasn't until May, 1861, that a call was made for volunteers from the States. General Scott believed that, because of the improvement in rifled cannons and the broken and wooded country in the south, the cavalry would be unimportant. General Lee†, himself a dragoon, felt quite differently and at once organized a great force of cavalry. This was not difficult to do in the south, for the lack of good highways forced the Southerner to ride from boyhood, whether living on the rich plantation lands or in the mountains. Their raids proved to be so successful against railroads, wagon trains, etc. that finally the Union generals began clamoring for more cavalry, and before the end of the war the Union cavalry proved their worth.

The weapons supplied the first Union cavalry regiments consisted of a saber and revolver, the latter a Colt's, loaded with powder and ball, and fired by percussion caps. Soon they were issued a short carbine, and later they received the Spencer, a seven-round carbine. Later still some were given the Henry rifle, firing 16 shots. The saber issued at first was of the long, straight Prussian pattern, but this was soon replaced by a light cavalry saber with curved blade.

In addition to his arms, the cavalryman carried a box of cartridges and another of percussion caps, a haversack with his rations, a tin cup with which to cook his coffee, a canteen of water, his poncho or "gum equipment"*, extra horse shoes and nails, a lariat and picket pin, currycomb and brush, and some extra clothing in his saddle bags. The saddle used was the "McClellan", so-called because it was adopted through recommendations made by General McClellan. It was a modification of the Mexican saddle, and with improvements has been used by the cavalry up to the present time. In 1861 the States provided the horses for their volunteer cavalry, but by 1862 this plan was abandoned and all the cavalry horses were obtained through the government.

The pay? In Pennsylvania in 1862 the average pay of the officers was \$58.75 per month, out of which they had to supply their uniforms, rations, servants, and forage for their horses. The enlisted men received little more than \$8, but their rations were issued them, as well as all their equipment.

At the start of the war the Confederate cavalry, in spite of their fine organization and great numbers, were poorly equipped as to weapons. Later, after their many successful raids, they were able to use the captured Union Colt's pistols, cavalry carbines, and McClellan saddles. Throughout the entire war the men rode their own horses, and were paid a *per diem* rate for their use, with a muster valuation in cases where they were killed in action, but not for any other casualty in

†See OPPOSING GENERALS

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the campaigns. At the beginning it was easy to either capture horses or simply "acquire" them from farmers, but toward the close many were unable to remount themselves and were forced to hold the horses of their companions who fought dismounted. They hoped for both captured horses and weapons.

In 1859, soon after John Brown's attempt to free the slaves at Harper's Ferry, the border States and some others farther south formed military companies and began to uniform, arm, and drill them. Many of these were mounted companies and all had dashing uniforms, as varied as those early ones in the north. Later they adopted the gray uniform, but due to the blockade of the southern ports the gray cloth was soon exhausted and any color, from dark gray, blue, red, to almost white kersey, was acceptable as a uniform. Shoe leather had to be imported too, so even early in the war some were nearly barefoot. Small wonder that as soon as a Union soldier was captured he was made to exchange his coat, pants, and shoes with his captor!

Before August 1862, President Lincoln's calls for troops produced a surplus of volunteers, but when men no longer responded in sufficient numbers, "bounties" were introduced. The Government, the cities, and their wards were forced to give increasing bounties, and in the summer of 1862 Philadelphia gave to every certified recruit \$20 for the nine-month men, \$30 for one-year men, and \$50 to those enlisting for "three years or the war". Bounty-jumping became a lucrative pastime for some of the recruits. They would enlist, receive their bounty, then, when they had a chance, usually while on picket duty, they would desert and repeat the performance.

When the draft* came in 1863 it was possible to purchase a substitute. In 1864 draft brokers in Philadelphia were offering \$1,000 or more to any veteran who would enlist as a substitute. This made it profitable for some to do as the bounty-jumpers did, enlist and desert. Naturally, the regular enlisted men resented the substitutes and this method of "dodging the draft" proved far from healthy for the morale of the army.

Gradually, as the war progressed, the modern command system began to evolve. The draft system of raising troops was started, with a common uniform for all; female nurses were accepted in the army; the armies were separated into various departments, with a Commander-in-Chief over all; the parole and exchange system was abandoned; the cavalry, instead of making massed charges, dismounted to fight, and became "Mounted Infantry". Even before Sherman's "March to the Sea" the armies had begun to live off the country through which they marched and respect for civilian property became a thing of the past. But it wasn't until 1864 that the proper generals and the modern command system emerged from the blunders and chaos of the three earlier years.

The two boys whose diaries have been used were brothers: Matthias Baldwin Colton, 23 years old, nicknamed "Ball", and William Francis Colton, 20 years at the time of their enlistment. They were part of a large family. The father, Sabin Woolworth Colton, was of New England stock and had come to Philadelphia in 1825. He was a deeply religious man and a stern disciplinarian, but still gentle and devoted to his family. He was short, with brown hair and "snappy" brown eyes, all of which, were bequeathed by him, or so it seems, to each member of

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the family. He was never successful in business, trying first one thing then another. At one time in the grocery business, then farming, then daguerreotypes, and finally in 1863 he became an agent for a Life Insurance Company. It is not surprising that the family finances were usually at low ebb. By rights he should have been a carpenter or perhaps an engineer, for he was extremely handy with tools, inventing and patenting a non-pickable bank lock which is now in the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia and for which he received a medal. According to a grandchild he had a room "fitted with a real carpenter's bench with winches and lathes and the room smelled deliciously of fresh wood and varnish and paint and glue. He made even such things as tables and chairs. We had a chair of his careful make. And very fine and simple and good to have it was. Always, as long as he lived, Grandpa Colton had family prayers in the morning, with Bible-reading. Now, when the children were all youngsters it seemed they had a nickname amongst themselves for Baldwin. It was, for some reason, Jesse. And Aunt Daisy was 'Sis.' In one of the dull geneological tables in the Holy Book, Grandpa read out gravely, 'And Jesse, the son of Sis.' It was too much! There was a burst of laughter. But 'Father' was not amused. He could not understand how anyone could give way in that manner, when the Bible was being read. He closed the book, and left the room, and laughter died away."

The mother, Susannah Beaumont, was a beautiful woman, but delicate. She was quiet, gentle, and a devoted wife and parent. For some reason, whether because of timidity or lack of education, she never wrote one letter to her boys in the army. In almost every letter they wrote home they plead for a letter from her, but their pleas were never answered.

The oldest child was Delia Louise, "Daisy" to some and "Sis" to the boys. She was 27 years old at this time and was a remarkably intelligent girl, quick of wit and tongue. She it was who wrote to her brothers in the army, and she wrote well. To help eke out the family's slender income she wrote articles for the various magazines and journals of those times. She seems to have had most of the care of her younger brothers and she certainly had their devotion.

Ball and Will came next in line; fairly short, with curly brown hair and deep brown eyes; both with a keen sense of humor and both with an eye for the ladies, the only difference being that Ball was shy with them but Will was not!

Julia, aged 18, was the second daughter, small, plump, gentle, full of fun, and eager, too, to help in any way she could. Soon after the boys' enlistment she took a position as governess with a family in Frazier, a small town in Chester County.

After Julia there were the three "little boys". Sabin Jr., 14 years old, already doing his part as office boy at E. W. Clark & Co., an investment company. His salary was \$200 per year, and the family thought it a most generous one! "Sabie", with the usual curly brown hair and snappy brown eyes, seems to have been the one to begin the mischief of the three and the one who dared "stand up" to the stern father. John Milton, "Mill", 12, with the same hair, same eyes, and the beau brummel of the family, was in school, as was the baby of the family, Oren, then only nine.

This, then, is the family who lived at 1839 Filbert St., in Philadelphia; a

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family who had little of the comforts of life, but who made much of the little they had and who were truly devoted to one another.

In the diaries and letters many friends and relations of the family are mentioned and these, to the best of my ability, are listed below.

AUNTIE . . . Mary Beaumont Dorlon, sister of "Mother". She was the favorite Aunt of the young Coltons. She and her husband lived on a farm on Long Island where the "little boys" sometimes went for a visit in the summer. Not so long after the war her husband died and she promptly lost her farm and her money by "unwise investments". It might have been her addled head, for many were the odd things she did when she came to live with her sister, Susannah. A great-niece, Julia's daughter, wrote of her, "she had a habit of sitting down on the empty air. She made careful preparations, hiking up and arranging her voluminous, long skirts; and then someone would cry out, 'O, look! Auntie's sitting down!'" and with a concerted rush upon her she would be saved. The chair so carefully aimed at would sometimes be as much as a yard distant." But she remained the favorite Aunt the rest of her life.

UNCLE SIMON . . . Simon Colton, a great-uncle. He was a retail Grocer in Philadelphia. Associated with him was his son-in-law, E. Bradford Clarke. He had four children.

MARY . . . Aged 30, daughter of Simon Colton and wife of E. Bradford Clarke.

ANNIE . . . Aged 17. Daughter of Simon Colton.

RAY . . . Calvin Raymond, aged 25. Son of Simon Colton. He was killed during the war, in 1864, leaving a wife and two children.

SI . . . Simon Henry, aged 21, son of Simon Colton.

AUNT DELIA . . . Delia Thankful Colton Downing, older sister of "Father". She was a widow, living in the country near Paulsboro, New Jersey. She had two children.

ELIZA . . . "Lizzie", aged 20 years.

BORDIE . . . Sabin Boardman, aged 22 years.

FRIENDS

MATTHIAS BALDWIN . . . Founder of the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, for whom Ball was named. His sister married Great-uncle Oren Colton, and there is a tradition in the Colton family that he was once connected with "Father" in the grocery business.

ANNIE CLARK . . . An intimate friend of "Sis", with kindred literary tastes.

CHARLES CLARK . . . Brother of Annie Clark. He served in the army until wounded at Fredericksburg.

THE KNIGHTS . . . Lillie, Mary, and Will's "dear Julia". Two boys, Wash and Sam, ran a thriving sutler* business in and near Nashville during the war.

THE KIRKS . . . A family of three boys and two girls, living on a farm in Upper Darby.

ANNA LEA . . . A friend of "Sis". She later became a painter of note, married, and went to England.

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LIZZIE CHILD . . . Just a friend.

MR. LELAND . . . "Mr. L", "the General," Charles Godfrey Leland, author of a humorous (at that time) book of verse in broken English, *Hans Breitmann Ballads*. He was a help to "Sis" in her literary attempts, and extremely fond of the "Family".

HENRY LELAND . . . elder brother of Charles Leland.

RUDY . . . Rudolph Watson. A young man attentive to Julia.

In the afterword I have tried to tell what became of this family and the companions who shared the boys' adventures in the cavalry regiment to which they were attached.

For the Wilson descendants of the family there is a bit of history which ties in with that of the brothers, Ball and Will. My son's great-grandfather, Captain Thomas Bonar Wilson, was in the 92d Ohio Infantry regiment when it joined the Army of the Cumberland at the Battle of Stone's River. His regiment fought at Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Atlanta, the March to the Sea, and was with General Sherman at the surrender of General Johnston. Somewhere, during the war, Grandfather Wilson lost a lung, but he didn't let that bother him, for he lived to be over 90!

You may feel, as the typesetter of the Northland Press did, after setting up the first galley: "My God, hasn't this been edited?" In my defense: I have changed neither punctuation, spelling nor phrasing of the diaries and articles used throughout; and in defense of the men, remember that much was written by the light of a campfire, after a hard day's ride or battle.

This compilation has been gathered together primarily for the now many descendants of the "Family", and it is hoped they will enjoy reading about their relations of an earlier generation, and that, for a moment at least, the young people of the 1860's may become alive and real to them, as they have to me.

Suzanne Colton Wilson

Long Meadow Ranch
Prescott, Arizona
April, 1960

Acknowledgments

This compilation would never have been made had it not been for my brother, Harold S. Colton. He suggested that, since we had the diaries of our Uncle Ball throughout the time of his military service in the Civil War, it would be interesting to have a record, not only of his daily actions, but, also, of the battles he was in. I agreed, but it wasn't until 25 years later that I finally worked on it. I am grateful to my brother for his suggestions and because I've had a lot of fun and learned that the Southwest of the Civil War times had much to do with winning the war. I don't think I had ever heard of General George H. Thomas, or the battle at Nashville!

After I had started copying the diaries, I found that a cousin, Hood Worthington, had the diaries of his grandfather, the "Will" of the compilation. He kindly let me take the diaries home with me, and so the brother combination came about. I felt that since Will was an officer and Ball remained a private throughout the war, the combination might make the story more interesting, so I am greatly indebted to my cousin.

I am indebted, also, to the patient friends who read and corrected my poor spelling, punctuation and phrasing, and who showed kindly interest, thus encouraging me: Winifred and Richard Warren, Lewis Burnham, and Anne Dew.

Other people to whom my thanks are due include the following: my brother-in-law, Charles E. Wilson, who sent me some of the photographs from Washington; Carlie Mallett, who not only read the manuscript, but had much to do with typing the "Mustarole", as she called it, of the regiment; Lorinne Garrett, who hunted for the obscure meaning of "blind robins"; Alice Metzger, of the Library in Prescott, who finally found the meaning; Norman Garrett, who searched all over Colorado Springs for the plaque given by the survivors of the Regiment in honor of General Palmer after his death, and who climbed a rickety step ladder in order to photograph it; Bruce Catton, who kindly permitted me to use an anecdote from his book, "This Hallowed Ground".

Special thanks go to Spencer S. Shannon, who spent a long day in Harrisburg trying to persuade the Director of the National Museum, Dr. Stevens, to let him take a picture of the Regiment's flag.*

Paul E. Weaver, Jr., of the Northland Press and a Confederate, suggested that the name of this compilation should have been "The Family Shame", with a yellow jacket! In spite of these suggestions he has been most coöperative, and so my thanks are due him, as well as to his typesetter, Florence Kemp, and to his photographer, Weston Lee, who helped with the jacket design.

My son, Richard Wilson, read only the foreword, but suggested so many improvements that I rather wish he had made the compilation himself.

My nephew, and publisher, J. Ferrell Colton, has given me many helpful suggestions, and to his editor, Antoinette G. Smith, I am most particularly grateful for the long hours she has spent indexing, advising changes, and all that goes with editing such a mixed-up book.

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NOTE

With the exception of seven negatives, all of the above-listed photographs were taken in the period 1862-1865, 95 years ago. All but three are copies. For these reasons, better quality could not be obtained.

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NOTE

Drawn by Barton A. Wright, based on *The Official Atlas of the Civil War*, with the exception of Plate I which was from *The History of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry*.

Enlistment and Camp Life

August 1862

In the summer of 1862 things were not going as the Government had planned. The spring had been one of glorious promise. Shiloh had apparently been a draw, but it had helped open the Mississippi Valley. Then came the capture of New Orleans, Memphis, and Corinth. Except between Baton Rouge and Vicksburg, the Mississippi was entirely in the hands of the Union.

But now there were disruptions of plans. Stonewall Jackson, with his small army of 15,000, pushed General Banks back to Harper's Ferry, completely stopped Fremont from marching into East Tennessee, and so frightened the people in Washington that General McDowell was prevented from reinforcing McClellan on the Peninsula. McClellan, in spite of his overpowering numbers, was tricked, as usual, into believing he was far outnumbered and after fierce fighting retreated to the James River and entrenched at Harrison's Landing.

All the bright promises of the spring were gone. The people in the North were shocked into realizing that this would be no easy war easily won.

So the two young men mentioned in the foreword felt they should be "in it" too, and straightway enlisted early in August in the Anderson or Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

The Anderson Troop had been organized late in 1861 by William J. Palmer, then private secretary to the President of the Penna. Railroad. It had been originally intended to act as head-quarters guard to General Robert Anderson (of Sumter fame), who had been briefly in command of the Army of the Cumberland. Upon Anderson's retirement General Don Carlos Buell accepted them as his body guard and "realizing what even a comparatively small body of properly trained and led young cavalymen of spirit and intelligence could do in serving as ears and eyes for the commanding General, as well as in demoralizing a retreating enemy by a bold charge at the right moment, sent for Capt. Wm. J. Palmer, then commanding his escort, the Anderson Troop, and asked if he could raise in Pennsylvania enough more of the same class of young men to increase his company to a battalion . . .

"Captain Palmer saw at once that a full regiment of ten or twelve companies could be easily enrolled, and asked permission to increase the enlistment, which the War Department, at the request of General Buell, granted. The result was that a regiment of 1200 men was very quickly secured. A large majority joined within ten days after August 10, 1862. They represented over thirty counties in the State, the larger numbers coming from Philadelphia and Allegheny, and a splendid body of young men they were . . .

"Probably one reason why the Regiment was formed so quickly was because it was not so easy a matter to join the Anderson Cavalry. Special care was taken

COLUMN SOUTH

to obtain a select body of young men. Applicants were required to have a good moral character and to furnish letters of recommendation from men of standing in the respective counties, and to pass a severe physical examination. In addition, the recruiting officers from the Anderson Troop were stationed throughout the State at their home towns, and naturally drew recruits from the circles in which they moved themselves. The result was the formation of a regiment of as intelligent, active, and high-spirited young men as could be found anywhere in the country. Every man was enlisted as a private and without promise of office of any kind. Clothed in a neat-fitting and handsome uniform, the members of the Regiment presented an attractive appearance and, excepting training and experience, possessed all the requisites of the ideal cavalry soldier.”*

Ball's diary, up to the time of his capture, was published by my mother under the title of "The Civil War Journal and Correspondence of M. Baldwin Colton" in 1931; therefore his experiences at Camp Alabama are not included, except for the more interesting bits.

Will's diary commences:

Monday, 4. Cloudy and sultry, very warm. I decided today that it was my duty to volunteer and do what I could to serve my country. So help me God! In the evening called at Knight's and we went out and took a walk up to Camp's bakery and got weighed. My weight is 116 lbs.

Tuesday, 5. Cloudy in the A.M., clear in the P.M. In the evening, per engagement, went boating. Our party was as follows; Ned Patteson and Lillie Knight, Alex Ramsey and Miss Godfrey, Will Flanigan and Mary Knight, myself and Julia K. We met Frank Remont out at Fairmont, and as we wanted someone to steer, we took him with us. We stopped at the "Falls" and got some refreshments. On the way down and also up, we had some singing. Spent a very pleasant evening and walking home I had a good talk with Julia. She invited me to come and spend Sunday in New Jersey with her Uncle Tomlinson. In the afternoon I called on Mr. Baldwin for advice about going to war.

Wednesday, 6. Clear and cooler. In the A.M. called on Col. Chapman Biddle per advice of M. W. Baldwin. The Col. offered me a Sergeantcy. I accepted and went down to the recruiting office of Capt. Alex Lawrie of Co. B. and signed the roll. This regiment is the 121st P.V. and although the Col. is authorized to raise it, it is not accepted as part of the quota from Philadelphia. I spoke to the firm today and they are willing that I should leave. Home in the evening.

Thursday, 7. Clear and very warm. In the A.M. went to be sworn in by the U. S. recruiting officer at 12th and Girard Sts. Passed the surgeon's examination, but, not having the consent of my father, was passed till to-morrow. At 8 A.M. I called on Col. Biddle at his house. He told me that although he had authority to raise a Reg. and had no doubt of its completion, yet there was a possibility of being consolidated with other regiments, if it was not full when drafting commenced. Drafting was ordered by the President last Tuesday. Lizzie Child took dinner and tea with us. Went home with her. Bought a Sergeant's uniform today to help me recruit.

Friday, 8. Clear and warm. In the A.M. went again to the Col. with Lieut. Hulse, but hearing nothing more satisfactory than yesterday, I refused to be sworn

ENLISTMENT AND CAMP LIFE

in, not liking the possibility of being sent by U. S. to some other regiment.* At 9½ A.M. met Geo. Martin and F. E. Remont. Geo. talks of raising a company with me as 1st Lieut. and John Kane as 2nd Lieut. I'm afraid 'twill not succeed. With Frank Remont went down to the Penna. R. R. office and joined the Anderson Troop, Gen. Buell's Body Guard. Capt. Palmer is very particular as to whom he accepts, only respectable young men, on recommendation. He accepted me on recommendation from Geo. O. Evans. At 2 P.M. we were "sworn in" by Alderman McCahen in Walnut St. Went home to dinner at 3 P.M. and told the folks of my sudden action. Mother is sorry I am going so far away (to Alabama) and thinks I should have consulted them, but I told her it was my firm conviction that it was the best thing I could do. Home in the evening.

Saturday, 9. Clear and very warm. Thermo. 98 at 3 P.M. Baldy got home from Long Island last eve. and this A.M. went with me to Capt. Palmer, was accepted and sworn in.

Wednesday, 13. Home in the afternoon. In the evening called to bid good bye on Uncle Simon and cousin Ed. Burt and wife, and also on the Currey's and went with them to a small company at Martin's on the corner. After taking the girls home parted from them and received a kiss from each; Mary Williams, Elizabeth and Jane.

Thursday, 14. Clear and pleasant. In the A.M. down to the Troop office, expect to go Saturday or the beginning of next week. Found Frank Remont at Mellor's and went to Dickerman's with him to get his boots.

Was introduced to Mr. Geo. Fobes, his brother Albert, and Mr. Chas. Earp who are going with us. At 12 Mid-day left him and called on Lizzie Child. Lizzie is one of my few sympathetic friends who seem to enter into my nature, and we parted sadly, she with a tearful voice. Said she: "You remember that you wished me, once, when you put my father's present on my finger, 'that my best wishes might be fulfilled.' Now one of my *best* wishes is that you may have a nice time, and be protected through all dangers, and come back to us safely. And, oh, we'll make a good deal of you when you come home from the war." And then I asked her for a kiss, and she kissed me, lip to lip. Dr. and Mrs. C. bade me a very kind adieu. Home in the afternoon. Cousin Boardman came up to see us this afternoon. In the evening called on and bade good bye to Mr. & Mrs. Kendall, also to Mrs. Gulliver whom I met there and then went up to Park's to bring Sis home.

Friday, 15. Cloudy in the A.M. Clear in the P.M. In the A.M., F. E. R., Baldy and I went out riding, horseback. We went up the river road to Manayunk, across the upper bridge, down to Wissahickon, up the creek about a mile, turned off to the right, and over to Broad Street, and down home, travelling about 18 miles and having a splendid time. In the afternoon went with Frank and a squad to Broad and Pine Sts. and passed Surgeon Patterson's examination, then I went down town and was measured for my uniform at Rockhill and Wilson's. Home in the evening.

Saturday, 16. Clear and pleasant. Down town in the A.M. and bought my Gum Equipments and Bowie knife and camp knife. In the afternoon with Baldy to Broad and Pine Sts. He was examined and passed "all right." In the eve. to Church Prayer Meeting, very earnest and affecting. My friends there gave me every evidence of brotherly love and affection, bidding me God speed.

COLUMN SOUTH

Sunday, 17. Clear and pleasant. To S. S. in the A.M. Bade good bye to some of the teachers. After S. S. went up to our own Church, met Will Adams. He is 2nd Sergt. in the 1st Del Battery. After Church walked up Broad St. Met Julia and Lillie Knight, who got home yesterday, and Miss Flanigen. To Tabor's in the afternoon. At the Teacher's prayer meeting, addressed the teachers on the value of leading their scholars *one by one* to Christ. Found a very warm feeling towards me by Misses Allen, Sparhawk, Cumming, Simpson and others, who wished me a hearty "God be with you." After S. S. went and spent a little while at Miss Stewart's, where Frank R. is today; from there went down to see Geo. Martin's father, who is dying of consumption. Took tea with Thos. Gamon, a very pleasant surprise. Exchanged photographs with him. In the evening called at Knights, went to Church at Broad and Arch Sts. with Julia and Lucille Flanigen. Spent a very pleasant evening. Julia assured me she would never forget the evenings we spent together last winter and spring.

Monday, 18. Clear and pleasant. In the A.M. went down to the recruiting office. A squad of 25 men is going up to Carlisle tonight. I will go on Wednesday. In the afternoon Ball and I went over to Camden. Called on Emily Beaston, she in Frankford, and bade Annie Clark good-bye. At 8½ P.M. bade the Feltwell's good-bye, and went to our church. A. Simpson was ordained, an Evangelist, is going down to Fortress Monroe as chaplain to one of our hospitals. Told Dr. Jenkins that I was going—surprised—"God bless you," said he, "and bring you back safely." I told him I had wanted to have a talk with him before going away, but had not time now. Said he, "You can write. Write me a few lines and I will write long letters." Bade him good-bye and went up to Knights for the last time. Found Charley Kirk there, he is going with us.

Tuesday, 19. Clear and pleasant. Out in the A.M. to buy a few things, and bid goodbye to a few friends. Called on Lucille Flanigen. In the afternoon went down town. Bought a copy of Milton and sent it up to Julia Knight, also bought a copy for myself to take with me. Met Frank R. at the Troop office and went to Gray's to get our hair cut. Then went up and called on Mr. Allen. Frank told me today that he was married last Wednesday to Miss Mary Stewart, the sly dog. I went up with Frank to see her. Spent my last evening at home.

Wednesday, 20. Clear and pleasant. At 6½ A.M. left home for three years, very tearful farewell. Mother was so choked that she could not speak, nor could I. Left Philadelphia at 7.15 A.M. by P. R. R. for Carlisle, with a squad of forty men. Arrived at Harrisburg at 12.45 and at Camp Alabama, Carlisle at 3 P.M. Passed through the most beautiful country I ever saw. Hill and Valley; rock and river; wild and cultivated; the scenery was of surpassing beauty, especially on the Susquehanna, a wide and shallow River, full of small islands, and lined with a skirt of wooded hills. The ride from Harrisburg to Carlisle was also very beautiful, passing through on the C. V. R. R. Carlisle Barracks* is situated about a third of a mile north of the town, and is used for the instruction of Regular Cavalry. We were furnished at once with blankets and tin ware, and at 5½ P.M. got our suppers, bread and coffee. The situation of the camp is very pleasant, being on the brow of a gentle declivity, which runs down to the west to a small creek of very cold water which has a very swift current and is used for bathing and washing dishes. There are no tents up for the new men, every squad having to erect



Private Matthias Baldwin Colton, U.S.A. (1839-1915)



Captain William Francis Colton, U.S.A. (1841-1921)

PLATE I

Camp Alabama, Carlisle, Pennsylvania





PLATE 2 A Typical Cavalryman

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quarters, and what is worse, there are no tent poles. We get along very well by placing boxes in two rows and stretching tent flies across, under which to "bunk." Ball and I were on guard this our first night in camp, an hour and a half "on" and three hours off, twice during the night. I got about one hour's sleep.

Thursday, 21. Clear and warm. Off duty to-day. Two cases of haversacks were burned last night by spontaneous combustion. Breakfast at 6½ A.M., coffee and bread and cold pork. Strolled around in the A.M. to the Barracks. At 12 M. got dinner, fresh boiled beef, bread and coffee. To-day about 125 men came up, some from Harrisburg. We were formed in temporary companies this afternoon, and Lieut. Spencer (from the old Troop, now commanding Camp) read a few Articles of War for our guidance. There are some splendid singers amongst us, also some good performers on the violin, flute, banjo, cornet etc., so that there is no lack of amusement. The choruses are sometimes very beautiful.

Friday, 22. Cloudy in the A.M., clear till afternoon. At 5 P.M. a heavy thunder shower. Capt. Palmer came up this afternoon, and at 9 P.M. we had a general roll call by candle light, when we were placed in companies. Ball, Frank R. and I are in Comp. C. Sergt. Airey is a fine fellow. I was introduced to him by Chas. Kirk. Capt. Palmer read some orders to the effect that this organization into companies and appointments of non-com officers was but temporary, and that shortly before the camp breaks up the Regiment will be permanently organized. Meanwhile notice will be taken of those who by soldierly deportment and efficiency distinguish themselves and 42 non-com officers will be appointed from these, and when we reach Gen. Buell's Headquarters, there will be examined and several Lieutenants will be chosen from the number. None who grumble will be eligible. It rained very hard during the night, but we were dry as chips.

Saturday, 23. Showery during the day till evening. Beautiful night. The officers were very busy to-day making out the muster rolls, so that we could be mustered in at 6 P.M. We rec'd our tent poles in the afternoon, and immediately commenced pitching our tents. Co. B. has the first line by the south fence, our Co. C. faces B. on the same street; etc. The tents accommodate 6 and are very open. Our mess is as follows; Frank Remont, brother Ball, Harry DeSilver, Henry Briggs, Staker and myself. I was busy in the A.M. grinding coffee for the Q.M. At 6½ P.M. we were assembled by companies and mustered in by Captain Hastings, commander of the Post. Our company was the first. Thus far I like the life of a soldier very much, and am as well as ever I was.

Sunday, 24. Clear and pleasant. Contrary to my usual custom of rising at 7½ O'clock on Sunday, I was up at bugle call at 4.45 A.M., much better on a/c thereof. I was placed on police duty this A.M. cleaning out the Camp, and after this was done I dressed myself and at 10 A.M. went with Frank Remont, Ball, Will Lambert and a squad to Carlisle. We went into the Pres. S. S. and at 11 O'clk we went to the Church. Text: "bruising the head of the serpent." Saw Miss Watts of Philadelphia, while I was coming home. It did me good to see a familiar face. In the afternoon to Epis. Church, met Mr. Parker and Rev. Clare. In the evening we had a meeting in "Don't Grumble" tent for singing and some speeches to adhere to the path of duty to God and our Country.

Monday, 25. Clear and pleasant. Commenced to drill today at 9 A.M. We were formed in squads of twelve and were marched to the Regular's drill ground,

COLUMN SOUTH

and were drilled by Regular Drill Sergeants. This A.M. we went through the facings. At 3 P.M. we drilled again, (an hour and a half each time.) in the marchings. It does me good to drill again, and my service in Co. H. Gray Reserve is a great help to me. At 5 P.M. Ball, Frank Remont, myself, Clarke and a party got a pass and went to Carlisle. I bought a pair of shoes and we got supper under Martin's Hotel, very good, served up right. After supper, we went to the piano ware-rooms and had some good music, piano, violin and flute. Back to camp at 9 P.M.

Tuesday, 26. Clear and pleasant. Wrote to J. K. this A.M. Drilled morning and afternoon. After drill in the afternoon, a few of us went about a mile and a quarter to a large creek, the Canakocheague, about 150 ft. wide and enjoyed a splendid swim. On the east side is a cave, which we explored with a candle. It runs into the hill nearly 300 ft. making several turns. In some places it is eight feet wide and high enough for a man to walk upright. In others it is so small that we had to double ourselves to squeeze through, dripping water from the limestone rock; stalactites, seven clear springs etc. make it very interesting. Came back in time for eve. parade. Lieut. Spencer read some orders, one of which declared Frank Adams* and Satterthwait* deserters.

Wednesday, 27. Clear and very warm. To drill in the A.M. In the afternoon detailed to load wood till 4 P.M. after which I obtained a pass to Carlisle, and went in to buy some boards for fixing up 3 of our tents. Got some ice-cream with Fobes and Earp and came in at 6½ P.M. Rec'd a letter from Sis today.

Thursday, 28. Clear and warm, clouds flying nearly all day. We had a gorgeous sunset filling the west with coloring richer far than the pencilled productions of Titian, and going down to rest with all the pomp and splendor of an Eastern fairy tale. To drill in the A.M. and P.M. Geo. Spencer came up to join us this afternoon, good for him. To-day we had several hay wagon loads of cedars from the mountains, and placing one in front of each tent, made a great addition to the looks of the street. We live now in Philadelphia Ave. Had some good singing this evening. There were several young ladies in camp after supper, creating quite a stir among the men.

Friday, 29. Clear and very warm. To drill in the morning and in the afternoon loaded wood. In the eve. to Prayer meeting. Twenty-one present. Visited the cave to-day.

Saturday, 30. Clear and pleasant. To drill in the A.M. Capt. Palmer came up this A.M. In the afternoon no drill, the Companies ordered to clean up their streets and tents for inspection to-morrow morning. There are many rumors afloat to-day, we will probably leave by next Saturday. We raised our flag to-day, amid the greatest enthusiasm and cheering and immediately gathered our musicians and we sang the Star Spangled Banner.

Sunday, 31. Drizzling all day. Gum equipments are very acceptable. Inspection in the A.M. of persons and tents. At 10 A.M. Mr. Ross, the Chaplain, from the Barracks preached a plain and spoken sermon to the men. Tears were in some eyes. In the afternoon with Foster, Wheat and Tyndale was detailed to go to town for coffee for breakfast to-morrow, leaving our kettles at Inhoff's store, we took a walk. Passed a house on West St. We stopped at the window and I

ENLISTMENT AND CAMP LIFE

was introduced to Miss Early, a friend of Field's. Brought the coffee into camp. Q.M. Fobes started a Company this afternoon to be composed of picked messes from among the Philadelphians. I helped select the messes, and procure their consent to go in together. He thinks we will be B. Co. To prayer meeting in the evening. 70 present. Led the meeting.

September, 1862

Monday, 1. Cloudy, moonlight evening. To drill morning and afternoon. In the eve. procured a pass and went to town. Walked around and called on Mr. Parker who was out. Back about fifteen minutes after "taps."

Tuesday, 2. Windy and flying clouds. Not very well to-day. Ball is on guard for 24 hours. I was excused. Kept quiet all day. After supper felt better. Frank secured a pass for us both and we went to town and called on Mr. Parker, who was out again. I stayed at "Corman Hotel" all night feeling an inclination to sleep in a bed.

Wednesday, 3. Clear and pleasant. Breakfasted at the Hotel and came into camp at 7½ A.M. On drill in the A.M. half an hour. Our non-coms are in the mounted drill to-day and it is rare fun to watch them. Not on drill in the afternoon. Will Lambert's father and mother came up to-day, was introduced to them. In the eve. read "Milton" while in Wheat's tent.

Thursday, 4. Clear and warm. To drill morning and afternoon. In the evening went to town with a squad which went to the Circus. I called on Mr. Parker, who was not at home. Met the pretty Miss Conaway this afternoon, the same lady I met at Miss Westervelt's in 5th st. Philada. We had a grand flag presentation this afternoon, from the Smith Guard, Gallant 8th of our Battallion to the Regiment. Mr. Collins made the presentation speech, and Rev. Mr. Ross, on behalf of the Regiment, received the beautiful emblem of our country's greatness. The Regiment was drawn up in line en masse around the flag staff and several hundred citizens witnessed the affair.

Friday, 5. Clear and very warm. To drill in the A.M. In the afternoon received my uniform, which fits, and looks well. In the evening went to the prayer meeting in the hospital tent. We are having very beautiful moonlight evenings this week, making the camp look very picturesque, and giving me a great deal of quiet pleasure. Wrote to Julia K. to-day.

Saturday, 6. Clear and hot. To drill in the morning. No drill in the afternoon. With Ball, Patteson, Ramsey (who came up yesterday), Tyndale & Lambert, went over and explored the cave again, also took a splendid swim in the creek. Spent the evening in Camp.

Sunday, 7. Clear and hot. In the A.M. at 8 o'clock we received our sabres, and handled them with as much delight as a child would a new toy. At 10 A.M. we had preaching by Rev. Mr. Ross. After dinner, went with Tyndale, Wheat and Ball to a spring, about ten minutes walk N.E. from the Barracks. This is the most beautiful spring I ever saw. The water is as clear as crystal, covering a space about fifty feet wide and one hundred long, some places eight feet deep, yet revealing the particles of sand and small stones on the bottom with great distinctness. Swimming near the bed of the spring can be seen many small speckled trout, which

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together with mosses and other water plants covering the rocks on the bottom make an enchanting scene. Took a nap in a cool, shady orchard, hard by, and at 3½ O'clk went back to Camp and to Carlisle with Ball to go to Church. Went into a strange Church just before it closed. Took supper at the Franklin House and at 7 P.M. went into the Episcopal Church. Saw Mr. Parker, who said he was sorry he was not at home when I called at his house. At 9 O'clk returned to Camp.

Monday, 8. Clear and warm. We commenced to drill with our sabres this A.M. It is very interesting, also hard on the wrist. To drill in the afternoon. In the eve. took a walk by moonlight to the "Big Spring." The news from the army around Washington is very discouraging. Our troops are retreating to W. and it is said the Rebels under Jackson have crossed the Potomac at Sheppards Ford and are advancing towards Hagerstown intending to come up the Cumberland Valley.

Campaign of Antietam

September 1862

Early in September General Lee, having driven the Union forces back to the defense of Washington, began his invasion of the North. The late victories of the Confederates gave Lee confidence for this invasion of Maryland. Virginia was lost to the Union as was most of Tennessee, and General Bragg† was heading for the Ohio River reclaiming Kentucky as he went. Also it was, in part, a political move. It was hoped that by an invasion the Peace Party in the North would believe more than ever the war to be a failure and that the Confederacy might gain both recognition and aid from foreign countries.

So it was on September 3rd that the Army of Northern Virginia crossed the Potomac near Leesburg and started for Frederick, Maryland.

On September 9th Lee issued his famous Special Order No. 191, the essence of which was that three different columns were to converge on Harper's Ferry, which contained a strong Union garrison, from three different directions, while Lee took the remainder of his army across South Mountain towards Sharpsburg and Hagerstown.

On September 13 Lee's Order No. 191* came into the hands of McClellan, who was moving his Army of the Potomac slowly towards Frederick. Here was McClellan's chance to destroy the Southern army, by striking the two groups north of the Potomac before those attacking Harper's Ferry could join the others. If he hurried his left column by Burkittsville, through Crampton's Gap, it would come directly upon the rear of McLaw's force on Maryland Heights. If he sent his right by Middletown, through Turner's Gap, he would interpose between Hill and Longstreet on the one hand, and all the troops beyond the Potomac on the other. It called for the utmost speed. It was a case for straining every nerve, and, though it is not certain at just what times the Confederate troops sent back to hold these passes actually occupied them, yet it is certain that they were very feebly held as late as the morning of the 14th, and that Harper's Ferry was not surrendered till 8 A.M. on the 15th, thirty-eight hours after the order came to the hands of McClellan.

But McClellan waited a full day after the receipt of this Order before taking any action and because of this delay it took Major General Burnside all day and part of the night to force his way through Turner's Gap and nearly as long for Major General Franklin to pass through Crampton's Gap. It is possible that this delay was caused by the fact that General McClellan had as Chief of Military Intelligence the famous detective, Allen Pinkerton. (In war files, J. Allen.) Pinkerton had done excellent work in peace times, catching robbers etc., but he was utterly incompetent in estimating the numbers in opposing armies. He constantly gave

†See OPPOSING GENERALS

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McClellan to believe that he was far out-numbered and this tended to make McClellan over-cautious throughout his entire war career.

Thus General Lee had gained a day by fighting in the passes, but since he had only 19,000 troops while General McClellan had from 70 to 90 thousand, he was forced to retreat as rapidly as possible to Sharpsburg. Here he learned from Stonewall Jackson that Harper's Ferry had been captured and that Stonewall was on his way to join him. So he formed a line of battle behind Antietam Creek.

Antietam Creek was sluggish and winding, possessing several rather difficult fords and sometimes passing through deep ravines. It was crossed by four bridges, of which that nearest its confluence with the Potomac on the south was not used during the battle, except by the troops of A. P. Hill, as he hurried from Harper's Ferry to reinforce Lee. The next is known as the "Burnside Bridge", connecting Sharpsburg and Rohersville and above that was the Bridge from Sharpsburg to Boonsboro. The last, two miles and a half higher up, was the bridge of the road from Keedysville to Williamsport. On the western side of the Creek the ground rose in a slope of woods and fields to a bold crest and then fell away to the Potomac.

Lee's front was thus covered by the Antietam, his line of retreat was convenient and open, and the way was clear for all his detachments to join him. He was in a position from which he could not hope to escape without serious fighting and serious loss, but he had not to fear destruction unless his opponent struck at once and struck hard. Longstreet was placed on the right flank, opposite the "Burnside Bridge", Early and Hood were on the left flank near the site of the Dunkard Church and across the road to Hagerstown, and D. H. Hill was in the middle.

Meanwhile two divisions of the Union army had passed rapidly through Boonsboro and Keedysville, and found the Confederates occupying the position they had chosen beyond the Antietam. Here they halted and deployed right and left of the Sharpsburg road, facing D. H. Hill. But the rest of McClellan's army spent the day of the 15th in slowly taking their positions along the east side of the Antietam. Burnside was placed on the left flank, Sumner in the middle, and Hooker and Mansfield on the right with Franklin and Porter held in reserve. Some of the divisions were not in position until the morning of the 16th.

Tuesday, the 16th of September, was spent in idleness on the part of the Union army, except for a brief and unsuccessful attack, in the afternoon, made by Hooker against Hood.

If McClellan had made a general attack that day, the outcome at Antietam might have been very different, for his army would have faced only Lee's 19,000 men plus about one-half of Stonewall Jackson's troops, the latter having arrived early that morning, joining Hood on the left flank. McLaws did not arrive until sunrise of the 17th with Anderson's division following. A. P. Hill arrived about 2.30 P. M. of the 17th, having remained behind to arrange for the surrender of the garrison at Harper's Ferry.

By this time McClellan's plan for the battle seems to have taken definite shape. It was extremely simple and should have been successful. It was, in brief, to attack the Confederate left with the corps of Hooker and Mansfield, supported by Sumner's if necessary and as soon as matters looked favorable there to move against

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their extreme right, and whenever either of these movements should be successful, to advance his center with all the force disposable. "But for the success of this two things were important, if not indispensable. First that he should not tell his opponent what he was going to do, and second, that he should do well the thing he proposed to do."* However, with Maryland so full of Confederate sympathizers as it was, Lee must have known the general positions of McClellan's divisions and of his plan for attack. "The night before the battle passed quietly, except for some alarms on Hooker's front, and most of the men in both armies probably got a good sleep. The morning broke gray and misty, but the mists disappeared early, and the weather for the rest of the day was perfect."*

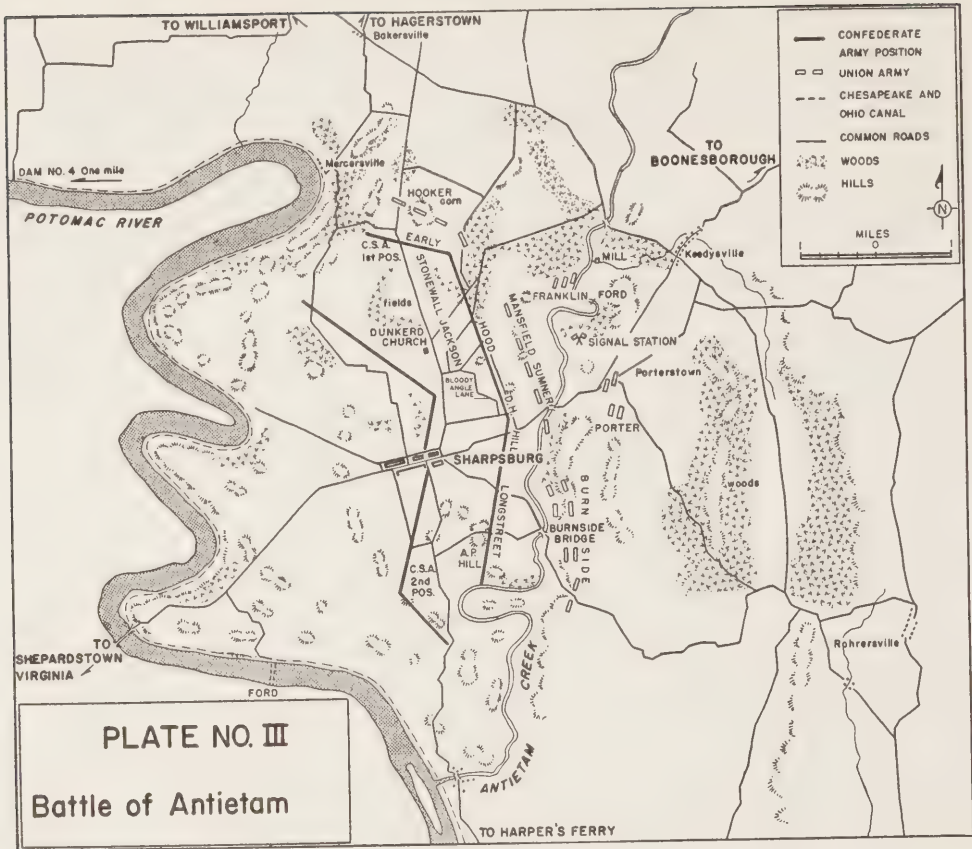
At 6 A.M. of September 17th Hooker attacked. "The advance was impetuous and the resistance obstinate. The Union advance was aided by the fire of the batteries posted by McClellan on the east side of the Antietam, which Jackson said infiltrated his line and proved severe and damaging, and it received some assistance from the batteries of the corps. Some of these guns were spiked by Confederates who crept around through the corn and behind rises of ground. The Union troops gained some ground, and as they advanced Hooker's line gradually advanced its left, until it came nearer to being parallel to the pike than at right angles to it. His right gained little ground, but gradually his left and center drove the Confederates into the West woods. The advance had been stubbornly contested throughout, but when the command approached the West Woods, a more terrible struggle took place. The Confederates appear to have then brought into action the whole of Jackson's two divisions, with the exception of Early's brigade, and to have used Stuart's cavalry and artillery. The two lines almost tore each other, to pieces."*

Mansfield was in action by 7:30 A.M. having received information that Hooker's reserves were all engaged and that he was hard pressed. Mansfield, himself, was killed during the deployment of his troops, General Williams succeeding to the command. As they advanced they found Hooker's men badly cut up and slowly retreating from the cornfield, which lay between the pike and the East Woods, and the Confederates occupying almost all the cornfield. But in spite of this they drove forward and captured the Dunkard Church.* Here the fighting raged for an hour and a half, and they could advance no farther.

The third attack was made by only one of Sumner's divisions, which plunged into the battle for the Dunkard Church. At this moment McLaw's division arrived to the aid of the hard pressed Confederates and stopped Sumner's advance. The Union troops now found that they were caught in a pocket and in a very short time over 2,000 men fell. This ended the attacks on the Confederate left.

Meanwhile the other two divisions of Sumner were already engaged in battle with Hill's troops in the center of the line, at a sunken road, now called "The Bloody Lane." Here the fight became more bitter even than it had been between Hooker and Hood. The Union troops, after severe fighting, were able to advance as far as the crest of the hill where the Observation Tower now stands. From here they could shoot down the entire length of the Confederate line. At this moment, the Confederate general Rhodes, finding that the right of his regiment was being subjected to a terrible fire, ordered his Lieut. Colonel to hurry back and to throw his right wing back out of the old road. Instead of executing this order he went to

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the rear of the regiment, and gave the command, "Sixth Alabama, about-face, forward march." The major of the Fifth asked him if the order was intended for the whole brigade and he replied "Yes". With that the Fifth, the Sixth, and those on their left retreated. Rhodes said that a duty to the wounded Colonel of the Sixth kept him from seeing this movement until it was too late to rally his men. When he returned to his brigade he discovered it retreating in confusion and he tried to intercept it at the Hagerstown road, and there found that, with the exception of about forty men, the brigade had completely disappeared. This ended the fighting in the center.

Early in the morning Burnside, on the extreme left flank of the Union army, had been ordered to assault the Confederate line opposite him. He had made many unsuccessful drives in the morning to capture the bridge and it wasn't until about 1 P.M. that he was able to do so. By that time there were few Confederate troops left in front of him, for most of them had been sent to fight in other parts of the line. Those that were left in front of him had withdrawn to the hills above. In an hour his troops were in the streets of Sharpsburg. But he had waited too long. "Starting that same morning seventeen miles away at Harper's Ferry, General A. P. Hill, wearing his red battle shirt, urging his men forward with drawn sword,

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marching furiously, with colors flying, had come with his division to fall upon the Union flank and drive it back to Antietam Creek. The battle was over, all along the line.”*

It has always remained a mystery why McClellan did not order a general assault the next day. He had had great losses, but so had the Confederates. McClellan had two fresh corps which had had no share in the battle of the 17th. One general assault all along the line would have undoubtedly destroyed the Confederate army. But McClellan gave no such order and the two armies remained face to face throughout September 18th.

That night the Confederates retreated across the Potomac unmolested. The first invasion of the North was at an end. Everyone agrees that more men were killed and wounded at the battle of Antietam than on any other day of the entire Civil War. The Union loss was 12,000 and that of the Confederates 10,000, approximately one-fourth of all those engaged in the battle.

It is difficult to imagine sending men into battle, even as scouts, who had been in the service for only three weeks. But that is exactly what happened to the Anderson Cavalry. The majority of the men had not received their uniforms, they had no regular commissioned or non-commissioned officers. A few officers from the “Old Anderson Troop” had been assigned them and a few men from the troop had been designated as non-coms, but it was all on a temporary basis until regular officers could be chosen. They had enlisted as cavalry and had no horses. Yet on September 9th and 12th about 200 were loaded on cars and they were on their way!

Will's version of the battle follows. As far as I can judge, he had rather a good time with plenty to eat!

Tuesday, 9. Clear and warm. Light diarrhea to-day, not on drill. Frank Remont got back from Philada. yesterday. The people here are much excited. *Great news this A.M.* After drill the men were assembled on the Parade ground, and an order was read by Lieut. Spencer to the effect that Capt. Palmer had rec'd an order from the War Dept. at Washington that the Anderson Cavalry is not to leave Penna. for the present, but is to remain in the Cumberland Valley to act as scouts, and as a rear guard to harass the enemy, who are reported to be near Hagerstown. The order was rec'd with great enthusiasm, and cheer upon cheer rent the air. In the afternoon the orderlies went through the companies and selected the best riders to be detailed immediately. I am on the list of C. At roll call at 6½ P.M. two hundred of these men were detailed and commenced immediately to pack up, to take with us besides our uniform, only a blanket and gum equipments. We were furnished by Q.M. with revolvers and ammunition, 36 cartridges and were supplied with 3 days rations, pork and bread. At 10 P.M. we were ready and drawn up in line in front of the officers tents. At 11 O'clk we were formed in four companies and when the roll was called I found to my sorrow that Ball was omitted. I am in the 1st Co., Capt. Ward, Lieuts. Betts, Upham, 1st Serg. Airey. At 11 ¾ we marched to Carlisle and took the cars. Our Co. in a baggage car, and at 12¾ A.M. started south, not knowing our destination. At 4 A.M. we arrived at Green Castle, 4 miles from the Maryland line, and bunked in a large warehouse, sleeping on the floor.

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Wednesday, 10. Woke at 6½ A.M. Had very little sleep during the night. The townspeople came out in force at 7½ O'clk and furnished us with a good breakfast, tipped with apple butter. In the A.M. went up in to town, a small dingy looking place with a population of about 1500. There was nothing of interest except that the inhab. were much excited, many were packing up and leaving for the north. The people of this region were notified yesterday to furnish our men with horses for which receipts would be given. This A.M. a dispatch was rec'd from Asst. Adj. Genl. McClure that if enough horses and saddles were not furnished immediately they would be pressed into the service and this afternoon many horses were taken from the farmers who are very backward. After dinner a squad of 12 was detailed and sent with copies of the dispatch from McClure to post up around the country in conspicuous places. At 4 P.M. I was sent by Capt. Palmer (with a farmer, Mr. Shook, for a guide) to post up two copies, and influence the farmers to send in their horses and Mr. Shook informed me that they were Breckinridge Democrats.* The road was very stony and rocky. Came back about 3 miles to the eastward, very good road. Arrived at the warehouse tired and sore, although I had a very good mare to ride.

Thursday, 11. Slept soundly all night and awoke much refreshed but stiff. Capt. Palmer went out last evening with a squad of 20 men towards Hagerstown to scout. This A.M. he sent in his uniform and is now in Hagerstown in disguise. The rebels are in Hagerstown and private Jackson of the Old Troop passed thro. their lines disguised as a farmer. The Rebels are now extending their lines this side of Hagerstown and the people are flying in all directions. By this eve. we had about 150 horses and each man was ordered at 7 P. M. to take a horse, saddle him and be in readiness to march. I secured a bay horse, my mare of yesterday having been used by one of our scouts in the morning. A squad of 12 was detailed under Sergt. Hammill of 3rd Co. and Cox Diller of 1st Co. at 9 P.M. and 10 O'clk started from the headquarters of Capt. Ward to the eastward on the Waynesboro road to scout and picket. Halted at Shady Grove, about 3 mi. out and formed an "in-post"; sent out 4 men to the east one mile and Bates and I were placed at a x-road about a mile nearer town. The rebels were said to be 2½ miles south of us, but everything was quiet. Had a visit from Lieut. Doolen, without the countersign (Harrisburg). Orderly Davis made a narrow escape with his life, by running past us when ordered to halt. If Bates had not recognized his face, in another second he would have fired. At 3½ A.M. we were relieved and slept at Shady Grove for two hours.

Friday, 12. Clear and warm. At 6 A.M. a messenger arrived from Green-castle ordering us half a mile from town. We mounted immediately, called in our outpost, started and halted at the picket designated, where we were soon met with another order from Capt. Ward, that we should proceed to Quincey, occupy it, throw out our pickets, and if the enemy appeared and pressed us hard to retreat to Jackson Hall or still farther to New Franklin and then send a message to Capt. Palmer on the Chambersburg road. We turned our horses, and started on our way. Arriving about 4 miles, we came into a beautiful country, rocky, and hilly but very picturesque, and 10 O'clk reached Quincey. Corpl. D. and 5 men were ordered on picket at the junction of the Chambersburg and Fayetteville roads, about ¼ mile to the north. We took possession of the corner with orders to stop

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all passers and detain all suspicious characters. We were well rec'd by Mr. Metcalf who lives on the corner, and made his porch our headquarters. To the credit of the people here they rec'd us to their houses and tables with open arms, fed us morn, noon and night on the best they had, and took good care of our horses. They seem very grateful to us for coming to their protection and vie with each other in the warmth of their reception. In the morning we took breakfast where our outpost was stationed the night before, and at noon 3 of us took breakfast with Mr. Metcalf and I took supper by particular invitation with Mr. Good who is very wealthy. I had for my vis-a-vis a very pretty daughter of Mr. Good who is not at all like the ordinary country girl, but acts and talks like a city young lady. I had a very pleasant conversation with her. Just after dinner the in-post at Q. captured a young man from Hagerstown with a pass signed by Col. Brinn of the Conf. Army. He will be sent to Chambersburg. After supper I was detached to guard the Prisoner. Our guard room is a large room at the hotel, so I took him up and he went to sleep on the floor. At 1 A.M. Miller relieved me and I slept soundly till 4½ O'clk when Serg. H. woke me and placed me on guard in front of the hotel.

Saturday, 13. I woke Sergt. Hammill at 6½ O'clk and at 7 took the prisoner up the road and got breakfast for us and my horse at Mr. Fyot's. The Fayetteville Home Guard pickets brought in a prisoner this A.M. and a butcher's boy who could not give a good a/c of himself was detained. A Rebel deserter came in from Waynesboro, a slight, youthful soldier, who seemed agitated and fearful lest the Rebels should capture him. These four men were sent to Chambersburg in charge of Corp. D. and two men. At 10 A.M. we heard heavy firing from the S. W. supposed to be on the Potomac. At 4½ P.M., with Miller was posted at the hickory tree. A pistol was fired and M. left the post and put for the village to report. During the excitement a prisoner (Uray from Mt. Hope) escaped and Bowles showed the white feather. Got supper at 11 P.M. and slept till 5 A.M.

Sunday, 14. Clear and quiet. At 6 A.M. relieved Harry Johnson at Metcalf's and was there all day. Took dinner at Mrs. Shook's and supper at Mr. Good's. Was at the post all night, but got six hours sleep being relieved by six armed citizens.

Monday, 15. Clear and warm. Left the post at 6½ A.M. Got breakfast at Andy Morris' with Harry Johnson. At 9 O'clk packed up and mounted, ready for a start for Waynesboro. At 10½ A.M. left the village, going south, passed through Waynesboro, left a picket of 4, half a mile below W. and passed on to the Maryland line. Took dinner at Mr. Oakes on the Antietam Creek, and went on to Leitersburg, thro. which we passed with great watchfulness being now in the enemy's country. Sergt. Hammill now asked for 3 volunteers to go with him to Hagerstown and scout and see if the enemy had left or if our men had got there yet. Bates, Supplee and I volunteered and started. Made inquiries on the road during a run of 7 miles but heard nothing satisfactory. Concluded to make a dash into the town and at 3½ P.M. went in and met 3 more of our men just coming in from the other side who were taking prisoners. A 1st Lieut. of the 1st Maryland Secesh. Reg. was handed to me by a citizen as my prisoner. He was sick. Also a private of the 7th Louisiana. These I placed in the jail and stood guard over the Lieut.

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(Shellman), while the rest of our men went out after prisoners, taking about twenty or thirty. Supplee relieved me at 6¼ P.M., and going out to the front of the jail, I found Capt. Hurst, Lieuts. Vizen and Betts, who had just arrived with 20 men. At 6¾ P.M. Capt. Palmer came through at the head of 150 men, who looked tremendously dusty. Capt. P. looked pleased and the citizens rec'd them well. Sergt. H. sent Bates and me back to Leitersburg. About three miles out we stopped at a farm house to get supper and found we had come to the house of the Snyder we had prisoner at Quincey, but who was released at Chambersburg. We met with a hearty welcome. Mrs. S. almost shedding tears to see the "blue Jack-ets" again. Started on and reaching Leitersburg found our men had left for Greencastle, saying that four of our men had been taken prisoner (us). We went on to our pickets this side of Waynesboro who heard the same joke and we had a good laugh. Broke up the post, started back to the line, and stayed all night at Mrs. Oak's.

Tuesday, 16. Clear and pleasant. Had a good sleep last night, and took a swim this A.M. and a good rest, waiting for Sergt. Hammill to come back from Hagerstown. He did not come, so we started for Hagerstown after dinner. Changed my horse there for a secesh animal, owned by Mr. Philip Beck, a large dark bay with a very hard mouth, a splendid animal. Returned to the line, and getting supper at Snyder's on the way, stopped all night at Mr. Mong's near Oak's. Sergt. Hammill with 5 men and 5 captured horses going on to Greencastle. Slept in the parlor on the floor.

Wednesday, 17. Cloudy. Got breakfast and dinner at Mong's. Shot a chicken with my pistol for dinner. Very heavy firing all morning from the southward. Sergt. H. returned from Greencastle with ten fresh men and with carbines for each of us who were here. At 2 P.M. we, (15 of us) started on a scout. Rode thro. Leitersburg and turned east about 5 miles to Smithville, where we took supper at the Union Hotel. Turned south and riding about 10 miles to the National Road. Put up for the night at Mr. Sam Barker's, about 9 O'clk and slept in the barn. Were treated well.

Thursday, 18. Cloudy, a shower in the afternoon. Started at 8 A.M. guided by Mr. Baker down a by road about 12 miles to the battlefield of yesterday, about 4 miles from Boonsboro. We halted on a hill where the 4th Rhode Island Battery was planted and which commanded a hill to the S. on which Jackson was posted and over which we drove him yesterday afternoon. I looked through a glass at the hill which was the scene of conflict but the distance was too great to distinguish much. Saw the right wing moving up towards the hill. Leaving the hill we passed on to Boonsboro, passed a continuous stream of troops pouring to the field, saw many wounded. Came to Boonsboro and turned left and west on the National Road to Hagerstown. Three miles from B. we met the Gray Reserve Reg. of Militia (one of those lately ordered out by Curtin) and I found Jno. Reed, Geo. Haverstick, Wm. Colesberry, Chas. Foster, Rud Watson, Heber Reed, Si Colton, Jno. Pettigrew and many others. Arrived at H. at 3 P.M., put up at the Rising Sun Inn and got supper at 5 P.M. Slept there in a dirty room.

Friday, 19. Got a letter from J. K. yesterday, rested all day and wrote two letters at the Washington House. Met Baldy and F.E.R. to-night, while I was on guard. We had a storm in the afternoon.

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Saturday, 20. In the A.M. went out with a squad, two miles on the Williamsport pike as a reserve picket, came in at noon.

Sunday, 21. Clear weather. Went down in the A.M. with a large reconnoitering force two miles from Wmsport, halted in a field, fed and watered our horses, and a few of us got bread and apple butter for dinner, given us by a man just returned to his deserted home. At 4 P.M. assembled, Capt. Ward (acting as Major) had rec'd word from Gen. Kenly that we would be needed no longer, and we turned towards Greencastle, giving Kenly three cheers as we passed the headquarters. Got supper at Hagerstown in the saddle and proceeded on our way. Reached G. at 8½ P.M., fed our horses, unrolled our blankets and slept by the fence.

Monday, 22. Clear. In the A.M. went to Camp Rest, and saw the Gray Reserve Reg. At 11 A.M. went back to the field, took off saddle and arms, and laid them down together, went over to the warehouse and slept till 3 P.M. Went over to get my arms and found that my revolver had been stolen. At 6 P.M. took the cars for Carlisle, where we arrived at 2½ A.M. (next day), and found our tent occupied by three strangers and had to sleep in a vacant tent.

Ball was in the second contingent sent to Antietam, leaving three days later. He had rather a different experience from that of his brother, as a letter written to his mother's sister, Aunt Mary Dorlon, describes.

Camp Alabama,

Carlisle, Oct. 16, 1862

Dear Auntie:

I thought today that I must write you; I have been going to write for some time, and at last have commenced.

Since my last letter we have seen some service. We were lying in camp very quietly at the time of the first invasion of Maryland, and were immediately ordered to pack up. This was Thursday night of September 11th. We left camp at 1 O'clock Friday morning, for Carlisle, and as the cars were not ready we laid around on the pavement till daylight, when a gentleman took about 50 of us and gave us a good breakfast. (A Mr. James Hamilton.) At 8 A.M. the cars started southward. The whole town was out to see us off.

All along the route to Chambersburg was a perfect ovation. The people were most wild with joy as they were afraid the rebels would get into our state.

Our company took up quarters in the theatre where we slept that night. The people of the town were all out drilling, and preparing to meet the foe.

After breakfast we marched to a woods, a mile and a half, and there stayed till 10 P.M. when we went back to Chambersburg and there muskets were given out. As we enlisted as cavalry, the men were much opposed to taking muskets and one company refused altogether. This made a very heavy and cumbersome load as we had besides to carry a heavy sabre and navy revolvers. At 12 midnight the cars started and at 2 A.M. stopped at Marion, a small town, and marched to a woods and laid down on the ground without tents and slept till morning. As no rations were given out, each man had to look out for himself. Many of the farms around were entirely deserted and we got something to eat in the deserted houses.

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The people must have been very much frightened as everything was left suddenly. Pots full of sour milk stood in the cellars and the pantrys full of bread and other eatables and the cows running around without being milked. So you may know the state of alarm. Sunday afternoon started afoot for Greencastle where we arrived at 6 P.M. This was a hard march, it was only five miles, but we had an unusually heavy load and heavy cavalry boots. (Some of the men threw their guns away and others hung them up in apple trees along the road. *From his diary.*) That night we slept in a clover field, indeed the whole time we were away except two nights, we slept out in the open air, without tents. Here Capt. Palmer met us and said he was sorry to see us with muskets.

Monday morning we were astonished at seeing in the distance a great dust and many thought it was the rebels coming and we were all drawn up in line of battle. But it turned out to be a wagon train captured that same night by the 12th Illinois Cavalry, who had cut their way through from Harper's Ferry. It consisted of 75 wagons loaded with ammunition and 100 prisoners. They all belonged to the rebel Gen. Longstreet's division. The prisoners were a sorry looking set, ragged and dirty, without uniforms and some without shoes. One I saw on horseback with a spur buckled to his barefoot. I conversed with several from Georgia and they say they are all tired of the war.

On Tuesday, Frank and I, seeing that we were under command of no one in particular, (Palmer having left for the front) started out in search of horses. Frank found one hitched to a cart and I found a grey horse tied to a fence. We immediately appropriated them, stole some saddles and started for Hagerstown with fifty Militia men. On the way some rebels were said to be in a cornfield and we charged through but no rebels were to be seen. Rode into Hagerstown at dark. This was after the rebels had left the place. The people are more than two thirds union.

We were now only a few miles from two large opposing armies. At one o'clock A.M. a company of us were ordered to escort a battery of artillery to Col. Brown's headquarters, one mile and a half from Hagerstown. Soon arrived there and dismounted and slept two or three hours and before daylight were called up, mounted and again started forward. This was Wednesday, the day of the great battle of Antietam or Sharpsburg. At daylight the battle began and as we rode along we could distinctly hear the roar of the cannon. We rode all the morning, coming continually nearer the battle till we arrived within half a mile when we were ordered to halt and dismount in the road, and as we had no sleep for two or three nights the most of us laid down and took a nap. We were posted on this road for four hours. The roar of cannon and musketry was incessant and the wounded were continually passing, some afoot and others more badly hurt, in wagons. One young man had his fingers all shot off and he did not appear in much pain. He was shot but a short distance ahead of us, the other side of the woods. Capt. Palmer took twenty men into the battle and one was killed; this is the first man killed in our regiment. He was a young man, named Stockton, from Philadelphia. One of our men of the party told me a cannon ball struck the ground only three feet from him. About four o'clock P.M. we mounted and Palmer took us up hill and down, a hard ride, till we came to the banks of the Potomac some distance west of the battle. What Palmer was after, so sharp, nobody can

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tell. Returning we could distinctly see the houses burning in Sharpsburg, set fire to by the rebels. The cannon continued firing at intervals all night. We arrived back at Palmer's headquarters at 10 P.M. and laid down in a field and slept till 3 A.M. when we were called up for a scouting expedition. We were kept almost continually on our horses. While I was on picket duty at Bakersville, our commander, Capt. Palmer, rode past us riding in a wagon disguised as a farmer. He was on his way inside the rebel lines, acting as a spy. He had before gone into the rebel lines and obtained much valuable information for Gen. McClellan as to the number and position of the enemy. He was afterwards seen by some of our boys near the Potomac and that is the last that has been seen of him. He has probably been taken prisoner and some say been executed as a spy. Our men took more than a hundred prisoners. At Hagerstown several rebel lieutenants were taken. The whole country around was filled with stragglers. Arriving at Jones Cross Roads one night we had just laid down to sleep when the order came to mount as it was expected a large force of rebel cavalry were advancing. So we rode to Hagerstown where we saw the camp fires of several thousand of the militia called out by Gov. Curtin. The men of our regiment were quartered at the Rising Sun Inn and we slept on the floor under cover for the first time for several days. From here parties went out for scouting purposes. One party had a skirmish with the rebel cavalry and we had one horse killed and another wounded; the rebels lost one man shot through the head. Two small pieces of artillery were brought up and the enemy were shelled from their position and retreated, when our men returned to Hagerstown. One afternoon about 400 of us started for Williamsport, a large town on the Potomac; for the purpose of capturing a body of rebels there, but when within two miles of the place we received information that they had crossed into Virginia, so we turned back. The whole rebel army having retreated from Maryland, Gen Kenly sent word that the service of the Anderson Cavalry would no longer be required and that evening, Sunday, we went back to Greencastle where we arrived at 9 P.M. covered with dust and glory. Lay down in the field and slept till daylight. As our horses had been taken from the farmers around here, they began to come in and claim their horses. I had ridden my horse so hard he was lame. That evening we got in the cars, freight cars, and as I was on top I had a cold ride. Got to Carlisle at 2 A.M. Tuesday morning and marched up to camp. All the time we were away, two weeks, we had but little sleep and the saddles were kept on the horses night and day. . . .

It is thought now that we will stay in the Cumberland Valley all winter to act as scouts. We have no horses yet and it is not known when we will get them. We expect the large Sibley tents in a day or two, which will be much more comfortable than the ones we have now. . . .

Give my love to all, and write soon; you don't know how much soldiers like to receive letters.

Your affectionate Nephew

Baldwin.

One of their companions, Fred J. Anspach of Co. D., wrote more fully of the actions both of Capt. Palmer and the troop during the campaign. He starts with the trip to Greencastle and the impressing of the farmers' horses and then continues.

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"About dark Colonel Palmer took the mounted men and started for Hagerstown. He placed them on picket on all the roads leading into that town, and with two others, John W. Jackson and David Barnhart, went ahead scouting to find the whereabouts of the rebels.

"They passed through Hagerstown and about two miles beyond, where they entered the farmhouse of Wm. T. Beeler. Barnhart was then sent back alone, carrying the uniforms of Colonel Palmer and Jackson, and soon after the latter started for Hagerstown, leaving the Colonel alone. Before morning the rebel force arrived, and their cavalry encamped on the farm where Palmer was stopping. Later in the day two regiments of their infantry, and a section of artillery with twenty-five wagons, passed the farm on their way to Hagerstown. Colonel Palmer mingled freely with the rebel soldiers, and took supper with their officers at Beeler's table and obtained much information from different sources that this force had received orders to move into Pennsylvania, the march to commence between midnight and 2 A.M. This information was of such importance that the Colonel realized the necessity of at once starting for our lines, but the guards around the place hindered his starting until darkness set in and eliminated some of the dangers of the trip. To the kindness and loyalty of Mr. Beeler, his son and the rest of the family Colonel Palmer owes his escape, for in the night Mr. Beeler guided him through his corn field to the highway, and then gave him careful directions for the following ten miles and how to avoid the rebel pickets and to reach the Pennsylvania State line. He also directed him to another Union man, about ten miles north of his farm, which place he reached about midnight, and this man hitched up at once and drove him to our lines, so that at 4 o'clock, on the morning of the 12th, Palmer was telegraphing to Colonel McClure, at Chambersburg, the situation in and around Hagerstown.

"It is hard to give in detail what these 200 men did in the next four days. They were continually on duty, either picketing or scouting, and by the activity of their movements covered such a large territory as to give the rebels in Hagerstown the impression that the force in front of them amounted to thousands. The enemy's scouts sent out returned with the message that the 'Yankees were as thick as grasshoppers on the State line,' and threats were made that 'they would hang any of the Anderson guerillas they caught.' It seems incredible what a small force, ignorant of the methods of war, accomplished; and later, when we had learned the full duties of a soldier, it would hardly have been possible to have carried on such a campaign. Very frequently all we had were our advanced pickets, and no reserve nearer than Chambersburg, twenty miles away. What added to the confusion in the Rebels' minds as to our numbers was the curiosity of our boys to see what the rebels looked like and to have their advance pickets fire a long but not dangerous shot at us. During the day some of these small scouting parties were sure to be approaching the rebel lines, not from any orders received to do so, but led by curiosity and the absence of orders. As viewed from the rebel position in Hagerstown, each one of these parties was only the advance of a much greater force behind, and the estimate they made of 'ten thousand Anderson' did not seem to them amiss. A bold advance on their part would have dispelled this illusion, and they did make a few dashes at our pickets and nearly captured one of our posts. With only sabers and revolvers, and mounted on such farmers' horses as

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could be pressed into service, with civilian saddles and bridles and no spurs we were in no condition for a serious fight; but carbines were issued to us in a few days, and inspired the desire to put them to use against the enemy should the Army of Virginia cross the border.

. . . "Back in our camp at Carlisle strenuous exertions were made to hasten the 700 men there to the front, but such was the lack of material with which to fit them out, that the majority was armed with muskets that had originally been old flintlocks, and quite a sprinkling of the men did duty at the front in citizen's dress.

. . . "On the night of September 15th Colonel Palmer scouted the country toward the enemy's left, and cautiously reached a farmhouse just outside of the rebel line of battle. The farmer had been inside their lines during the day, as it was on his own farm, and gave the Colonel information of the positions of the enemy's troops and batteries so far as he had seen them. All this time our men sat quietly on their horses, holding their sabers to prevent any noise, and watching the picket fires of the Confederates, not far off. Colonel Palmer made a map of the positions occupied by the rebel force, and at 4 A.M. in the morning delivered it at General McClellan's headquarters, together with the information that 'Stonewall' Jackson and his corps had gone to Harper's Ferry and were then at or near that place. The receipt of this news was a relief to General McClellan. He had already heard of it, but the way in which it had come to him was so peculiarly direct that he was fearful that it was a ruse of the enemy to lead him into a movement which would have been disastrous to his army. . . .

"Early in the morning of the 16th a small scouting party, under Major Ward, met a woman on the road, who gave the information that a party of rebels was at her sister's house getting breakfast. The house was close at hand, and the Major, turning to Serg. Harry C. Butcher, told him to take two men and capture them. Butcher, taking David How and one other man, started on the gallop, rode up to the door of the room in which they were; and the Sergeant jumped off his horse and into the room, surprising the party, who, under the influence of a Colt's navy, surrendered at once, and soon after expressed chagrin that five men should surrender to three boys. . . .

"Early in the morning of September 17th, the day of the great battle of Antietam, Colonel Palmer gathered up all the Regiment he could find at Jones's crossroads and in Hagerstown and marched toward the battlefield to report to the Commanding General for duty. Before we had gone a great distance the sound of heavy firing was heard, which became clearer, sharper and more incessant as we neared the field, and at last we could plainly hear the rattle of musketry and the shriek of shells. At a point not far from the eastwoods the column left the pike and moved over to the woods, taking down the fence to enable us to cross the field to it. On the pike our march was in column of fours, but broke into twos on entering the field, and we continued our march toward the firing line, and the order had just been given to 'file right,' when the shot came which took Thomas Stockton through the heart, killing him instantly. Without stopping our march we continued on a line parallel with the line of battle, and little details were made for men to be stationed along the firing line to prevent stragglers from passing to the rear. No one was allowed to go in that direction unless incapacitated from

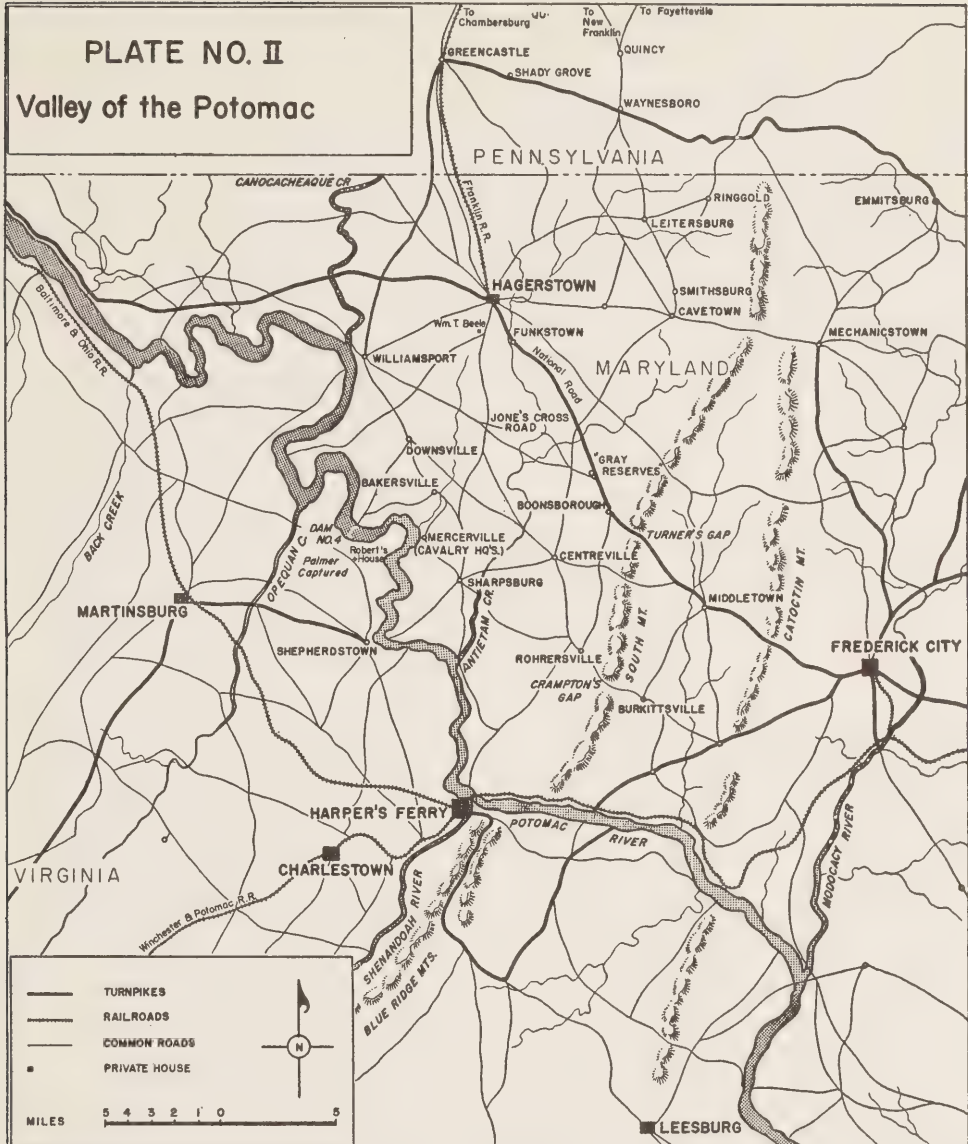
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wounds. Others of our men were assisting in taking care of the wounded in the various barns and improvised hospitals. At this time the firing became quick, and seemingly close by us came a most deafening roll of musketry. The deep-breasted cheer of the Northern men given in unison told of a point gained after a hard struggle, while the 'rebel yell' was a high, shrill yelp, given without concert and kept up continually, as if it were an incentive to further action. Cheers and yells were about equal. Clouds of smoke prevented us seeing what took place in front, but the stream of wounded passing to the rear told of the fearful work going on. Fresh troops were continually coming up to take the place of those retiring to secure a new supply of ammunition. We were in close proximity to the famous Dunkard Church, around which was the most terrible fighting of the day. Sergeant Mershon and his squad were sent in with Brown's New York Battery, and remained with it until a heavy artillery fire was poured into it from a couple of batteries in front, and then the Sergeant moved his men to a depression on the left where several of our officers were, including Major Ward and Captain Vezin. The fire on Brown's Battery was so heavy and destructive that the guns were all dismantled and Captain Brown and a number of his men killed. . . .

"While in this position I had a splendid view of this part of the battlefield; saw the charges of the infantry and the batteries in action giving and receiving a hot fire. This was all in the direction of the Dunkard Church, behind which the rebels had a strong position and were apparently in large force. On the pike stragglers and wounded men were passing in large numbers, all the confusion of a battlefield was in sight. In the rear and close to a barn was a field hospital filled with wounded. The surgeons were at work, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, and the barn doors were used as tables on which were placed those receiving attention. . . .

"It was in the afternoon of September 19th that Colonel Palmer concluded to cross the Potomac to find out what General Lee's plans were, from personal observation in his rear. He had been ordered by General McClellan to scout to the right of our line and strike the Potomac River at Dam No. 4, and to endeavor to ascertain what the next move of the enemy would be. Colonel Palmer was not ordered to cross the Potomac to the Virginia side, nor was it at first his intention to do so; neither did he volunteer to cross. His expedition was without the previous knowledge of headquarters, although he sent them word when he crossed. He had with him two civilians: one a cool, courageous blacksmith, and the other a patriotic parson. These he had intended to send across the ford and within the enemy's lines, but at the last moment he decided to ride across with them, see and question for himself on the Virginia side and return. It seemed to the young Colonel that, with such a wide river as the Potomac at the back of the enemy, his retreat might become a fatal rout if the right moment could be known and promptly availed of for a vigorous attack; and although the hazardous nature of the undertaking appealed strongly to him, he would not have taken such an extra-military step had it not been for his belief that the situation for Lee's army was so critical that 'Perhaps,' to use the Colonel's words, 'the war might be ended then and there.' The Colonel crossed the river toward evening, spent the night within the rebel lines and after midnight got the information he sought, to wit, that Lee's retreat was about to begin across the Potomac, when Stuart's entire cavalry force, preparing for a raid into Pennsylvania around McClellan's rear, came up and

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guarded the bank forward and back, preventing the Colonel's return. He, with the blacksmith, was taken prisoner by a battery. The parson brought the information back to General McClellan, but too late. . . .

"Our work in this field was now done. The rebel army had successfully retreated across the Potomac. Our Colonel was a prisoner in the hands of General Pendleton (Lee's Chief of Artillery), whose men had captured him in citizen's clothes while obtaining information, which meant death as a spy. At Greencastle we returned the horses and accoutrements we had impressed from the citizens, were then loaded on a train and in a few hours landed at our old camp at Carlisle."

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PALMER'S STORY OF HIS CAPTURE.

Palmer, the parson and the "blacksmith", who was actually a scout in the Union army, crossed the Potomac safely and reached the house of a loyal farmer whom they persuaded to ride to Shepardstown to obtain what information he could of the movements of the rebel army.

Meanwhile, Palmer and the parson remained in the house with the farmer's wife and a young negress while the scout hid in some nearby bushes, ready to give warning if any enemy should appear. Four anxious hours passed with no sign of the farmer's return, when suddenly a distant rumble was heard, which rapidly grew more distinct, and they could hear the clatter of horses' hoofs and the jingle of sabres. The negress grabbed Palmer by the arm and pushed him toward a ladder leading to the loft. "Massa Cap'n, you'se ain't safe hyar. Come up de ladder ter my place; yer can see betta dar." This he did and lying on the floor peered out the window under the eaves, where he watched the cavalry pass, squadrons and then divisions. "They numbered hundreds, thousands, these night riders, winding from out of the woods, in among the houses and over the hill-top into the darkness again, with coil unbroken." By daylight the column of cavalry had gone, and the road was deserted. The scout, who had been safely hidden in the bushes, came to the house and Palmer hurried him off to report to McClellan of the movements they had observed, and soon he was across the river and on his way. Then came the farmer bursting with the news that an infantry force was hard at his heels.

And, sure enough, almost at once a large body of troops poured out of the woods, some passing the house, while the larger number stacked their arms and prepared to go into camp. Once more Palmer, and this time the parson also, hurried up the ladder to the loft. There they discussed the methods by which McClellan could be notified of what appeared to be a general retreat. Finally it was decided that the parson should make the attempt to reach McClellan. He at once descended the ladder and left the house, chatting with the soldiers as he passed through their lines. In a short time he, too, was across the river and disappearing into the woods.

Then it was Palmer's turn, but too late, for the negro girl came up the ladder exclaiming: "Massa Cap'n, you'se caught fer su' now. H'yar jes tuk off dem blue clo's and put on dare common t'ings of Massa Roberts. Mighty quick! Dere's a guard a-cummin' fra de camp wid Massa, an day is arter you, su', su'."

Change he did, and caught he was. However, he was able to keep all in doubt as to who he was, and finally landed in Castle Thunder, a prison in Richmond.

"Castle Thunder was one of those large tobacco warehouses that are characteristic of Richmond. The presses yet remained in the room where I was placed with two or three hundred prisoners, most of whom were either deserters from the rebel army or citizens who had been arrested because suspected of Union sentiments, or men suspected of being spies, as in my case. And when these people crowded about me, hungry for some new thing with which to feed their minds, starving for the rest of change, I told as little of my story as I might. My name, I said, was Peters and I was a citizen of Maryland. I had been arrested without

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cause. This was in the early days of my new life. As time wore on and I came to know these men, to read their faces as we read books, I learned whom to trust, and whom to shun or deceive.

"There were more than twenty professional Union spies in that room. Some were Northern men, Americans who were in the army. Others were foreigners, who were in the service of some general in the army. They had been captured in Virginia, or Tennessee, or in Texas. One had been engaged in running the blockade between Wilmington and Nassau. He overstayed his pass at Richmond and was arrested. He had been in prison thirteen months. Another was buying cotton in Charleston, was suspected, taken up, and for nine months had been buried here. And yet another had been a clerk in the rebel War Department; an inadvertent word of sympathy with the North had caused his arrest, and here he had been for several months. . . . Some of these spies did not reveal themselves until the last moment. Singular characters were they, combining a subtle cunning, a knowledge of men and things, a daring greater than that which faces the cannon's mouth. Some pursued their dangerous calling from the purest patriotism, others for its adventure, and more for gain. Not to one of them did I reveal my true name; I never even hinted that I was an officer in the United States army. And yet they trusted me, and never pressed me to tell them what, by-and-by they had the right to suspect."*

After two months Palmer and three fellow prisoners made plans to escape. "Through a negro who used to bring vegetables and other nick-nacks into the prison, we had obtained a file, and at odd moments, when the noise was loudest in the room, had made a saw from the blade of a jackknife which I fortunately had in my possession. Our quarters—if I may give that title to the six feet square of floor space between one of the tobacco presses and the wall in the end and corner of the room farthest from the door—were more than any other happily situated for the hazardous undertaking which we at once began.

"The room in which we were confined was raised from the level of the yard several feet. Our hope was to cut through the planking of the floor, drop down into a sort of sub-cellar which was underneath, and which opened into the yard. The sergeant told us there was no guard there. We hoped to pass through that inclosure, gain the street, and then trust to luck in our effort to get out from the city, and to find our way, as best we might, to the Union lines!"

For weeks they worked, painfully sawing the floor boards, only to find when the night of escape arrived that there was a guard there, after all, and any such attempt would be foolhardy.

Another month passed; then, with the help of another prisoner, who had friends both in the Confederate and Union governments, Palmer was able to effect an exchange, and was shortly in Washington. On February 7th, 1863, he rejoined his regiment.

Farin, the prisoner whose help had been so effective, was actually a spy in the employ of the U. S. Government. "Farin was a Canadian by birth and residence, and, as I knew him then was a most enthusiastic supporter of the Southern cause. For four years he had made this cause his own. Hardly a battle had been fought since the first Bull Run that Farin was not present, and then in the thickest

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of the fight. He did not join the service because he preferred to do 'general staff duty,' as he termed it, so at one time or another he had accepted the hospitalities of nearly every general officer in Lee's army. But he returned these courtesies with interest. He spent money with great liberality; his supper parties were the costliest, the most *recherché* of any in the camp, or in the capital, for that matter, for Farin was a favorite in the fashionable circles of Richmond. He was an accomplished linguist, a fair musician, an elegant dancer, and a poet of no mean order. An elegy by him on the death of Stonewall Jackson, written in prison and published in the Richmond papers, was full of tender pathos and fine poetic feeling. . . . He has told me since, for he came to my camp one day near the end of the war, that Winder used every means but that of force to make him leave the Confederacy; but Farin stayed in Richmond in spite of Winder, until one day he was taken by a guard and put outside the lines. What has become of this man I do not know. I do not to this day know his real name, where he came from, nor if he is alive to-day.

"I had the satisfaction, however, to obtain by exchange the freedom of nearly all the prisoners who were confined in Castle Thunder upon suspicion of their sympathy with the Union cause."

After the war Palmer went back to see the farmer, in whose house he was captured, and the young negress who had helped him eventually became the nurse of his children.

The parson who had helped Palmer get the information for McClellan and whose name was Rev. J. J. Stine, was arrested and confined for several months in Fort Delaware on the charge of having betrayed Col. Palmer into rebel captivity. He was still on parole when Col. Palmer returned from his captivity and was released only because of the Colonel's letter to the Secretary of War, in which he wrote, "That in addition to my feelings of personal gratitude to him for this selfless denial, I wish to state that I regard him as a disinterested and earnestly patriotic citizen, who was willing to risk his life at repeated times for the sake of the national cause; that he has had considerable odium attached to his name by the general community in consequence of his imprisonment in Fort Delaware, and is now quite poor. His services were of great value to the army and to the country, and I hope they will be rewarded in the most liberal manner."*

Rev. Stine received \$500 for his services.

The following extract from Colonel A. K. McClure's book "Lincoln and Men of War Times" is an interesting addition to Palmer's story of his capture.

Col. McClure was Asst. Adjutant General of the United States at the time of the battle of Antietam, and was on duty in Harrisburg, making a draft under the State laws of Pennsylvania. He wrote: "There was no military force on the border and not even an officer of the army who had exercised any command of troops. I was compelled, therefore, to exercise what little military authority could be enforced under the circumstances, and Governor Curtin (of Penna.) ordered a half-organized Regiment of cavalry, that Capt. W. J. Palmer was recruiting at Carlisle, to report to me at Chambersburg for duty as scouts. I thus became Commander of an army of nearly 100 men, or about one man to each mile of border I had to guard; but Captain Palmer proved to be a host within himself, as he

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entered the Confederate lines every night for nearly a week under various disguises, obtained all information possible as to the movements of Lee's command, and with the aid of William B. Wilson, an expert telegrapher, who was co-operating with him, attached his instrument to the first telegraph wire he struck and communicated to me all movements of the enemy, present and prospective, as far as he had been able to ascertain them. As rapidly as these telegrams reached me they were sent to Governor Curtin, who promptly forwarded them to the War Department, whence they were hastened to General McClellan's headquarters, who was then moving through Maryland against Lee; and all the important information that McClellan received from the front of Lee's army until their lines faced each other at Antietam came from Captain Palmer's nightly visits within the enemy's lines and his prompt reports to me in the morning. Howell Cobb's* division finally reached as far north as Hagerstown, and Captain Palmer spent most of the night within Cobb's camp, and learned from leading subordinate officers that the destination of Lee's army was Pennsylvania, and Cobb's command would lead the movement probably the next day.

"I need hardly say that I hastened the information to Curtin, who hurried it through to Washington, whence McClellan received it within a few hours. McClellan was then ignorant of the exact movements of General Reynolds, whom he had sent to Pennsylvania to organize a force of 'emergency men' and bring them to his aid in western Maryland. He did not know, therefore, who was in command at Chambersburg or what force was there, but doubtless supposed that either Reynolds or some part of his command was already there on its way to join him. General McClellan, on receipt of the news that Lee was likely to advance into Pennsylvania, sent substantially this telegram to the Commander at Chambersburg, without naming him: 'I am advised that Lee's probable destination is Pennsylvania, and if he shall advance in that direction, concentrate all your forces and obstruct his march until I can overtake him and give battle. The occasion calls for prompt action.' As I was the Commander and had less than 100 men, all told, and not twenty of them within fifteen miles of me, the prospect of concentration of my forces and marching out to meet one of Lee's army corps was not specially enticing. I promptly advised Curtin of the situation and of the orders I had received from McClellan. Thaddeus Stevens happened to be in the Executive Chamber when the message was received, and McClellan's order to me to confront one of Lee's army corps with my force, which did not amount to a Corporal's guard within reach, caused considerable merriment. Stevens, who at that time never lost an opportunity to slur McClellan, said: 'Well, McClure will do something. If he can't do better, he'll instruct the tollgate keeper not to permit Lee's army to pass through; but as to McClellan, God only knows what he'll do.'

"When Lee retreated across the Potomac, Captain Palmer preceded him the same night, entered his lines again and brought important reports which, as I believe, led to the battle of Sheperdstown that was successfully fought by General Fitz John Porter. For several nights he entered Lee's lines and reported in the morning. Finally he was missed at the usual time his report was expected. When the second day passed without any word from him, great anxiety was felt for his safety, and every effort was made that could be made, without exposing him to the discovery of his identity, to learn of his whereabouts, but without success.

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When he had been missing a week it was evident that he had been captured, and, upon being advised of it from the headquarters of McClellan's army, I hastened to Philadelphia to confer with President J. Edgar Thompson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, whose secretary Captain Palmer had been until he entered the service, and who was greatly interested in him personally. The conference resulted in the purpose to endeavor to save Palmer from being identified by his captors, and it was finally decided that I should go to the offices of the *North American*, the *Press* and the *Inquirer*, the leading morning journals of the city, and write up for publication the next morning dispatches announcing the arrival in Washington of Capt. W. J. Palmer, who had been scouting in Virginia for some days and who had brought most important information of the movements and purposes of the enemy. Some details of his reported facts were given to make the story plausible, to which was added the statement that he had brought momentous information that could not be given to the public, but that would doubtless lead to early military movements against the enemy. The dispatches were all accepted by the publishers, as all felt a special interest in Captain Palmer's fate. . . . The dispatches published in the Philadelphia papers, all of which reached the enemy's lines within forty-eight hours, if not sooner, entirely misled the Confederates as to Captain Palmer, and the failure to identify him saved him. . . ."*

In Training

1862

After their return to Camp Alabama they received a furlough of four days and so Will's diary continues.

Thursday, 25. Clear. Left camp at 9 A.M. We went to Harrisburg on a militia train, and got covered with cinders. (We rode on top of the cars.) We brought all our arms with us, and leaving them at the P. R. R. office, took a walk up to Capitol Hill, and went thro. the State Capitol, from the top of which a splendid view is obtained of the Susquehanna River and Blue Ridge. At 1½ P.M. left for Phila. via Reading R. R. A very pleasant ride, especially from Reading to Philada. on the Schuylkill R. where the scenery is very beautiful. Arrived in Philadelphia at 6½ P.M. and home at dark and just before tea. Went up the steps, saw a face pressed against the window, heard a cry of surprise, and in an instant were in the embraces of our family, father, mother, brothers and sisters, all rejoiced to meet us, but no more so than I to meet them. So we cleaned up and sat down to tea and had a delightful evening together, talking over our tea, and, afterwards, till bed-time, hearing and answering questions, and telling what we had seen and heard. It did me good to look upon their faces once more and see their sparkling eyes. *Slept in a bed.*

Friday, 26. In the A.M. at 9 O'clk walked down town, met many of our men in the streets and many old friends, and saw many familiar faces. Delivered some letters for Charley Clarke, called on the Currey's at the store, and at Mellor's store. (Sabie has left and gone to E. W. Clark & Co.) Met Ball and F. R. there. We went up Chestnut St. and bought a military vest, called for Sis at the Philada. Library and Ball & I walked up town with her to dinner. At 4 P.M. went down to Rehn and Harris with father to look at photographs of him and Julia. Poor. They will sit again. Took supper at home. Mother says she "*would be ashamed to have us at home now and not in the army.*" At 7½ P.M. called at the Knight's. Lily and Julia gone to prayer meeting. Saw Mary and Mrs. K. who knew I was home, (Ramsey told) but Julia was still ignorant. Went up to Adams Church, calling at Detre's on the way. (Cyrus is well, met his sister.) and sat in Stroud's pew. So soon as the meeting was over Julia saw me and looked surprised and glad, and when we met at the door gave me a welcome and feeling grasp of the hand. Patteson and Lily, Julia and I then went to the Handel and Hayden Hall, to a Children's Fair. Met Chas. Kirk's father and sister Sally, also two or three old friends. Presented Julia with a bouquet and at 10.15 P.M. left for home. Sat awhile and then sang our old pieces with Julia once more. Spent a pleasant evening.

Saturday, 27. Clear and pleasant. In the A.M. called at Feltwell's, saw Benj. who is on the P.R.R., then went down to see Geo. McElroy, had a good old fash-

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ioned talk with him. Then down to the recruiting office and asked Deeger to extend my furlough. He had orders from Major Ward not to. Home to dinner. Eat a splendid dinner, and took a nap till 5 P.M. Lucille Flanigen called to see us in the afternoon, and I (being invited to tea) went around to Knights with her. Had a splendid supper. Ned Patteson and Will Flanigen were also there. Had a jolly time till the Flanigens left (Ned P. and Lily left early), then had a good talk with Julia. She wanted me to destroy her letters, for fear they might fall into others hands, but I prevailed on her to allow me to preserve them. Home at 11 P.M.

Sunday, 28. Cloudy and damp. To Church in the A.M. with sister Julia. Dr. Jenkins preached. Met Misses McElroy, Allen, Beale, Dulles, Strong and others; also Dick Fiske (now Captain of Wynkoop's Cavalry) home on furlough. Went up to speak to Dr. J. After dinner by appointment, went to see Dr. J. at Mr. Savage's, Walnut below 16th. Had a conversation with him about my future prospects. He advised me not to give up entirely my intention of studying for the ministry, but to leave the result and disposal to God, the same advice Mr. Kendall gave me. Had some other conversation and left to go to Sunday School. Saw Mr. Atwood, Williams, Lewis, Wilson, Pratt and Billings. Mr. Atwood was away with the militia, also Thos. Gamen, and John Kane. After S. S. went up to see Julia Knight, my last talk with her. As before we talked of parting and she contrasted my tone with Ned. Patteson's, who was so down-hearted while I was cheerful. Bade them all good-bye again, standing at the parlor door and as I took Julia's hand in mine and kissed her and said my farewell I realized more than at the first time, that we were parting perhaps to meet no more. Went home to tea and spent my last evening home, not going to church.

Monday, 29. Clear. Again we bade good-bye to mother, father, brothers and sisters, and I could hardly command my voice to say good-bye and mother made a great effort to control her feelings, but her lips twitched and she could not speak, and sisters were convulsive in their embraces. We left via Reading R. R. at 8 A.M. Reached camp at 3½ P.M., reported to Capt. Ward, and settled once more in our tent, feeling as though we had been on a visit and were now home again.

Upon their return to camp the diary describes days of drill with carbine and sabre, loading wood, cutting bread for the Quarter Master, writing home to the family and "My Julia", going to church two or three times a week, bathing in the creek and fishing at the cave, where they cooked their catch over an open fire. Nothing of any real interest occurred until October 10th.

October 1862

Friday, 10. Cloudy and rainy all day. Drill in the A.M. by Wash. Airey. Wrote to sister Julia, Mary Williams and Julia Knight to-day. Spent part of the evening with Patteson and Ramsey. At 8½ P.M. a despatch came to Carlisle that the Rebel Cavalry under Stuart, 3,000 strong, was in Chambersburg and we were ordered to pack. At 9 O'clk our company was ready and every man with a carbine (58) was in line. Company F left at 9.15 and we were ordered to sleep on our arms.

Saturday, 11. Cloudy in the A.M. Wind N.W., fresh breeze. Were held in readiness all the morning. In the evening news came that the enemy had retreated.

IN TRAINING

This was the second raid of Jeb Stuart's cavalry. He crossed the Potomac, above Williamsport, with orders to "endeavor to ascertain the position and designs of the enemy." He penetrated as far as Chambersburg, Penna, which he occupied for a time, destroyed public property, made the entire circuit of the Federal army and recrossed the Potomac near the mouth of the Monocacy, without any material loss. Thus for a second time a force of Confederate Cavalry rode all around McClellan's army. The latter exploit was more noteworthy as the raid was made on Union territory.

Again the Andersons returned to their drill, now only using sabres. On October the 20th Will became twenty-one and that evening "took tea with Mr. Ross and spent a very pleasant evening". Mr. Ross was the Chaplain from the Barracks and had a pretty daughter, Lizzie.

On the 28th they moved camp to the other side of town, to Camp Buell. Here they expected to spend the winter and they occupied their spare time in fixing up their "wall tents" with floor boards and bunks. But early in November they received different orders.

November 1862

Tuesday, 4. Clear and cool. Rumors of a move to Kentucky. On dress parade. An Order from Col. Spencer was read to strike tents and move for Kentucky on Friday. Glorious news. It was supposed we would stay here all winter but we are going now. Mr. Cummings came to camp this afternoon.

Wednesday, 5. Drill morning and afternoon. Wrote to J. E. K. today.

Thursday, 6. Damp A.M. Clear and windy day. On guard today. Was selected by the Adjutant for duty at the Hospital in Carlisle on account of neatness and soldierly appearance. Good dinner. Took tea by invitation at Mrs. Miller's. Met some young ladies also Lieut. Worthington.

Friday, 7. Cloudy. Snow at 10 A.M. and at 3 P.M. snowing very hard. At 8½ A.M. called on Rev. Dr. Wing and bade him goodbye. Was relieved and went out to camp at 9½ O'clk. At 1 P.M. broke camp, waited till 4 P.M., when escorted by the Band from the Barracks, we marched to Carlisle, where we expected to find cars waiting for us. There were none there and we were obliged to wait in the snow. Meanwhile Lieut. Worthington came down the line and seeing us invited us to take tea with him. We took tea with him. At 7.15 left Carlisle. Night ride thro. Harrisburg and to the Alleghenies. Passed thro. by daylight grand snow capped mts. "Horse Shoe"† very fine. Passed on to Pittsburgh which we reached at 7 P.M. Had a handsome supper laid out for us by the ladies. Left at 12 P.M. night ride (all the time in passenger cars.) Passed to Ohio. Little accident at day-break near Canton. Ball and Frank were left near Loudonsville having gone too far to "forage." At 8 A.M. passed on. Level country, much woods; many clearings, many small towns; considerable "foraging" done by the boys. At Marion foraged apples; at Bellefonte the boys got autographs from pretty girls; at Sidney captured big loaf of bread and lump of butter, had good supper. At Versailles, kissed five pretty girls, who offered them "for the Union." At Union City I put one foot in

†Horse shoe bend on Pa. R.R.

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Ohio and the other in Indiana at dark. Night ride to Indianapolis. Regiment changed cars at depot, and excepting about 300, left at 12 P.M. for Louisville. Bowen, Johnson and I stayed to guard and keep the traps of Frank and B. Slept in the office. I took breakfast in saloon. During the day, Monday, strolled thro. the city, large business, residences, very beautiful on Broad St. At 9 P.M. left for Louisville. B. and Frank came on express from Ohio at 6½ P.M.

Tuesday, 11. Clear and Cool. Ride thro. a forest, few clearings, very like backwoods. Rode 20 miles on cow-catcher, fine,

narrow escapes. Arrived at Jeffersonville at 3 P.M., crossed the Ohio River to Louisville which we reached at 4 P.M., found camp selected and our tent pitched by the mess. In marching thro. the city saw that Broadway was a fine street.

For ten days they remained in camp, only once going to town in "citizen's dress", as it rained almost all the time. All this time the Regiment had been without horses.

Saturday, 22. Rec'd saddles and the horses arrived at camp. Great excitement.

Sunday, 23. Horses separated, good from bad, and colors separate.

Monday, 24. Company officers drew lots for colors of horses. Co. C. drew the line of condemned horses, which are turned in and shall draw good ones.

Tuesday, 25. Men commenced to drill to-day on horseback. Our "Amateur Band" gave a concert this evening at Masonic Hall.

Wednesday, 26. Our company rec'd horses to-day. I forgot to state, (being now engaged in making up my diary since the 7th Nov.) that at our last dress parade on Monday, I think, a list of promotions was read by the Adj. and my name was 1st on the list of our Co. as a corporal making me 3rd Corporal. How are you Corporal Colton?!!

Thursday, 27. I chose a sorrel horse, very fast.

Four days of drill and no excitements followed. On December 2d the diary continues.

Tuesday, 2. Made a street parade through Louisville. During my stay, by letter of introduction from Mrs. Knight, became acquainted with Mrs. Prettyman, wife of Rev. S. P. President of Louisville Female College, with whom I spent a couple of evenings. Fine character.

December 1862

Will's diary becomes too matter-of-fact. He was probably still catching up. Ball writes in much more detail and so his diary continues the history of their experiences.

Wednesday, 3. Morning cold. Sun out today. Was kicked by a horse on the shin, while going to water. It is swollen considerably.

IN TRAINING

Thursday, 4. Doing no duty. My leg is better. The regiment is to be inspected tomorrow, and it is said we are to be placed in a brigade; so of course there is great excitement in camp, and a petition is being signed to have the regiment disbanded. B. H. Smith of Co. B has been several days drilling the officers and men of a Tennessee cavalry regiment. They think much of him, as they know nothing of the drill themselves. They are the most verdant set of men I ever saw.

Friday, 5. Quite cold today. No drill. An inspection took place this afternoon of our regiment and the 25th Michigan, by Gen Boyle and another Brigadier and his staff. They complimented our regiment on our good appearance. After the inspection made a parade through the city. Quite a number of Union Flags were displayed.

Saturday, 6. Very cold. Ice formed an inch thick in the ponds last night. Drilled this morning. Last night witnessed an eclipse of the moon. The petition to disband the regiment has 500 signatures and will be sent immediately. Did not sign.

Sunday, 7. Went to town to church and took dinner with Branner of Barracks No. 1. Mounted dress parade this afternoon. Went to church this evening and coming back heard that we were to move for Nashville in the morning. In fact all the company cooks were busy cooking rations for the march. Hurt my knee by running against a horse.

Monday, 8. The orders were given this morning that we would march, and at 11 A.M. all struck tents but Companies B and K who are to be left behind for a day or two. At 12 M. we started south, our company having the advance. After a march of 12 miles we bivouacked in a woods. Slept finely on a bed of leaves. Our soldiering is just commencing. For several days past we have had rumors that John Morgan† was in the vicinity of Louisville and that he is waiting to have a crack at our regiment so we are on the lookout for him. Splendid moonlight.

Tuesday, 9. Off this morning at 7 A.M. Hard frost last night. We take the rear today. We pass through a level valley and a poor country. Houses miserable. At 11 A.M. arrived at West Point and halted for the wagons. Here there is a fort on a very high bluff called Fort Blair. It is garrisoned by one company of soldiers. It commands the Ohio River. The town is mostly secesh. Leaving here we passed through a beautiful Gap, and slowly ascended to high ground. The scenery was grand beyond anything I have seen. At 4 P.M. halted at Bloomington about 30 miles from Louisville and bivouacked again in a field and fed our horses with corn from a secessionist. We have but four crackers a day to eat. The distance to march is over 200 miles.

Wednesday, 10. The corn we fed our horses with this morning was found hid in the woods and seized. Camped tonight where a portion of Bragg's army were camped. Bragg's army passed over this ground on the great race with Buell to Louisville. The country through here is completely desolated, fencing all gone. Bowen and I laid down on the ground under a tree and had a good night's rest. Bill is corporal of guard.

Thursday, 11. Fine day. Marched 22 miles. Crossed and recrossed the L. & N. R. R. twelve times. Very poor country. Quite hilly. Arrived at Munfords-

†See OPPOSING GENERALS

COLUMN SOUTH

ville tonight and pitched our tents on Green River. This is the first time we have slept under tents since we have been on the march.

Friday 12. We are encamped at the foot of the bridge over Green River. This is a splendid work, built of iron with massive stone piers, one hundred feet high. Walked across this bridge and visited the battlefield and entrenchments thrown up by the Rebels. I found some flattened bullets. The Rebels were attacked by our men who were out-numbered and forced to surrender. There have been many skirmishes here between small garrisons of our men and Bucknor and Morgan's crews. Bucknor burned two spans of this bridge and blew up one of the stone piers. There are great numbers of rabbits here, and all hands are chasing them about in all directions.

Saturday, 13. Fine weather and quite mild. Off again early this morning. Marched 25 miles and camped in an apple orchard. Slept in a corn crib. The country is much wooded.

Sunday, 14. Fine day. Marched over 20 miles. Arrived at Bowling Green this afternoon and pitched tents on Warner Underwoods place, a hundred yards from the ruins of his house, which was destroyed by the Secesh last March. He is now U. S. Minister to Scotland. There is a stockade just back of his barn which is still standing. We are to leave here tomorrow, to camp on the property of a Rebel.

Monday, 15. On guard today. Commenced raining this A.M. just as we struck our tents, and poured all day. The guards had to wait behind for the last wagon. Such a miserable day I never spent. Got out to the new camp just before dark, and found four of our mess just off on a night expedition, supposed to be against guerillas. About 200 went. We are all under arms and in readiness to move at a moment's warning. An attack is expected. Our camp is two miles from Bowling Green. Our tents are actually put up on mud a foot deep and running with water.

Tuesday, 16. It cleared off last night very cold. Stood picket last night and had no sleep whatever. Today we moved our camp from the awful mud to a better position. Heard some good news from Burnside, if true, that he has taken Richmond. There is a large cave close to our camp. There is a large stream running into it called "Lost River",* as where it goes to, no one knows. I explored it about 300 feet this afternoon. The entrance is beautiful. We have orders tonight that we move early tomorrow. Do not know our destination. Our men who went out last night have not returned.

Fine day. Quite cold. Heavy frost last night. Our men have got back, they went to Scottsville but found no enemy. Explored the large cave this P.M. for about a mile following the River. It is said to-day that our army is in Richmond. The order to march has been countermanded.

Wednesday, 17. Very cold this morning, but clear. Still confined to four crackers a day with no meat. Even the horses are on short rations today. There is much mismanagement somewhere. I am one of six orderlies to Gen. Smith in Bowling Green tonight, and posted in the telegraph office.

Thursday, 18. Relieved from duty at dark today. The trains now run without interruption to Nashville.

Friday, 19. Was called up at midnight last night. The officers said "there was danger ahead." Will and I volunteered and with a squad of 50 men under Capt.

IN TRAINING

Smith started out. The night was cold. Squads were sent out on different roads and a sharp lookout was kept. At the bridge where our pickets were posted 5 miles from Bowling Green, we halted for an hour and then started on through the woods for 5 miles further. At daylight halted, dismounted and made fires. Was sent forward a short distance as picket. Got breakfast in a Union man's house, and 10 o'clock the command started back. Will and I acted as rear guard, and held back a good distance to get an opportunity to forage for a pig. I shot a fine one, putting about a pound of lead into the carcass. Will helped cut off the hams and shoulders, and we also got a chicken. We got back two hours after the main body. Made it all right with Capt. Vezin by sending him a ham.

1167724

Stone River Campaign

1862

New Orleans, Memphis, and Corinth were now in possession of the Union Troops, leaving only Vicksburg to hinder the free passage along the entire length of the Mississippi.

The government in Washington had long been urging Buell to march his army into East Tennessee in order to liberate the loyal population of that region "from the peculiarly cruel and galling tyranny" they had been enduring from the Secessionists; and to make Kentucky secure to the Union. Because of the mountains to be crossed and the lack of sufficient wagons for supplies Buell had hesitated too long, allowing General Bragg, whose headquarters were then in Chattanooga, to make a foray into Kentucky. This resulted in the battle of Perryville on October 8, 1862, between the armies of Buell and Bragg. Bragg was forced to retreat to Harrodsburg, but Buell was severely criticized for permitting Bragg to escape annihilation and was removed from the command of the Army of the Cumberland, which was then turned over to General William S. Rosecrans.

General Rosecrans was favored for the command because of his successful battles with the Confederate generals Earl Van Dorn and Stanley Price in northern Mississippi. He was a friendly man, well liked by his officers and men. To the troops he was "Old Rosy" because of his large beacon-like nose. He was well-versed in the theoretical knowledge of war and worked hard at his job. In battle he was apt to become overly excited, but he was completely fearless.

Bragg was now south of the Cumberland River, in a position to threaten Nashville, which was garrisoned by a small force, and it was apparent a battle would have to be fought somewhere in middle Tennessee.

General Sheridan, who was in command of one of McCook's divisions, writes the following from his "Personal Memoirs."

"The Army of the Cumberland marched to Nashville where Rosecrans made his headquarters. The railroad from Louisville was soon reopened and he occupied himself busily for a month in refitting his army and accumulating supplies. Bragg's superiority in cavalry was so great and the raids of Morgan and of Wheeler† were so constant that Rosecrans . . . was compelled to accumulate at Nashville supplies sufficient to render him independent of occasional interruptions.

"General Rosecrans, in the reorganization of the army, had assigned Major-General A. McD. McCook* to command the right wing, Major-General George H. Thomas the centre, and Major-General T. J. Crittenden the left wing. McCook's wing was made up of three divisions, commanded in order of rank by Brigadier-General Jeff. C. Davis; Brigadier-General R. W. Johnson, and Brigadier-General P. H. Sheridan. . . .

†See OPPOSING GENERALS

STONE RIVER CAMPAIGN

"Early on the morning of December 26th, 1862, in a heavy rain, the army marched, the movement being directed on Murfreesboro, where the enemy had made some preparation to go into winter-quarters, and to hold which town it was hoped he would accept battle. General Thomas moved by the Franklin and Wilson pikes, General Crittenden by the Murfreesboro pike, through Lavergne, and General McCook by the Nolensville pike, Davis's division in advance. . . ."

On the 27th, 28th and 29th there were a few skirmishes, but it wasn't until December 30th that the two armies faced each other at Stone River near Murfreesboro.

"From the events of the day and evening of the 30th, it was apparent that the two armies were in close proximity, and orders received during the night revealed the fact that Rosecrans intended to attack by throwing his left on the enemy's right, with the expectation of driving it in toward Murfreesboro, so that the right of Crittenden's corps could attack Bragg's center in reverse, while Thomas supported Crittenden by a simultaneous front assault; and from the movements of the enemy at daylight next morning, it was plainly indicated that Bragg had planned to swing his left on our right by an exactly similar manoeuvre, get possession of the railroad and the Nashville pike, and if possible cut us off from our base at Nashville. The conceptions in the minds of the two generals were almost identical; but Bragg took the initiative, beginning his movement about an hour earlier than the time set by Rosecrans, which gained him an immense advantage in execution in the earlier stages of the action."*

The Confederates attacked before dawn, and the drive against the two divisions of Davis and Johnson struck with such force that they soon broke and retreated, completely demoralized. Men in reserve, a mile behind the line, hardly knew the battle had commenced when the fugitives from McCook's two divisions came rushing helter-skelter through the camp creating a veritable panic. Sheridan's division, however, held, repulsing three attacks, thus giving Rosecrans time to reform his battle line, bringing Crittenden up to help reinforce Sheridan and Thomas. By afternoon Sheridan had run out of ammunition and had to withdraw through the cedars. Slowly the Union troops were forced back to a position parallel to the Nashville pike. Here they made their final stand. General Thomas held like a rock, and Col. Wm. B. Hazen's brigade, consisting of the 110th Ill., 9th Ind., 6th Ky., and the 41st Ohio repulsed attack after attack, and today the oldest Civil War Monument marks the spot where he made his valiant stand.

Rosecrans, throughout the day, rode furiously up and down the lines, placing guns at the right of Thomas and forming new lines of infantry from McCook's regiments, who had retreated during the early part of the day. Garesché, his chief-of-staff, was beheaded by a cannon ball as he was riding beside Rosecrans, his blood besplattering the general. Sheridan wrote, "Garesché's appalling death stunned us all, and a momentary expression of horror spread over Rosecrans' face; but at such a time the importance of self-control was vital, and he pursued his course with an appearance of indifference, which, however, those immediately about him saw was assumed, for undoubtedly he felt most deeply the death of his friend and trusted staff-officer."

The next day, January 1st, 1863, passed with only some scattered skirmish-line action. On January 2d, Bragg attacked on the Union left, but the artillery caught

COLUMN SOUTH

his advancing lines in the flank, and the attack was crushed almost before it got started.

That night Bragg withdrew to Tullahoma and Rosecrans entered Murfreesboro, both sides claiming a victory.

"The victory quieted the fears of the West and Northwest, destroyed the hopes of the secession element in Kentucky, renewed the drooping spirits of the East Tennesseans, and demoralized the disunionists in Middle Tennessee."

Total loss of the Union army in the campaign: Killed, 1,730; wounded, 7,802; captured or missing, 3,717 equals 13,249.

Total loss of Confederate army in the campaign: Killed, 1,294; wounded, 7,945; captured or missing, 1,027 equals 10,266.

Effective force of the Union army, 43,400.

Effective force of the Confederate army, 37,712.

Back now to Ball's diary and his last few days with the Regiment.

Sunday, 21. We started this morning for Nashville with three or four regiments of infantry, three hundred wagons, 400 pack mules and 1,500 cattle. Pickets are sent out every night.

Tuesday, 23. Bivouacked in a strong position among the hills, which are very steep. The place swarms with rabbits and butternuts. We are now about 14 miles from Nashville. Passed some very steep hills.

Wednesday, 24. Called up at 3 A.M. with the information that the rebels were in our rear. The wagons were sent on ahead, and before daylight we moved out ahead of the infantry. Yesterday we halted at the Tyrene Springs. This has been a great watering place. There is a large hotel here, deserted. It was burned last night. Continued our march till 7½ miles from N., when a despatch came from Rosecrans to halt, as a body of Rebels were just the other side of the Cumberland River. Halted two or three hours and started on. We passed some beautiful places. Arrived at the city at 3 P.M., crossing the Cumberland on the pontoon bridge. A fine bridge was destroyed here by the Rebels. I was not much prepossessed by the place. The old barricades of sand bags across the streets are still here. Rode around the town awhile, seeing several members of the old troop.

Sunday, 25. Christmas. Cloudy; it is said that we are brigaded, and many of the men say they will not move, when ordered. Wynkoop's cavalry are here. We are under orders to march tomorrow. We put up our tents today. A foraging party went out this morning numbering two hundred, they came back in tonight having had a skirmish; one of the enemy was killed and we lost one man.

Friday, 26. The majority of the men in every company have stacked their arms, and refuse to move. In front of most every tent is a pile of arms, sabres, pistols and carbines. The officers can say nothing. A committee was appointed, waited on Col. Spencer, and asked if they were to be brigaded, and demanding that we be officered. He sent them off without satisfaction, and they still refuse to go, with some exceptions. Four of our mess are going in other regiments if we cannot go any other way. Some of the Captains have addressed the men advising them to go, and they have gained over a few more men. Gen. Rosecrans sent word that he hopes they will not mutiny. Before noon over two hundred of us are off,

STONE RIVER CAMPAIGN

the rest remaining. The whole army is moving southward towards Murfreesboro where the Rebels are entrenched in force. We travelled with the army until dark, and turned off into a field for the night. It rained hard all night. No tents. We spread our gum balmas over us and kept tolerably dry.

Will's comment on the "mutiny" was, "When I entered the army I had made up my mind to obey my officers and when the men first declared they would not obey, I decided not to be one of them. Ball was also of my opinion, also Frank, Al Cummings, Harry Johnson, and Wesley Bowen." So Will, Ball, and most of their personal friends went with the army.

Ball's diary continues:

Saturday, 27. At daylight off again and about 9 A.M. turned off up the hills and soon came up with the enemy, and a brisk little brush. We dismounted and fought afoot, firing several shots. We had two horses shot, and Stewart Logan had the stock of his carbine shot away in his hand.

Major Rosengarten and a big reb had a hand to hand fight, and both being strong men they were having a hard tussel, when Wash Airey stepped up and captured the Reb. The fellow had bitten Rosengarten's finger. The balls whistled about us sharp and thick. A rebel battery of artillery also opened on us from a high point of ground in front, and the rushing noise of the shell was fearful. Soon the infantry came up and opened on them at short range, firing for about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour when the Rebs moved slowly off. While this was going on we had taken another position and with a small party I was sent in advance as a picket, when someone in concealment commenced firing on us. We soon discovered a grey coat hiding in a field a short distance off, deliberately loading and firing on us. I could have shot him, but we had strict orders not to fire, and the man finding he was discovered, cleared out. We had the advance. It rained hard all the afternoon, and we all got very wet while we were scouting around the hills all the afternoon, and saw but few Rebs. Bivouacked in a field, Cummings and Bowen each captured a goose and we had roast goose for supper and breakfast.

Sunday, 28. Foggy morning. Did not start till 9 A.M. Had frost last night. No Rebels about. After going a couple of miles, halted in front of a fine mansion, while a scouting party was sent out. We were not long in finding out they had a cellar. We passed down and got canned peaches and fine apples and sweet potatoes. Beautiful day, warm and pleasant.

Monday, 29. Was on picket last night till 11 P.M., a short distance ahead of me were two men on horseback, watching our motions. Relieved at 11 P.M. and on our way to camp we, with much difficulty, despatched two small pigs. Up before light and off another way towards Murfreesboro. We had a hard march with the right wing of the army, we being in the advance. We advanced through a very thick woods of cedars on the Bole Jack road. On this road we observed natural oil, by the sight and smell. Saw some fine scenery. At last we emerged to an open space, where we came up with the Rebel cavalry, and skirmished awhile with them, driving them back, and followed on, striking them again on the Wilkinson Pike, charging after them at full speed, they halted and formed in a cleared field, and as we suddenly came upon them, they delivered a volley at short range and

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then cleared out at full speed. Rosengarten and Ward led us up through the woods to the right, over ground which only a moment before had been occupied by a regiment of Rebel infantry. They had left so suddenly as to leave on the ground by the fires, rations half cooked. Advancing a short distance we could see the grey jackets sneaking and watching us from behind a worm fence; we immediately charged them, and coming up to a fence, we suddenly halted, the Rebels being on the other side, only a few feet distant, we came up with them so suddenly, that many of the enemy mounted the fence and surrendered, throwing down their guns. The Rebs seeing we could not get through the fence immediately opened a heavy fire on us, and we firing at them over the heads of the prisoners on the fence. As we were not over fifty men and the Rebs a thousand strong and infantry at that, the fight was unequal and lasted but a few minutes, when our men were being killed off rapidly, we retreated, having lost heavily.

Major Rosengarten was killed instantly, being shot through the head, and Major Ward fell with a shot in the breast. I saw him fall, besides we had a number of men and horses killed. Kimber, the orderly sergeant of our company, was shot through the head and killed. Warry Caldwell of our company had a horse killed under him.

In the afternoon Corp. Morton was sent under a flag of truce into the enemy's lines to recover the dead bodies of our men. There were two regiments of infantry we were fighting, a South Carolina and Georgia reg. We camped tonight but were not allowed to have fires on account of the close proximity of the enemy.

Another description of this day is given by a good friend of the two boys, Charles S. Kirk.

"I was a corporal in Company E at that time, and had been selected to carry the Company guidon.† For doing this I was not required to carry a carbine. We had forded Overalls Creek and were grouped around a large house. Major Ward was with us. There was a level stretch of country for a half mile to the front and then the woods. Animated by a boyish spirit I waved my guidon, and immediately saw a puff of smoke from the woods, then the sound, and lastly, with a vicious thug, a bullet went into a tree at my back.

"'Take care, Corporal!' said the Major. 'That was a close shot.' At this time a party of Confederate cavalry was seen in our front, making good time for Murfreesboro, and instantly the boys took up the cry, 'There they go! Charge them! Go for them!' Major Ward, who was close to me, yelled, 'No, don't go! My orders are to go only this far.' Still the yells continued. Some of the men advancing, the Major said, 'D——n you! If you will go, I'll go too—Charge!' and then all started, without semblance of formation, most of them down the road and others through a gate across a corn field, where the stalks had been cut and put in shocks.

"I was yelling as loud as anyone and waving my guidon like I had seen in pictures, but had never done the like of it before or since, when, somehow, I don't exactly know how, the stick of the guidon got caught in a corn shock, and my next recollection was lying on the ground trying to remember what had happened. My horse stood by me, and I soon concluded to get on him and continue the charge. I got in the road, but the detachment had passed in the woods out of

†Flag used as guide

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sight. I saw a few men down a lane to my right, on which there was a frame house, and I went down it to join what I supposed to be some members of our own party.



As my horse kept up his run, it did not take long to cover the ground between us; but what anxious moments they were, for the four men in the road carried muskets, while all of ours carried carbines. Then, as I got nearer, I saw they had a butter-nut colored uniform, instead of the blue we wore. I was too close to them to stop my horse, and doubt if I could have done so anyhow, but in a flash came to me the drill with lances I had seen when I visited my brother Will in his regiment, 'Rush's Lancers.' Down came my guidon to a 'charge lance.' My first adversary

sat stolidly on his horse, fingering the trigger of his musket; his comrades were in the rear of him, but all my thoughts were on him and I think his were on the peculiar weapon I carried, and his ignorance of its effectiveness magnified its powers, for when I got within a dozen paces of him he dropped his musket to the ground and raised his right hand in token of surrender. The others followed his example at once, and for a few moments I had four prisoners on my hands. Soon some of our men came up, only one of whom I now recall, Joe Rue.

"Captain Norman Smith now appeared with his Company, coming in from the right, and some firing took place in front. The Captain ordered us to advance as skirmishers, across a cotton field, and in the forward movement I divided my attention between the enemy we expected in front and a new Confederate uniform, which a colored man told me had been dropped off the saddle by the rebel officer who had just gone on ahead. I did not find the uniform, but found the enemy behind the fence just in front of us. They reached it first; two of them occupied the panel just in front of me, while in the next panel I saw a bareheaded man crawl through, who came running to us. He had no hat or accouterments, and his head was smeared with blood from a wound, and as he came nearer I saw it was Sam Jamison, of Company L, who in the mix up over to the left, had been batted over the head by a rebel, was captured and escaped, all within a few minutes.

"The skirmishers in front were making it hot for us now, and all on our end of the line moved for the woods, from which came yells and heavy firing. I passed Major Ward coming back, supported by a man on each side, a deathly pallor on his face, but telling us in feeble tones to 'go on.' I went to within twenty-five yards of the fence, from behind which came shots at irregular intervals. I saw my friend Wash. Airey, dismounted and with saber drawn, calling to the boys to 'come on!' and I remember thinking what a dangerous position that was, for he was not over ten yards from the rebel line of battle and looked every inch the gallant officer he was. I saw several of our men lying on the ground and horses rearing; one seemed to me to spin around on his hind feet. Just near me were Lieutenant De Coursey and Serg. Will Kimber. 'This is pretty hot here; let's get out,' said De Coursey. 'Just one shot more,' returned Kimber, and gave it, but got one in return

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square in the forehead. We were all getting out now, and a little depression in the ground gave us cover and the chance to retreat in good order, and all firing from the front ceased, and was succeeded by some horrible, agonizing cries from some of our wounded back on the field.

"We fell back to near Wilkinson's crossroads and slept in the woods all night. It was a quiet bivouac, and many silent thoughts went out to those of our comrades who lay stiff and stark on the field of action, toward Murfreesboro."

December the thirtieth was spent by the Regiment in scouting to find out the position of the enemy. Ball's diary continues on the day of the big battle.

Wednesday, 31. The sky was lit up by camp fires, at 2 A.M. we came into our lines, and halted and laid down to sleep on the road by the fires. At daylight we drew rations of crackers and pork. Here we came across Bowen and some others who were with the wagons which were all captured by the Rebel cavalry and burned.* Just after drawing rations there is a great stir, the infantry coming by on the double quick, regiment after regiment. We mount and are off, and heavy musketry is soon heard. We take up our position with some other Cavalry regiments; Col. Stokes' Tennessee regiment being on our left. (The other cavalry reg. was the 2nd Kentucky Vols.) Here we stood several hours in line of battle. While marching to take up our position a battery opened on us from a hill, and a shell came rushing through our ranks, taking off an arm of a man in Co. B, by the name of Edge. The shell after doing its dirty work burst in a field to our right scaring our horses much. We were now passing over ground where there had been skirmishing in the morning, and several bodies of Rebels were lying about, with guns and knapsacks, etc.

In the latter part of the afternoon we advanced and were suddenly opened on by a battery masked in the woods, and the fire was so hot that we were compelled to fall back in some disorder. Just as we emerged from the woods, Gen. Stanley met us and said, "Follow me, my brave Pennsylvanians". We rallied and charged the Rebel cavalry which were now in our front, and they fell back, and then made a stand, and we had a brisk fight, by the time I had fired five rounds my ammunition gave out and I was obliged to borrow. At last we drew sabers and were about to charge when they cleared out. We then retired as it was almost dark, and there was no enemy to fight.

Company L captured a battle flag* of an Alabama regiment which had this inscription, "Death before Subjugation"; another captured a horse with his accoutrements.

We halted back in the woods, and stood mounted in line of battle till 12 midnight, we being allowed by turns to dismount for exercise to keep warm, as we most froze on horseback. At 12 we were relieved by the 7th Penna Cavalry, and bivouacked on the ground where a great struggle had taken place today. The dead are still lying on the ground in large numbers. Tonight is very cold. Owing to some mismanagement of our Gen. Johnston who commanded this part of our line, our army met with a great disaster, having lost many men and guns. They were suddenly attacked before daylight this morning while the men were eating their breakfast, and a desperate struggle took place lasting nearly all day. Johnston's division was badly cut up. We lost two Generals killed, one Gen. Sill, and one a prisoner.

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Before lying down I went in search of water, and after a long tramp among dead bodies came to a turnpike lined with ambulances filled with wounded men proceeding to the rear. Filled my canteen with thick muddy water and returned, lying down to sleep in a few feet from a dead officer. Gen. Johnston was captured.

Owing to our reverse we are all filled with the most dismal feelings but hope to retrieve our losses tomorrow.

A rather humorous incident occurred on the 31st, here recounted by a Col. Charles S. Greene of the Union army.

"In the rebel charge upon McCook's right, the rebel Third Kentucky was advancing upon one of the loyal Kentucky regiments. They came from the same county and were old friends and neighbors. As soon as they came near enough for recognition, they ceased firing, and began abusing and cursing and swearing at each other, calling each other the most outlandish names. All this time the battle was roaring around them without much attention from either side.

"This could not last. By mutual consent they finally ceased swearing and charged into each other with the most unearthly yell ever heard. The muskets were thrown away, and at it they went, pulling and gouging. The rebels were getting the best of it, when the 9th Ohio came up, taking a great many rebel prisoners. As the late belligerents were conducted to the rear, they were on the best of terms with their captors, laughing and chatting and joking; and they all became as jolly as possible."*

Meanwhile on the 30th and 31st, A. B. Coleman of Co. L had quite a different experience.

"It was the day after our fight at the battle of Stone River, where we had dashed headlong against the 10th South Carolina infantry, posted behind a fence, and been driven back, with a score of our small force killed and wounded. Our Company commander, Lieut. John W. Jackson, detailed Corp. Chas. H. Kirk and four men, of whom I was one, to go up to where we had our fight the afternoon before, impress a wagon from some farmer in the neighborhood, and load up our dead on it and take them back to Nashville.

"We started and soon reached our field. The infantry had already arrived, and their skirmishers were busy popping away at the enemy just off to the left and in a different direction from which the heavy attack came early the next morning. Farmers and country wagons were scarce, and while we waited for our wagon to come we could watch the movements of our infantry, which was all new and interesting to us. The rattle of the skirmishers never stopped, and to add to the entertainment we were treated to the sight of an artillery duel between two of our guns and two of the enemy's posted off to our left and front. They fired round shot at us, which ricocheted across the fields but hurt no one. This kept up for quite a while, till one of our generals came up and said to the batteryman, 'Why don't you stop those fellows? Where's Ed?'

"Then a young fellow of about twenty stepped up smiling, and saluting said, 'Here I am, General.'

"'Ed, put a shot into that battery and stop them.'

"Ed carefully sighted one of the guns, a Parrott, and pulled the lanyard. There

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was an explosion over in the rebel battery, then a cheer from our lines, and the last seen of the enemy they were going like wild for shelter.

"Our wagon came at last late in the afternoon. Our dead were piled in it, and we pulled out as far as Wilkinson's crossroads, where we spent the night. A little after daylight the next morning a terrible infantry firing took place quite near to us in front, accompanied by some cheers and a larger volume of rebel yells. Some artillerymen with led horses stopped long enough to tell us that their battery had just been overrun by the rebels, and then some officers ordered us to 'light out' as fast as we could, as the rebels were coming.

"Our team had been hitched up at the first noise of battle, and pulled out at once down a road for 100 yards, and then took one to the left. Just at the turn we met Alex. Ramsey and Ed Patteson, on guard over a lot of ammunition, and told them to come along, but they declined, and in about three minutes the rebels had them. Our wagon kept jogging along, the mules at a sharp trot. We joined the wagons, all anxious to get away, and the yells and firing of rifles and artillery seemed greater than ever, while the peculiar whiz of the rifle ball was ever in the air. We had left the road by this time, cutting across fields, and all the time at a jog trot. The tailboard of our wagon got loose and the body of Major Rosengarten commenced sliding down from the pile of bodies. There was nothing to do but stop our wagon, crawl in over the bodies and lift the Major's body back to its place, then start off again. This happened so often that the other wagons all passed and we were left to follow alone. A line of the enemy's cavalry came up in our rear, about half a mile away, and occasionally sent a shot after us, and the only reason I could think of why they did not send a few men and capture us, was that they thought our wagon, off by itself, was only a decoy to draw them on. This kept up for an hour, when we reached Lavergne, where some of our troops were and where the other wagons had assembled. The Michigan Engineers had had a sharp fight here only a couple of hours before, defeating Wheeler's cavalry. All about the place was an air of subdued excitement, for while they had won the first round in the battle, it was not yet determined who would be the victor in others that might come.

"After a short halt here our wagon started off alone to Nashville, fifteen miles distant. It was an anxious trip for us, as the enemy's cavalry had all been thrown to the rear of our army and we were continually hearing them all around us. Besides this, the stragglers from the field of battle were almost as bad, as they told such terrific tales of what they had done and how much more terrible the rebels were; of 'how their regiment was all cut to pieces—not twenty-five men of it left alive' until one felt almost as craven and disheartened as the cowards who had run away from their command. The rear of an army is the worst place to judge how the battle is going in front. At one point in the road an infantryman, mounted on a mule, galloped by us, 'Look out, boys! the rebels are just behind!' Five minutes later he came back, without mule, hat, gun, haversack, and told us that the rebels were on that little knoll just in front, in plain sight; that they had captured him there and were waiting for us. But we passed in safety and saw no sign of an enemy. It was a weary, hard, anxious day, and there was no let-up to it until near dusk, when we passed within the line of our pickets and soon after reached our old camp."

STONE RIVER CAMPAIGN

January 1863

Now for poor Ball's miserable experience. A bad New Year's Day for him!

Thursday, 1. New Year's Day. Up again at 5 A.M. and standing in line of battle till daybreak, to give notice of any movement of the enemy. We are standing close to their lines. Very cold, freezing hard. Were relieved by the 7th Penna. Cavalry, Wynkoops.

Thirteen rounds of cartridges were given out this A.M. and with the 3rd Ohio Cavalry we set out to guard a train of 300 wagons to Nashville. As we are leaving the front the fight is just commencing again, every house around is a hospital, many graves are being dug, and around each house is lying a row of dead soldiers. It is expected the train will be attacked by the Rebel Cavalry. Bill, Frank Remont, Cummings, Little and myself were posted amongst the wagons as a guard to prevent a panic amongst the teamsters in case of attack, when we were suddenly attacked by Wheeler's and Wharton's Cavalry on the left of the pike. We were then near Lavergne. While the Rebs were firing on us, the stampede of wagons commenced. In the meantime the rest of our little party had left to join the rest of the regiment. Jo Little and I had not heard the order, and remained and were endeavoring to stop the panic when I heard the words, "Do you surrender?" I turned. There were two of the rebel cavalry with revolvers close to my head. I looked up and down the road, having a pretty good horse, thinking I might run for it, but it was no use. The enemy had charged on the train for some distance along the road and were then engaged in setting fire to the wagons and running them off into the woods. The impatient and excited Reb repeated, "Quick, do you surrender?" I said yes, and one of them said "Give us your Navy", and with feeling that can better be imagined than described I was compelled to give up the arms Uncle Sam had intrusted to my care, and we were hurried off into the woods.

Weikel of our company was at the same time shot dead close to me and lay with his head over the edge of the bridge just gasping as I left. Our men had now formed and turned on the enemy and they hurriedly left the road taking some wagons with them. As we were moving off our men opened on us with shell, which exploded briskly around us, the Rebels behind shouting to those in front to hurry up. Other parties joined us, bringing with them altogether about 150 prisoners.

Meanwhile Will, having escaped capture, went with the troop to Nashville and spent the next few days searching for Ball. He finally became convinced that Ball had not been killed, but was either wounded or a prisoner.

Will's diary fades out completely the end of January and does not start again until April. Perhaps a whole volume is missing, or perhaps he wrote his daily doings to his Julia. She, by the way, accepted him as her future husband on Christmas Day. He said, "her letter was a happy Christmas present to me."

The whole Anderson Cavalry returned to Nashville after the battle of Stone's River and there went under complete reorganization.

The refusal of some of the troops to go to the front might be called "The First Sit-Down Strike." Their commander, Captain Palmer, had been captured at Antietam, thus leaving them in temporary command of the former officers and non-coms of the old Anderson Troop. Promise had been made to them that as soon

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as they reached Nashville the General there would assign them permanent officers and that the original assurances, given when they enlisted, would then be fulfilled. Namely: that they would serve as an independent regiment, acting as body-guard to the General or as orderlies or couriers.

Unfortunately they arrived in Nashville just two days before General Rosecrans moved his army towards Murfreesboro. General Rosecrans, having lately superseded General Buell, had probably no idea of the special conditions under which the regiment had been enlisted. A portion of the men believed they had been deceived and misled by false assurances and when the regiment was ordered forward the crisis came. The order to march was discussed from tent to tent and Company to Company, and the outcome was that when the forward movement began, a large part of the regiment, to the number of 600, stacked arms and refused to go. Meanwhile all the officers, except Lt. George S. Fobes, Quartermaster, and a detail to guard the camp, had moved forward, together with about 300 of the regiment, leaving the "mutineers" completely unofficered. They remained in camp which, for the next day or two, was visited by officers, soldiers and civilians, all eager to see the mutineers.

"General Mitchell, commander of the Post, marched a regiment of infantry and one of cavalry, under command of General Morgan, to their camp and surrounded it. He then sent a message to the men that he was to address them. Immediately, with true soldierly spirit they went to their quarters and equipped themselves as for dress parade, but without arms; marched out by companies and formed regimental front with a precision that made a visible impression on the troops that surrounded them.

"General Morgan then ordered his men to load, after which he read his orders, and asked the Cavalry if they still refused to march. A few stepped forward and explained their reasons; namely, defective organization and of their earlier appeal to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania and to the Government at Washington."*

This apparently had no effect, for General Morgan gave them five minutes to decide. "It was a remarkable scene. Here were less than 600 men, standing shoulder to shoulder, silent and determined; without arms, but strong in their conviction of right; facing two regiments that might in a few moments more cut them to pieces."*

Their own Lt. Fobes begged for the men, but at first General Morgan refused any compromise; then finally he suggested that they be led to General Rosecrans for his decision. This was hailed with alacrity, all the men eagerly saddling up, and off they went with Colonel Woods of the 10th Illinois leading them, only to be turned back by a superior force under General Wheeler of the Confederate army. "About one hundred camped six miles from Nashville, and made their way to the front the next day, but the majority, disheartened and desperate, without food or forage for their horses, returned to Nashville and were subsequently marched to the city workhouse."*

On January 3rd of 1863 many of the men from the Regiment who had been in the fight at Stone River returned and some voluntarily went to the workhouse to join their comrades, hoping to help in forcing the issue.

STONE RIVER CAMPAIGN

The motive for the "mutiny" was, as has been mentioned, a desire for a re-organization of the regiment so that they could be properly officered, but other motives were ascribed to them by the papers throughout the North and the troops in camp. "They wanted to be only the commanding general's body-guard." "They wished to escape active service." "They didn't approve of the Emancipation Proclamation." Etc. As a result not a few little dinners were given by rebel admirers of some of these supposed enemies of emancipation. In their desperation they tried to transfer to the gun-boat service and finally demanded trial by Court Martial. This last was granted and eleven of the men were tried and acquitted. On January 20th, General Rosecrans sent word that they would be speedily re-organized, and he assigned officers both from the old Anderson Troop and the new, so that by February all the men were out of the workhouse and back in camp.

On February 7th Captain Palmer escaped from his imprisonment, "returned and took command, removing the entire Regiment to a new camp, Garesché, near Murfreesboro. Re-organization followed, and the Regiment was mounted and entered upon the career of activity and independent scouting which earned it a name and fame that made it known throughout the Army of the Cumberland for bravery, fearlessness and for its achievements along the front and flanks of the Army of the Cumberland."*

COLUMN SOUTH



Life as a Prisoner of War

January 1863

We left Ball being "hurried off into the woods" by his captors, with 150 other prisoners. And now the story of his wanderings is told by his diary.

Friday 2. Yesterday afternoon as soon as all danger from our men was over, we halted and the robbing process began. We were dismounted and our saddle bags emptied and the entire contents appropriated. One fellow took my good cavalry overcoat, giving me in exchange an old dirty burned and torn blue infantry coat. We then continued our march making a circuit around our army to Murfreesboro. After going about 16 miles, five of which I was allowed to ride on a skinny horse bareback, we halted about 1 O'clock of this morning.

We started a fire and slept till morning, being very tired, when we footed it to Murfreesboro some three or four miles, passing on the way whole regiments of Rebels under Gen. Cheatham, who were advancing with their colors flying to commence the day's fight.

We passed over some of the ground of the previous day's fight, burying parties were then engaged interring the dead bodies of our soldiers and theirs. Arriving at the town we halted for three or four hours in the the court house yard, where we were separately called into the Court House and paroled and then sent to jail, a brick house near a stream. During the afternoon the battle raged fearfully, and at times approached quite close to the town, the heavy volleys of musketry being heard quite distinctly. More prisoners were being constantly brought in, their faces begrimed with powder and their mouths black from biting cartridges, but they were all exultant and gave us the most cheering news, said Rosecrans was driving the Rebs hard, and from the sound of the battle we had some hopes of being recaptured before night.

The town was filled with people, Cavalry and citizens. They all seemed easy and confident that Bragg would drive our army back to Nashville. For rations we had flour issued about a pint to a man. We were crowded to excess, there being scarcely room to stand up. Our flour we made into dough, laid it on a piece of board and held it before a fire.

We were captured by the Texas Rangers, Wharton's Brigade. They were clever men and treated us well, letting some of us ride on their own horses while they walked.

Saturday, 3. So many men were packed in the jail building last night, that it was most impossible to sleep.

Off on the cars this morning for Chattanooga. We left Murfreesboro on a train in company with several hundred other prisoners. We had a cold rain all day and night and as we were all riding on open trucks, we were soaked through and most frozen. The cars ran off the track in the night and left us in the woods in the darkness and rain. Many of the men were most dead with the cold.

COLUMN SOUTH

Sunday, 4. Arrived at Chattanooga about twelve o'clock last night, and marched through the town to the prisoners' camp. Crawled into a tent, and slept soundly till morning, when rations were issued to us of corn meal and sugar. It was a regular grab game to secure any. Secured two cups of meal but no sugar. It has cleared off fine.

The fighting at Murfreesboro has been very stubborn, probably the most sanguinary of the war.

We will probably have a seven days ride in freight cars to Vicksburg, and we will probably find the place in our possession. The nights are cold here in the sunny south. Coming here we crossed the Tennessee River and came over the Cumberland Mts. Am now writing by the light of the fire.

Monday, 5. Splendid day. Washed in the Tennessee R. The Rebels say that Murfreesboro is taken. Flour here is \$50.00 per bbl. Sugar \$1.00 per lb. Corn meal \$4.00 per bu. The Rebel soldiers are ravenous after the pocket knives, etc. of our men.

It is said that there is fighting going on at Vicksburg, and that communication is cut off with Richmond. Bread here is 75c a loaf, coffee \$4.00 a lb. We leave for Vicksburg probably this P.M.

The Rebs when they captured me took everything except what I had on my back, and then made me trade overcoats. The fellow I was riding with the other night says he intends to desert the first opportunity. He said they get but little to eat, and that night he paid \$1.00 for his supper. Jo. Little bought this morning a loaf of bread, and paid a fifty cent piece for it.

Tuesday, 6. Left Chattanooga yesterday at 1 P.M. and arrived at Atlanta early this morning.

Heavy rain and thunderstorm last night. Landed from the cars and marched in a heavy rain, out of town to camp. Here rations were issued, a loaf of good bread and piece of pork.

The cars they put us in at Chattanooga were filthy, they having been used as hog cars. They crowded us in, and the stench was intolerable. Atlanta is quite a place, some fine buildings. Left here about 1 P.M. In marching through the town to the cars, we passed the quarters of our officers who are prisoners in a brick building. The country through here is very poor. All the stores in the towns are closed.

Wednesday, 7. Arrived at West Point last night about 10 P.M. Beautiful moonlight. There were scarcely any guards with us. Jo and I wandered about in search of a sleeping place as the night was very cold. We found an old family carriage, got in and slept till morning. We wait here to change cars.

There being but few guards about we wandered about, crossed the bridge over the Chattanooga R. passing through the grave yard. Returning crossed the bridge in company with an old resident of the place. He thought we were Rebs and we let him talk. At last we told him we were Yankees and that there were five or six hundred more at the station. The old man was completely taken aback. We told him we were real Yankees and had possession of the place. At last we enlightened him as to the object of our visit.

LIFE AS A PRISONER OF WAR

We left West Point at 2½ P.M. and arrived at Montgomery at 1 A.M. of *Thursday, 8.* Were marched to the Fair grounds where were camped several hundred other prisoners. Jo and I roamed through them hunting for more of the 15th. At last we found them lying on the ground around a fire. There were about twenty of them. Among them were W. T. Neimann, wounded, Ned Patteson, Alex. Ramsay, Baldwin, Hall, Wm Wagner, Cornwell, Gef. Dennis, the infant, Pinkerton and others. The night was very cold and frosty.

Left Montgomery at 9 A.M. on the back track for Atlanta. We learn that fighting is going on at Vicksburg, and we are to be sent to Richmond. We arrived at West Point at dark and changed cars for Atlanta.

Friday, 9. Arrived at Atlanta at 1 A.M. Wandered up through the town in search of bread. Bought some at 10c a loaf, and went out to where the prisoners are encamped. Here we remained all day, and rations were issued. Corn meal and beef. Left at 3 P.M.

Saturday, 10. Arrived at Dalton early this morning. Left at 10 A.M. for Knoxville. Travelling very slowly, the locomotives being out of order, and needing manipulating by northern hands.

Sunday, 11. Arrived at Knoxville at 4 o'clock this A.M. Heavy frost last night. Here we waited all day, and drew rations tonight. Bread, crackers and pork. Slept in the cars.

Monday, 12. Left at 4 A.M. and travelled very slowly all day. Arrived at Owensville at dark. Here the bridge was burned over the Watauga River by a raiding party of our men, among them were the 9th Penna. Cavalry. We have to lie over till morning. Was fortunate enough to get a good supper. Made fires and slept on a rocky hill.

Tuesday, 13. Before daylight started out on a hunt for breakfast. At Henry Bashor's a long table was set and his family were busy cooking for our men. Got a good breakfast. Then we all crossed the river in a flat boat, some going up stream a short distance waded across.

While waiting for all to cross, Dr. Misch* took the opportunity to dress the wounds of those who required it. The wounds of the men were in awful condition. In many of them were maggots. Then marched 10 miles to the Goshey River where another bridge has been burned. Took the cars at 5 P.M. and rode 10 miles to Bristol. Here we built fires and rations were issued, flour and pork, but nothing to cook it in. At the station at Bristol is an immense quantity of salt in bags.

Wednesday, 14. At 4 A.M. off again for Lynchburg, Va. Yesterday we saw some splendid views. The tops of the Paint Mts. are covered with snow. Snow is on the ground and it is very cold. It is 205 miles to Lynchburg.

Thursday, 15. Arrived at Lynchburg at 7 A.M. Received rations, crackers and pork. Started for Richmond at 12 M. with two Locomotives as there are some heavy grades. After proceeding a few miles one locomotive left. Arrived at the junction at 8 P.M. and changed cars. Waited two or three hours for trains from Richmond.

Friday, 16. Last night in hunting a place to sleep in the cars, it being entirely dark, I found a bare spot on the floor, and using a man for a pillow went to sleep. At daylight found I was using one of the Rebel guards for a pillow.

COLUMN SOUTH

We arrived at Manchester at 4 A.M. At 7 A.M. we crossed the James River by the long bridge, and entered Richmond ahead of the Grand Army of the Potomac, and marched through the rain to our quarters, an old tobacco factory, and recently a small pox hospital. The building has been cleaned and well white washed. There are four large rooms in the building, and two hundred and fifty men in each room. From what we can learn we will be exchanged in two or three days.

Saturday, 17. It is very tedious and tiresome to stay here a prisoner. Fine day. We have rations given out twice a day, half a loaf of fresh bread and a piece of stinking meat or soup.

We are required to fall in twice a day for roll call and no rations are given until every man is found. The clerk who calls the rolls is a little fellow, a citizen named Ross and is from New York. He has a squeaky voice, and as he enters the room, and sings out "Fall in Yanks", there is a general laugh. Some one most always repeats his words imitating his voice which makes him furious.

To the south of the building, close by, runs the James river and on the opposite side is the town of Manchester.

Sunday, 18. Fine day. There are several rumors as to when we leave but none are reliable. Dr. Misch left this morning for the flag of truce boat, and if the boat meets the Rebels at City Point he will proceed to Fortress Monroe. I wrote a small note and sent it home by him.

The note read:

Richmond, Jan. 17, 1863

Dear Mother:

I send this note by our surgeon who is kind enough to forward it and who leaves here tomorrow.

I was taken prisoner near Murfreesboro on New Year's day and write to let you know that I am alive and well. Willie is not taken with me.

Your affectionate Son

Baldwin.

Will probably follow in a few days.

(The postmark on the little old faded envelope reads: "Old Point Comfort, Va., Jan. 29.")

Friday, 23. Still cloudy. I was on the detail this morning to go for rations. A party of us were marched out doors and through the streets to Libby Prison* where we received rations; the bread we carried in blankets. Returning Ned Patterson met a young man he knew, a Philadelphian by the name of Converse, a rebel. Our flag of Truce boat is to take 1100 prisoners tomorrow. Sold my watch today for \$40.00 Confederate money.

There has always been a tradition in our family that Ball had languished and starved in Libby Prison, a prison famed for its dirt and suffering second only to Andersonville. If being in Libby one day and part of one night can be termed "languishing", then our cherished tradition can continue!

Monday, 26. Weather hazy, wind S.E. Eight hundred men from Libby left this morning. We all left the hospital building this morning and were marched to Libby where we are now quartered. This afternoon we are being paroled, and

LIFE AS A PRISONER OF WAR

will probably leave in the morning for City Point. This is a dark place, very dirty, it being the building in which the Bull Run prisoners were confined.

Tuesday, 27. Ned Patteson was taken with a severe chill about midnight last night and is very sick.

We left Libby at 3 A.M. Before leaving all the blankets and tins were taken from the men. I concealed my tin cup under my arm, and thus fooled the rascals. We were marched through, I think, the muddiest street we were ever on. The morning was very cold and dark. Ned was very sick.

Before light we were off for Petersburg where we arrived about 8 A.M. and waited for the balance to come on. They came at 9 A.M. and we learn that a sad accident had occurred. The foot bridge over the canal at Richmond gave way while the prisoners were crossing and several men were drowned and others badly injured. It is believed some bolts had been removed by some evil disposed person, as we had just come over it and it was firm then.

Arrived at City Point at 11 A.M. and we were all overjoyed at the sight of the beautiful Stars and Stripes floating from the masthead of the Steamer "New York." Ned Patteson immediately went into the hospital aboard the boat.

As soon as all were aboard, the boat cast off and moved down the James River. Rations were issued to us with hot coffee, as soon as possible. Nothing ever tasted as good.

In the afternoon we passed through the blockading fleet consisting of several steamers and two of the new monitors. Arrived at Fortress Monroe before dark, and anchored. A tug came alongside for the report.

Wednesday, 28. Left the Fort at 3 A.M. and were soon sailing up the Chesapeake Bay. After a stormy passage arrived safely at Annapolis about 4 P.M. We remained on board all night. It is hailing and blowing hard all night.

Thursday, 29. Two men died on the boat yesterday and were allowed to remain on their beds by the sick men all night. Very cold this morning. All got off the boat and walked through the town of Annapolis and out here to camp, 2½ miles. The camp is very large.

We fortunately got a good Sibley tent, floored and containing a stove. We will probably have to stay here till exchanged.

The Camp outside of Annapolis was called "Camp Parole", composed mainly of Union soldiers from the East. Here they awaited payment for their services, which accrued during the time of their imprisonment just as though they had been on active service. The officers were usually separated from their men, many returning directly to their homes to await exchange.

March 1863

The days at Camp Parole were dull days for the men awaiting exchange. Ball wrote in his diary only of having to "cook for 10 men today and tomorrow", of going to Annapolis to the State Library to read, and of persistent calls on the Colonel, to "see about a furlough". His father had been to Washington to see about a furlough, also, and with no success. On the way home he came to see Ball

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and they spent the night together at the City Hotel in Annapolis. This must have been a red-letter night for both father and son.

Although his diary throughout the months of waiting for exchange has short entries, his letters home tell the whole story of his long wait. The first one, to his sister Delia, was written on March 5th, 1863.

My dear Sister:

You should be ashamed of yourself to even insinuate that I get tired of your letters; on the contrary, I always turn them over first to see if they are from you or Julie, as I can hardly tell the difference in the writings. That story about the chickens crowing on Sundays is certainly the funniest thing out. I most bursted when I read it.

(This story, told by his sister in one of her letters, was about a most religious friend of the family, a Mr. Cummings, the father of Al and George mentioned in the diaries. "Just before Mr. Cummings returned from Nashville, Mother was calling upon Mrs. Cummings, when she heard the crowing of the Chanticleers, apparently from the cellar. Mrs. C. explained that they had bought some chickens and were keeping them there until the man should come down to take them to the farm. 'I don't know what Mr. Cummings will do when he comes home', quoth madame, 'to have them crow on Sundays!' That was too much for me. I've no doubt the righteous man would soon teach the fowls not to crow on Sundays.")

His letter continues:

That other story about Lieut. Dennis* takes my eye. He is a sergeant of Co. I. His parents are wealthy and live in Vine St., fronting Logan Square. He expects to be detailed in the Quartermaster's department in Philada.

I have made up my mind that I will not get a furlough. One in our tent got a letter from the Sec. of War and enclosed was a printed certificate with all the rules and regulations on the subject, and they are so strict that it is impossible to get one.

From what I can learn now and I believe it is true, we of Pennsylvania will stay where we are and not go west along with the other paroled prisoners.

Enough said about those honey cakes. They were elegant. I hope the doughnuts did not get stale on my account. The idea of me being the cause of your having stale doughnuts for supper.

I have received the paper sent me by Mr. Leland and you must thank him for me.

It is full three weeks since I wrote to Will and I have not heard from him yet. I don't understand it, as you get letters from him.

You can send the fine comb and books here. The ground froze hard here last night. It is a beautiful day. Yesterday I went into town and spent two or three hours reading one of Cooper's works, the "Red Rover."

There was quite an excitement in camp the other night, arresting three men who attacked a sick man and stole his revolver. One of the men was caught and he was ordered to be bucked for twelve hours. After that the Col. Langster came out and headed the search for the men himself. He would go into the small sutler shanties and hunt for whiskey. He found some in one and immediately or-

LIFE AS A PRISONER OF WAR

dered it to be pulled down and in less than five minutes not a board was left. I got two boards. The men thought what was fair for one was fair for another and began yelling, "rally on the big sutler." They raised a large crowd and moved down



"Bucked"

towards the sutler to tear him out when suddenly the bugle blew to boots and saddles and the crowd fell back. In a few minutes they had all the infantry guards out, drawn up in line. The men again rallied and moved down towards the infantry, when the cavalry dashed out and such a scattering, the Colonel was out with them, and when they got opposite us, we were standing in the crowd, one of them fired his revolver into us but fortunately hurting nobody. They cleared the

streets and at a late hour quiet was restored.

Tell Sabie I hope he will soon be better. How much I would like to see you all. Much love to you, and to all; and as I cannot particularize as to the young ladies, you must give them all my love too.

Your brother in bonds,

Baldwin.

On the same day he wrote his favorite Aunt Mary Dorlon who lived on a farm in Long Island.

My dear Aunt:

I have no excuse whatever to offer for not writing. I have not forgotten you, but have been going to write every day for a long time.

I received your welcome letter Tuesday, and was very glad to hear from you. As I hear you have an account of my journey in the southern Confederacy, I will not write the same again.

If there are any of these "Copperheads"* or in other words "peace men" in your part of the country, you will please do your utmost to bring them in the right way. If they could see what I have seen, they would soon change their tune to Yankee Doodle.

The Confederacy, without doubt, can hold out but little longer. All through the south from Murfreesboro to Montgomery and from there to Richmond passing through Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee and a part of Virginia the country is bare of provisions. They even have no sugar or molasses. Sugar is \$1 per lb. and molasses from six to ten dollars a gallon. Flour is from thirty to fifty dollars per barrel, and corn meal four dollars a bushel, so you can see they are getting hard up.

They are all heartily sick of the war and many do not conceal the fact. They have about all the conscripts they can get. The south is full of union men. I have conversed with many, both citizens and soldiers and I *know* that if the people but had an opportunity, they would vote to come back to the Union. The first thing they ask a prisoner, is "What do you come down here to fight us for, we don't

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want to fight you'uns." They want to be let alone, they say. It seems as if they cannot understand this war, and they can't see that they commenced it.

I have taken part in four or five different fights and have not been hit yet, although the balls have whistled close to me often and one struck the ground once two feet in front of me. In the first fight we dismounted and advanced afoot against their cavalry, firing our carbines as we went. They could not stand this kind of cavalry fighting, and soon turned and ran, and then their artillery opened on us, and the balls tore large branches off the trees all around.

Our regiment commenced the fighting at Murfreesboro. In the fight in which our Majors were killed we lost nine men killed and about the same number wounded. Major Ward I saw shot, it was an ugly wound.

If we are successful in the present campaigns, in the taking of Vicksburg, the capture of Charleston, Savannah and Mobile, if we are successful in these I think they will be about played out.

We live in a Sibley tent fifteen men in the tent. We have a stove and plenty of wood. There is to be an exchange the 10th of this month and we will probably be exchanged then. I hope so. It is very dull here, we have nothing to do, whatever.

I have not heard from Willie yet, I have written to him. From what I can learn Gen. Rosencrans says our regiment shall be his bodyguard.

I have no hopes whatever of getting home on a furlough as no more are to be given out to anyone.

Give my best respects to Misses Mary and Martha and Elias and Joseph and all inquiring friends. Write soon.

Your affectionate Nephew
Baldwin.

The above biblical names were the step-children of his aunt, and Elias was her husband. This very same day, March 5th, he received the longed-for furlough and was home for over two weeks, where he spent the days visiting friends and taking many walks in the country with his cousin Boardman. Many girls were called upon: Miss Flanigan, Mary Garrett, Miss Summers, and Lizzie Child. One evening he spent with the Lelands in their study, which he considered "quite a curiosity shop."

On March 25th he returned to Camp Parole, to find his tent mates had been moved to Camp Chase in Columbus, Ohio. Camp Chase had been an instruction camp, but had been turned into a prison to accommodate the prisoners captured at Forts Henry and Donelson in February, 1862. Besides the rebel prisoners many Union Soldiers were kept there while waiting to be exchanged.

On April 6th he wrote his brother, Sabin.

April 1863

Dear Sabie;

I sit down this fine morning to answer your welcome letter of the 2nd instant.

I like the photograph very much, it would have been better if it had been a little larger.

LIFE AS A PRISONER OF WAR

You haven't had any greybacks† since I left, you say. That is certainly very complimentary indeed. I haven't had any since I left you either, so I can return the compliment.

Saturday was a very windy day, the sand fairly flew about in clouds. Before dark it commenced to snow furiously, and snowed most all night. In the morning the snow lay on the ground to the depth of six or eight inches. In the afternoon I walked to town and such a walk, it was awful, the snow very soft, and in the roads the mud was deep.

While I was in town, I met one of the old members of our Bible class, by the name of Nevins. He used to be an intimate friend of Mr. Sabine's son. He belongs to the 16th Pa. Cavalry, and is a paroled prisoner. He fortunately has relations in Annapolis and is staying with them. The Beale boys I guess know him well.

I sold my watch and chain the other day to one in our tent, and got \$5.50 for it. I think I can buy a pretty good silver one for \$5.00.

Last night I had orders to prepare to leave today for Camp Chase. There are about a thousand I think going. They came from Richmond Friday and were captured in the battle of Spring Mill. The prisoners in Richmond only get half a loaf of bread a day, now. I will try to get some secesh money to send home.

We will probably go by boat to Baltimore and to Pittsburg by way of Harrisburg.

Your next letter you had better send to Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio. I have received all the papers you sent me and am much obliged for them; sometimes I don't get them for four or five days after they are mailed. Send the "Press" if possible, in preference to the others.

We have in our tent an irishman, two dutchmen, an englishman, a Pennsylvania dutchman and three native Pennsylvanians. The irishman is an awful fellow and gets in a great passion at nothing. This morning he flourished a knife in one man's face.

We bid fair to have fine weather for our journey. I hear Dennis the infant went west with the others, and from there came right home to Philadelphia.

I believe I have no more news to tell you. I have received but one letter from you since I have come here.

Goodby, and give my love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

Baldwin.

On April 19th his father wrote him the following letter.

My dear Son Baldwin:

Yours of the 11th, rec'd the 14th inst. We were very glad to hear from you again, and especially that you had arrived safe and sound in Camp Chase, and now, that you are located there, perhaps to remain for some time, (Although I hope you may be speedily exchanged) *do your best* to tent with men of good moral character, and be very careful lest you be led away by the numerous temptations incident to a camp life. And, indeed, I can see no better way for overcoming temptation than that you seek daily for the aid and wisdom you need from that Almighty Power, who has hitherto, in so great love and kindness, watched

†Lice

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over you and directed you in all your doings. And, indeed, I cannot but hope, my dear Son, that you have already sought that interest in the Christian's hope, the love and favor of God, which will give you comfort and peace in life and prepare you for a blessed immortality.

I can hardly express to you the pleasure your short furlough and visit afforded us. We were *so glad* that you had borne so well the hardships of a soldier's life, and your hard treatment at the hands of the *accursed* Rebels. For all the misery and suffering, and loss of life consequent in this unholy rebellion, the South is yet to suffer more than she has hitherto dreamed of. Starvation is *even now* staring her in the face. And how soon she shall be brought to her knees, suing for mercy at the hands of the best Govt. the world has ever seen, will most probably depend on the energy with which the war shall in the future, be prosecuted. God grant that that consummation may be speedy.

I sent Willie's box (weight 95 lbs., freight \$6.00) on the 1st inst. Willie's letter just rec'd says the box had not reached him April 8th. We hope, however, it will get through safely. A passenger train from Nashville to Murfreesboro was recently captured by the Rebs and many officers, sutlers and other passengers taken prisoner.

Sister Delia, yesterday, went to Burr Moore's to stay one week. Her general health is not very good, loss or want of appetite and general weakness. The rest of the family are in ordinary good health. I had hopes to do something in the Potato business, but the price in Portland and Bangor is so high, 50c and freight 10c that I have concluded to let that fall through. Have not yet decided what I shall do, may take up the Photograph business. In our present circumstances mother will not have a servant in the house; I am afraid she will suffer from hard work.

And now I am sorry to have to tell you of a very serious difficulty with the Downings. Through Miss Anna Clarke, it has reached our ears that Mrs. Downing, and Eliza have been for some time making remarks to other persons in regard to my family, and more especially, seriously affecting the character of your sister Delia. Under the circumstances, your Mother, and Delia and myself have had some very serious talks with them on the subject. They utterly deny ever having made any disparaging remarks in regard to any of us. But the proof is so plain we must believe them to have been made. However, after explanations had been made, we concluded to let the matter drop, but be very *shy* in our future intercourse with that family. But to our amazement, Boardman, who had been in the Jerseys, and to whom his Mother and sister had told the story of our interviews, with, no doubt, great enlargements, came around to our house, a few evenings since, shook hands with me, was asked to take a seat, and immediately poured forth a torrent of abuse of me and all the family, you and Sabe only excepted. He used towards your mother, sisters and myself the most foul and scurrilous language, and finally wound up by saying that we were all, in his estimation, as so much "spittle"! He was so very abusive, that I was obliged to put him out of the house. Of course, this drops all further intercourse between the families, and under the circumstances, I should be very sorry to have you in correspondence with Boardman; for his abuse of your mother and sisters would certainly justify you in dropping him as a friend, for he has certainly shown himself unworthy of the name.

LIFE AS A PRISONER OF WAR

The following is a copy of a letter just rec'd from Willie:

Camp Garesché, April 8, 1863

Dear Mother;

I have just returned from a scout, and feel about as fine as a healthy man could well feel. Have had a splendid time, lots of hard riding, splendid weather, confused the Rebs by our successive appearance in places remote from each other; slept in the open air, ate hard tack and bacon, sometimes corn bread or biscuits or pies from the farmer; fought the Rebel Cavalry; took prisoners; captured horses; bagged rebel conscript Agents; rode over stony roads; rode up valleys and on hill-tops; chased Rebels at full speed with the Anderson yell "Ya-Ya-Ya"!! All this in Canon County, to the north, east and south of Woodbury, at one time being 30 miles from Murfreesboro. Rode a trotting horse, a splendid fellow, fast nag, "2.40 on the plank"; took the lead on the chase, captured one Reb myself. Will write more in a day or two. Got Father's letter and Julie's Photo today. Glad to see Julie's face, looks natural again. Love to all,

Affectionately, Willie.

And now to conclude. Make every effort possible to get your pay, and write as often as you can.

From your affectionate

Father.

The next letter is to his Aunt Mary and describes his move to Camp Chase. Dear Auntie;

I received a letter from you March 3rd, and was very glad to hear from you. I have to excuse myself for neglecting to answer your letter.

You have already, no doubt, learned all about my adventures in the West and South. My life for the last five months has indeed been an eventful one. I have seen the elephant, as they say, having traveled through nine different states since I entered the service.

I was fortunate enough to obtain a furlough from the War department from March 5th to 25th. The morning of the 7th of March I took the cars from Annapolis and was in Philadelphia at 2 P.M. same day. I surprised the folks completely.

I was glad to get home once more and had a very pleasant time. The city looks just the same as ever. In all my travels I have seen no city I like near so well as Philadelphia. The 25th of March, I left home for Annapolis.

Willie you know had been appointed Sergeant Major. Well, one night while I was home a telegraphic despatch came from Murfreesboro from Willie saying he had just been promoted Adjutant. The rank of adjutant is first Lieutenant, pretty good for Bill.

We left Annapolis the 6th of April, went by boat to Baltimore, and took the cars of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. and did not arrive at Columbus till the following Friday. We traveled very slowly passing through Harpers Ferry and Martinsburg.

This camp is composed of a long row of wooden barracks, each little house made to hold 18 men but very few are full and many are empty entirely. Most of the men as soon as they come here, go home.

COLUMN SOUTH

We have nothing to do whatever in camp here but eat and sleep. This is a very lazy life and does not suit me.

There are also barracks in which rebel prisoners are confined. They are coming in almost every day. Today a few came in, all wounded. Four hundred of them all officers were sent from here to Fort Delaware last week. As they come out each man was examined and all superfluous clothing taken from them. Many had on four shirts and were made to take off two. Some had on two pair of pants and one pair was taken from them. They were very angry, especially one, a general Churchill and also one named Morgan, a brother of the celebrated guerrilla John Morgan. Last night two of the rebel prisoners were shot by the guards because the prisoners cursed them, calling them names. There are several secesh women here also.

We are having delightful weather here. The country here is very level and the soil good. Land sells here for from \$40 to \$50 per acre.

The camp here is four miles from town and we can only go to town by getting a pass.

Aunt Mary tell all those who are traitors enough as to sympathize with the rebels, to shut up their mouths and the soldiers will soon end the war. It is too bad for them to sit in their quiet houses, far from the scenes of strife and bloodshed and speak against the government and the armies. Such people are only fit to be spurned and spit upon; they are much worse than the rebels.

They can talk as they please, but I tell you this war will continue till rebellion is put down, and the sooner the copperheads cease their railings the sooner we will have peace.

I cannot tell when we will be exchanged, I hope soon.

I suppose you have heard, that all intercourse between Aunt Delia and our family is discontinued. Isn't it awful, I only heard so a couple of days ago. Give my regards to all enquiring friends and much love to yourself and family. Write soon.

Your sincere Nephew

Baldwin.

The next letter is dated April 24th, still from Camp Chase.

Dear Sis;

I believe it is your turn for a letter. I received Father's letter dated the 19th but postmarked the 18th or 20th inst. I also received your letter of the 10th inst. a good long one the kind I like. The letter from Willie of Feb. 10th rec'd. The letter dated at home one day I get here the next day. Pretty good traveling.

Ramsey was not at Annapolis when I left as far as I know.

The Cummings are a singular family. And Henry a copperhead. I didn't think that of him, why he's worse than his saintly Dad. I hope he will be caught as a deserter and treated as such. It would be good for him. I have not heard from Will since I was home. I think the letters from him must miscarry. I sent a letter to him eight days ago. Am expecting one from him every day, but it does not come.

My boots have troubled me some, but not so much as I expected. They are getting much better. I sold my watch because I thought I was doing well, and would not get such a chance again.

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That is shocking news about the Downings. I was astounded. Such villainy, and causeless too. I don't know what to make of Bordy too. I am absolutely astonished. It grieved me very much, I could almost have cried, but after his conduct and language to Mother and the rest I am constrained though reluctantly to drop all correspondence with him. How outrageous they have all behaved. If there are any more developments let me know. But, dear Sis, I would not feel bad at all about it. It will all come right in the end.

We have moved away up to the other end of the camp. I don't like the change, we are now in a larger building, and there are now 50 men in it. The bunks are arranged along one side, each bunk holds two men. We are divided into messes of 10 men and do our cooking outside. Pinkerton and I were cooks yesterday. In the morning we had coffee, the pure stuff, we grind it ourselves. Dinner, beans, coffee and bread. Supper, dry bread warmed up with grease and water and seasoned with salt and pepper and coffee. We generally have more than enough to eat but were short yesterday.

There is a band here which plays through the day. This morning we had a roll call for the first time. Any one missing roll call more than three times, is to be considered a deserter. And all who are recommended by the captain for furlough will be likely to get them. I heard him say that. Yesterday was showery making bad walking. Today is a splendid day. The National turnpike runs right past camp, it was built by the government and runs from Baltimore all the way to Terre Haute, Indiana. I was in Columbus last Sunday and attended church. There is no pleasure going to town as there is no place to go to stay. I suppose Columbus has the largest and finest State house in the U.S. I have been in the cupola where there is a fine view of the city. I enclose a rough sketch of the building.

Your affectionate Brother,

Baldwin.

Tuesday, 28. Raining in showers all day. Cook today. The turnpike looks like a market, there are so many wagons. One of the pedlers, a woman, eats fifty oranges on a bet of \$5.00. An order was read out that we would be mustered on the 30th and have an inspection of quarters.

Wednesday, 29. Went fishing with Baldwin in the Scioto. Amongst some rebel prisoners who came in the other day an officer recognized some old faces who had been here before and he asked one what he was here for again, and he replied that he came after his rations. They were deserters.

Tuesday, May 5. Cloudy and cold. Wind N.W. There is an extra out this P.M. Hooker has the rebs penned in and their situation is desperate. Lee has ordered that our lines must be broken at all hazards. Saturday and Sunday a terrible battle was fought. Great loss on both sides.

The battle mentioned above was Chancellorsville, where Lee defeated Hooker and the Army of the Potomac on May 4th and 5th.

Wednesday, 6. Cloudy and cold. News from Hooker still encouraging. Valandigham* has been arrested by Burnside and is to be sent through the lines to the butternuts. Good for him.

COLUMN SOUTH

Thursday, 7. My birthday. News from Hooker rather meager. Think he has met with no reverses of any account. It is said the rebels have retaken Fredericksburg. Cloudy and very cold. Fire is comfortable. Cooking today. An extra this P.M. saying Hooker is defeated and is recrossing the river.

May 1863

Friday, 8. Fine day. There is the most intense interest here among the men for news from Hooker's army. The news this morning is that he has crossed the river but is safe with a loss of ten thousand men. In a day or two we will get the correct news. Reinforcements to the amount of 40,000 men are arriving to Hooker.

Saturday, 9. Fine day. Quite warm. Yesterday a lot of rebels took the oath and were released. Some went one way and some another. A few rebel officers came in. It is confirmed about Hooker recrossing the river. He has received reinforcements and will probably soon move over again. The rumors this evening is that Gen. Keyes has taken Richmond from the direction of Yorktown and the extra says that the Stars and Stripes now float over the rebel capital. This is only a rumor however.

Sunday, 10. Fine day. Went down to Franklin. Again an extra out announcing the capture of Richmond. We all doubt it much.

Monday, 11. Still reported that we have Richmond and that Hooker has recrossed the river. Fine day. Quite warm. We are at last exchanged and will soon leave for the south.

Thursday, 14. Fine day. Vallandigham has at last got his desserts. Has been tried by a court martial, and sentenced by Burnside to two years hard labor at the Tortugas islands. No news reliable from Hooker. Went to Columbus. Took a walk through the suburbs of the city and the private residences and the grounds are well laid out and beautiful equal to West Philada. Got back to camp at 4 P.M.

Sunday, 17. Fine day. Went over south of camp about two miles to church. Stopped and took dinner at a farmer's.

Monday, 18. Fine day. Went over to Mr. Woodrow's house and commenced to plant corn at 50c a day. Stayed at Woodrow's all night.

Tuesday, 19. Planting corn all day and staid all night. Frost this morning.

Wednesday, 20. Fine day. Worked all day. Two more soldiers are planting. The ground is very hard to plant in. Mr. Woodrow is a presbyterian preacher and a scotchman and is 70 years of age. He paid me off tonight for three days work when I came back to camp.

Thursday, 21. Fine day. Nearly all belonging to our regiment have received orders again from Murfreesboro to get transportation and come on immediately. Jackson of our mess is in the guard house in town for being engaged in a stabbing affray. One of the men has died. Denis and Cornwell came to camp from Philada.

Monday, 25. Fine day. Very warm. We have the news that Vicksburg is captured with Pemberton's entire army. An extra is out this P.M.

Tuesday, 26. Last evening we had a little shower. Cool this morning. More orders have come from the regiment for some of the boys. A fight occurred in the next company to me and one man had the end of his nose kicked off. Jackson

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of our mess was put in the Bull pen last night for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. This noon was mustered again for pay.

Wednesday, 27. Fine day. Very warm. Was in swimming in the Scioto Riv. this morning. Prof. McCoy delivered his oration before the soldiers this P.M. It was fine and he spoke for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The men listened attentively and stood all the time.

Thursday, 28. Vicksburg is not taken yet. But all is going on well. Weather hazy. Went to Columbus and heard Prof. McCoy again. He spoke at the Atheneum which was crowded. The guards at the bridge would not take my pass which was borrowed. So as soon as it was a little dark I watched the opportunity and slipped across unperceived by them. Got back to camp at $11\frac{1}{2}$ O'clk.

Monday, June 1. Fine day. Very windy. According to the paper Rosecrans army is in motion. Grant is still at work at Vicksburg. The rebels are conscripting the slaves. Was paid today from Aug. 9, 1862 to Mar. 1, 1863, \$87.50. Cool today. We are ordered to be ready at 7 A.M. tomorrow with two days rations.

Tuesday, 2. Fine day. Left Camp Chase at 7 A.M. and went through the woods to the railroad. Took the cars for Cincinnati where we arrived at 5 P.M. Passed through a beautiful country, the people everywhere turning out to greet us. Took a walk around town and was picked up by the provost guard but not before I had bought a watch and other necessities. Left Cincinnati in the Steamer "Swallow" at 10 P.M.

Wednesday, 3. Fine day. The sail down the Ohio to Louisville was beautiful. Arrived at Louisville at 3 P.M. and was marched under a heavy guard to barracks No. 1 and turned into miserable quarters.

Thursday, 4. Slept in the yard last night. Was put in the guard house this A.M. for taking the part of a man who was knocked down for nothing. Was released after being penned up for three hours. Was never used so badly yet. Are under guard all the time. Went out this P.M. with Hall's pass, and had a walk around town buying some little notions. Slept in the house tonight.

Friday, 5. Left Louisville this A.M. at $8\frac{1}{2}$ O'clk. Being guarded to the cars. We traveled very fast, rode on top of the cars all the way, 185 miles. Arrived in Nashville at $6\frac{1}{2}$ O'clk. Saw several of the old places we passed on our former march. Fighting is going on near Murfreesboro. After getting supper went up into the barracks. The barracks is a large unfinished hotel.

Saturday, 6. Fine day. Up at 3 A.M. At daylight was formed in front of the barracks and our names called, when we went aboard the cars for Murfreesboro. The road is guarded the entire length and all along are seen the evidence of the destructiveness of the rebels. Arrived at Murfreesboro at 1 P.M. Had a fine view of the fortifications. They are very extensive and show much skill. Our names were called and taken down at Gen. Stanley's headquarters, when we marched out to our regiment about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Murfreesboro where we arrived about 3 P.M. and met Willie and many of the old Co. C. Took supper with Will and the Colonel tonight. The men sleep under their ponchos rigged like tents. Staker died about 3 weeks ago. Quite a number of the men have died. Palmer is not at all liked. I sleep tonight with Willie the adjutant.

Scouting Can Be Fun

April 1863

After the chaos of Stone's River, where some of the men had refused to advance with the army, the Regiment returned to Nashville. On February 7th Col. Palmer returned from his captivity and immediately commenced to reorganize the Regiment.

On the 14th of February a portion of the command was sent forward to the new Camp Garesché on Lebanon pike, near Murfreesboro. Instead of the former organization of ten companies, twelve were now formed, the members of the companies being scattered throughout the new organization. Those in Nashville were sent forward in detachments of about seventy during March and assigned to various companies.

On March 1st Colonel Palmer had the command drawn up in line after tattoo, and announced the appointment of officers for the various companies made by General Rosecrans, under authority of Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania. These officers were mainly from the old troop, and several of them had been serving in the same capacity since their enlistment. Captain Betts, Company F, was the senior captain of those appointed from the regiment proper.

On the 3rd, Company organizations were completed by the appointment of the non-commissioned officers, and on the 11th of the month cavalry equipments were issued and 194 good horses arrived from Nashville. Soon afterward mounted drill was taken up. On the 13th the command was paid up to December 31st, 1862. The balance of March was taken up with drills, mounted and dismounted.

In April, now fully reorganized, the regiment began to scout, as Will's diary shows.

Friday, 3. Clear and windy. Color at sunset. At 11½ A.M. we started on a scout with 232 men. Joined Maj. Gen. J. M. Palmer's command, (14th Corps. Army of the Cumberland.) and went out on the Woodbury pike. At 3½ P.M. stopped at Reedyville and bivouacked. Hilly country. Rode Corp. Black's horse, splendid trotter. Reedyville small place. Marched 12 miles.

Saturday, 4. Clear and very pleasant. At 7 A.M. started for Woodbury, 7 miles. Rebels had just left. With Palmer's escort, 60 men of the 3rd Ohio Cavy. we pursued Col. Smith's Reg. of Rebel cavalry. Skirmished 7 m. towards McMinnville, till 1 P.M. Gained some information and by order of Gen. Palmer we returned to Woodbury and bivouacked for the night. At one time we had some sharp firing about 1 P.M. Col. Palmer and party having gone up to our advance skirmishers, we came near being taken by a flank movement on the right, but seeing the movement we retired in time. Just before this we stopped at a house to make some inquiries, and came across a girl who had evidently been educated away from home, sharp as a steel trap, an answer for everything, no hesitation. Her answers furnished us with a great deal of amusement.

SCOUTING CAN BE FUN

Sunday, 5. In the saddle at sunrise. I reported the Regt. as ready to Gen. Palmer. After waiting an hour we started to Woodbury and leaving the town took a N.E. course up a narrow valley down which runs Stone River, a mere creek, went 10 miles as far as Short Mountain. From here the 1st Battalion under Capt. Smith made a dash through Half Acre. During the day we took 4 or 5 prisoners, including an old man, Isaac Neely, conscripting officer, also took 20 of his hams and shoulders from the smoke house. We also captured 20 cwt. of manufactured tobacco en route from McMinnville. Coming back to Woodbury I had the ambulance and several men. Some distance in the rear of the column and coming up very rapidly, it being dark, we suddenly came upon Smith's rear guard, which had wheeled and were just about to fire on us, a very narrow escape.

Monday, 6. With one battalion Col. P. scouted up the road to Auburn, due N., about 8 miles equal to 20, road very rough. Found one company of Col. Smith's Reb. cavalry, having heard the day before, that the Federals (A.C.) were scouting through the country around Short Mtn., thought they were trapped and did not know how to get away towards McMinnville. This A.M., however, they started over the hills. This county, (Canon) is made up of hill and valley, ravines and gorges. All the roads run through the valleys most of which are so narrow that there is but room for a small stream and a narrow roadway. Took dinner at Col. Palmer's expense with an old woman, full of jokes, cabbage for greens, raises honey.

Tuesday, 7. Beautiful weather every day. In the A.M. up Woodbury pike and to the left down a dirt road, Rock Road, towards Bradyville, down a mile, turned again to the left up again among hills and valleys. At Stony Meeting House found that the Rebels whom we were after had gone into the Barrens.* ("Bar'ns" the people call them.) In about 10 minutes after passing the meeting house our advance guard captured 5 rebels foraging. We went on up to Buck Springs where we started the Rebel Cav'y, about 50 strong, 25 went one way and 25 another. Col. P. and party with the advance guard went full tilt after the 1st party and the column turned off after the other. Our party captured 3 and the column took 7. We had two men thrown from horses, bruised. Rare fun to chase rebellious "butternuts."* Hey-g'lang! Turned back and up a small valley where we went to take some horses. We saw, chased and took 2 more rebs, *one of them I took.* Very exciting and splendid dash, fast horse, pistol in hand, yells etc. We then went on to Bradyville, found Gen. J. M. Palmer had waited two or three hours for us and then thinking we had "gone up" had gone on to Murfreesboro (where we learned afterwards he had reported us captured.) We then started for Reedyville, 7 miles and reached our old camping ground at 12 P.M., no supper or forage for horses. Our wagons were with Gen. Palmer. We did the best we could without blankets or overcoats by the side of fires for the night was very cold.

Wednesday, 8. Clear. Started for Murfreesboro in the A.M. 1½ miles from the Pike fed our horses. Reached Camp Garesché at 4 P.M. Glad to get back.

Thursday, 9. While we were gone Col. Lamborn returned from detached service in Nashville. Gen. Rosecrans will review us tomorrow. Rec'd several letters.

Friday, 10. In the A.M. had a regimental drill preparatory to the afternoon review. At 3 P.M. formed the line on a cotton field near Gen. Spencer's house. By the aid of the furrows a very good alignment was arrived at. Gen. Rosecrans, however, saw thro. the dodge, and said he, as he passed the right, "Adjutant,

COLUMN SOUTH

you've a very good contrivance for getting a straight line here." He went down the front talking to the men and up the rear. As he passed me again, said he to Col. Palmer, in a tone intentionally loud enough for me to hear, "Colonel, is that Adjutant of yours a sharp fellow?" and then made a sly glance towards me. The review went off very well. After review the General visited our camp and appeared to be very much pleased with its appearance.

Friday, 17. Lt. Col. Hepburn, Inspector of Cavalry for this Department inspected the Regiment and took dinner with our mess. Hinchman and I commenced messing with the Col. and Lt. Col. a few days ago.

During the rest of April and May the Regiment was provided with more horses and equipment and was brought into a good state of discipline. They made a few scouts about the country in order to learn the lay of the land and on May 26th they moved to Camp Pennsylvania 1½ miles west of Murfreesboro, near the Salem Pike.

May 1863

One amusing incident occurred in Gen. Sheridan's outfit which is told by him in his Personal Memoirs:

"The feeding of our army from the base at Louisville was attended with a great many difficulties, as the enemy's cavalry was constantly breaking the railroad and intercepting our communications on the Cumberland River at different points that were easily accessible to his then superior force of troopers. The accumulation of reserve stores was therefore not an easy task, and to get forage ahead a few days was wellnigh impossible, unless that brought from the North was supplemented by what we could gather from the country.

"Corn was abundant in the region to the south and southwest of Murfreesboro, so to make good our deficiencies in this respect, I employed a brigade about once a week in the duty of collecting and bringing in forage, sending out sometimes as many as a hundred and fifty wagons to haul the grain which my scouts had previously located. In nearly every one of these expeditions the enemy was encountered, and the wagons were usually loaded while the skirmishers kept up a running fire. Often there would occur a respectable brush, with the loss on each side of a number of killed and wounded. The officer in direct command always reported to me personally whatever had happened during the time he was out—the result of his reconnoissance, so to speak, for that was the real nature of these excursions.

"On one such occasion the colonel in command, Colonel Conrad of the Fifteenth Missouri, informed me that he got through without much difficulty; in fact, that everything had gone all right and been eminently satisfactory, except that in returning he had been mortified greatly by the conduct of the *two females belonging to the detachment and division train at my headquarters*. These women, he said, had given much annoyance by getting drunk, and to some extent demoralizing his men. To say that I was astonished at his statement would be a mild way of putting it, and had I not known him to be a most upright man and of sound sense, I should have doubted not only his veracity, but his sanity. Inquiring who they were and for further details, I was informed that there certainly were in the command two females, that in some mysterious manner had attached themselves

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to the service as soldiers; that one, an East Tennessee woman, was a teamster in the division wagon train and the other a private soldier in a cavalry company temporarily attached to my headquarters for escort duty.

"While out on the foraging expedition these Amazons had secured a supply of 'applejack' by some means, got very drunk, and on the return had fallen into Stone River and been nearly drowned. After they had been fished out from the water, in the process of resuscitation their sex was disclosed, though up to this time it appeared to be known only to each other.



"The story was straight and the circumstance clear, so, convinced of Conrad's continued sanity, I directed the provost-marshal to bring in arrest to my headquarters the two disturbers of Conrad's peace of mind. After some little search the East Tennessee woman was found in camp, somewhat the worse for the experience of the day before,

but awaiting her fate contentedly smoking a cob-pipe. She was brought to me, and put in duress under charge of the division surgeon until her companion could be secured. To the doctor she related that the year before she had 'refugeed' from East Tennessee, and on arriving in Louisville assumed men's apparel and sought and obtained employment as a teamster in the quartermaster's department. Her features were very large, and so coarse and masculine was her general appearance that she would readily have passed as a man, and in her case the deception was no doubt easily practiced.

"Next day the 'she dragoon' was caught, and proved to be a rather prepossessing young woman, and though necessarily bronzed and hardened by exposure, I doubt if, even with these marks of campaigning she could have deceived as readily as did her companion. How the two got acquainted I never learned, and though they joined the army independently of each other, yet an intimacy had sprung up between them long before the mishaps of the foraging expedition. They both were forwarded to army headquarters, and, when provided with clothing suited to their sex, were sent back to Nashville, and thence beyond our lines to Louisville."

During May, June, July, August, and September Will wrote only a word or two in his diary. A notation says, "See letters home." We don't have his letters home, so Ball continues with his own experiences.

June 1863

Sunday, 7. Fine day. Took dinner with Frank now a lieutenant and obtained a pass and went riding with him to the old camp Garesche. It is now occupied by a regiment of Kentucky infantry. The officers were mustered or sworn in today. The tents of the men are formed of two ponchos and occupied by two men. I have Cummings in with me. The men have been on several scouts and behaved well.

Monday, 8. Fine day. The regiment is being used for special service. Escort to Rosecrans, courier service, and general headquarters service. Cummings went off

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on the courier service between here and Reedyville and about a hundred went off for permanent duty at the headquarters of Rosecrans. Am on guard tonight in place of a sick man.

Tuesday, 9. Showery today. Palmer does not like the arrangement, taking away so many men. I suppose he thinks as there are so few left that they will not need a Colonel. One day Rosecrans sent for some men for special duty and which was to take out some convalescent mules to graze. Joke on the Anderson Cavalry. Frank says he has an M.D. to his name now.

Wednesday, 10. Cloudy and showery. Al Cummings has gone out on the detail for courier duty on Reedyville pike. Another detail for escort has gone out. Am on guard today.

Thursday, 12. Fine day. Little showery. A party were out on a reconnaissance as escort to one of Rosecrans staff. They were out five or six miles and were in sight of the rebel pickets. There are but few men in camp now, our turn for guard duty comes around every other day. Am on fatigue today cleaning the stables. The nights are cool.

Friday, 12. Fine day. General fatigue today, burning up brush and general cleaning up, preparatory to a visit from some high officers. Have another horse, a bay. He belonged to one of the old troop. I think he is a good one. Got a letter and photograph from Julia Knight.

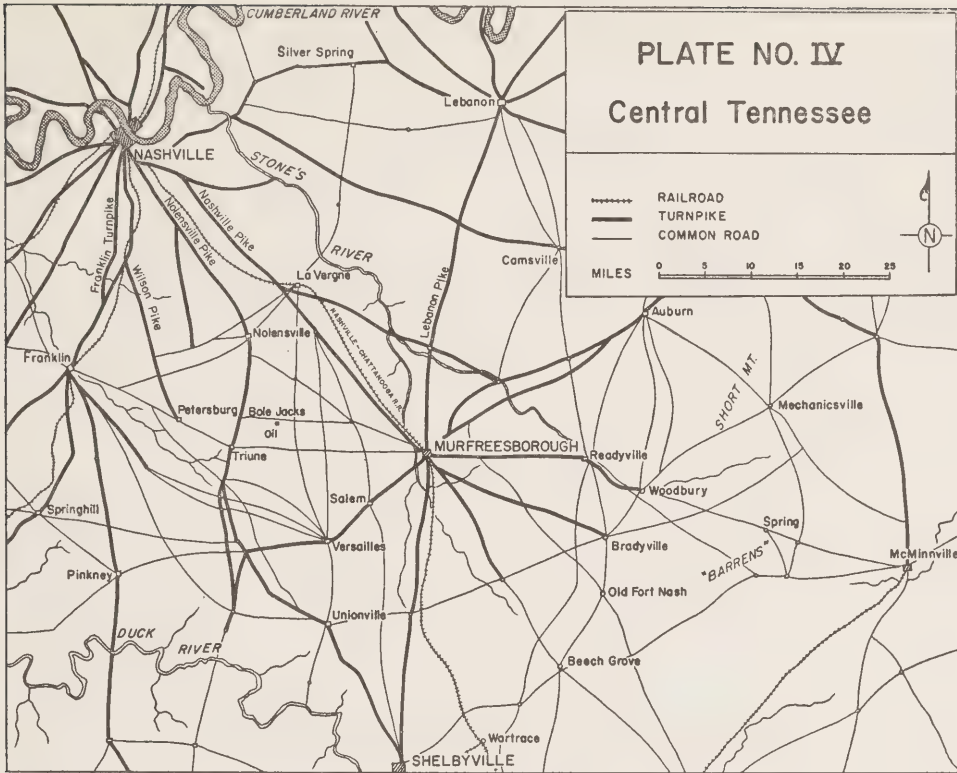
Saturday, 13. Fine day. Had my first drill today. A good breeze. Our battalion, Cos. E, F, G and H went out with a flag of truce this P.M. I missed it by being away. As I was going out to water horses this P.M. met Gen. Rosecrans with the escort coming to our camp. When I got back the General was holding a consultation with some of his staff. Soon he was talking with Palmer. He is a very heavy, jolly man, and likes his whiskey.

Sunday, 14. Fine day. Quite warm. Our officers who went into the rebel lines under a flag of truce yesterday took liquor with them and had a good time with the rebel officers, who told them they would be in Murfreesboro again in 60 or 90 days. What bluster. Along with inspection this morning, Palmer gave the men a two hour drill which is contrary to orders in the army. After inspection I was one of a detail for escort to Rosecrans and went into town. The 4th U.S. Regular Cav. have just been relieved by our regiment. They were much put out and tore down the horse sheds. We quarter in two or three houses in town and have not much to do.

Monday, 15. Took our horses out to graze this morning. Had a remarkable dream last night. Dreamt I was taken prisoner near Phila. and the rebs entered the city and I escaped from them. We have nothing to do today. Quite a force of Cavalry went out to Nashville pike in a great hurry this evening. The 7th Penna. 4th Mich., 4th Regulars. A train is probably attacked.

Tuesday, 16. Fine day. Had quite a shower yesterday. Exciting news. The rebs have again invaded Penna. and the Governor has ordered out 50,000 militia.* A despatch came to Rosecrans last night that Bragg's forces have moved from our front. There will probably be a move soon. This town is a very pretty place. There are more niggers than white men. Saw them signalling last night from the tower of the court house.

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Wednesday, 16. Fine day. Very warm. Went out as escort to a Capt. Gilmore. Went with him out the Reedyville Pike, 8 miles. Were near the Pilot Knob signal station. Capt. Gilmore is visiting Gen. Palmer. Passed two or three of the courier posts of our boys. Got back about 7 P.M.

Thursday, 17. Fine day. Gen. Rosecrans is sick and therefore we as his escort have little to do. Last evening Col Minty's brigade of cavalry it was went out Monday evening. They met a very large force of rebel cavalry and artillery and our forces having no artillery were obliged to retire. Took a walk around town this evening. They are signalling day and night from the court house top.

Friday, 18. Fine day. Am on guard. Slept on the hay tonight. Those left in camp went on a scout after 70 rebels Sunday night towards LaVergne, but could find none. The evenings are cool and pleasant.

Saturday, 19. Still nothing to do. A brigade of mounted infantry passed our quarters this P.M. moving their camp to about 6 miles out the Lebanon Pike on Stone River.

Sunday, 20. The force of rebels in Penna. has probably been exaggerated. They have been in Chambersburg and it is reported in Carlisle. We have no reliable news yet. What Hooker is doing seems to be kept in the dark. Went to Church this A.M. with Frank Remont at the chapel of the Christian Commission.* We were relieved from escort duty this P.M. by 75 fresh men from camp. We returned to camp and found everything as we had left it.

COLUMN SOUTH

Monday, 21. Our regiment all drew the high crown black felt hats yesterday. They look well mounted. Had my blanket stolen while in town. Am in town at Rosecrans Headquarters as orderly carrying despatches around town and to the different General's Headquarters. General McCook, Crittenden, Wood and others. Signalling is going on night and day. A despatch came in to headquarters tonight that a battle had been fought near the Penna. and Maryland line at Middleburg. The rebels being badly whipped. Gen. Spear,* the Tennessean is being court martialed here.

Tuesday, 22. Fine day. Gen. Crittenden at his headquarters this morning. We will be relieved here about 2 P.M. They keep us pretty busy carrying despatches. On Friday, 18th inst. two men, rebels, were hung on the Reedyville pike for murder. Another man was shot for desertion a day or two after. I hear that Gen. Negley's division is ordered to move tomorrow. Our regiment has orders to be ready to move with three days rations. We take a full supply of ammunition. This will be a general move.

Tullahoma

June 1863

The authorities in Washington were still pressing Rosecrans to undertake offensive operations, but during the spring and early summer Rosecrans had resisted these frequent urgings. However, early in June stores had been accumulated and preparations were made for an advance, Rosecrans seeming to have decided that he could safely risk a forward move with good prospects of success.

General Sheridan was in command of one of McCook's divisions, and the following description of the advance to Tullahoma is from his Personal Memoirs.

"On the 23d of June Bragg was covering his position north of Duck River with a front extending from McMinnville, where his cavalry rested, through Wartrace and Shelbyville to Columbia, his depot being at Tullahoma. Rosecrans, thinking that Bragg would offer strong resistance at Shelbyville, which was somewhat protected by a spur of low mountains or hills, offshoots of the Cumberland Mountains, decided to turn that place; consequently, he directed the mass of the Union army on the enemy's right flank, about Manchester.

"By the 30th the whole army had been concentrated, in spite of many difficulties, and though, on account of the heavy rains that had fallen almost incessantly since we left Murfreesboro', its movements had been slow and somewhat inaccurate, yet the precision with which it took up a line of battle for an attack on Tullahoma showed that forethought and study had been given to every detail. The enemy had determined to fall back from Tullahoma at the beginning of the campaign, however, and as we advanced his evacuation had so far progressed that when, on July 1, we reached the earthworks thrown up early in the year for the defense of the place, he had almost wholly disappeared, carrying off all his stores and munitions of war except some little subsistence and eleven pieces of artillery. A strong rear-guard remained to cover the retreat, and on my front the usual encounters between advancing and retreating forces took place. Just before reaching the intrenchments on the Lynchburg road, I came upon an open space that was covered by a network of fallen trees and underbrush, which had been slashed all along in front of the enemy's earthworks. This made our progress very difficult, but I shortly became satisfied that there were only a few of the enemy within the works, so moving a battalion of cavalry that had joined me the day before down the road as rapidly as the obstructions would permit, the Confederate pickets quickly departed, and we gained possession of the town. Three siege guns, four caissons, a few stores, and a small number of prisoners fell into my hands."

A short pursuit of the enemy was made in the hopes of crushing his rear guard before he was able to cross the Tennessee River. Because of the swollen creeks and the delay in crossing them, Bragg was able to cross the Tennessee River and burn the bridge behind him. Rosecrans, therefore, concentrated his troops in Tullahoma to prepare for further action.

COLUMN SOUTH

Ball's diary describes his part and that of the Regiment in the advance to Tullahoma.

Wednesday, 23. Companies E and L went out early this morning on some escort duty. The balance of the regiment pulled up stakes and moved away about 2 P.M. The entire army has moved. We went out the Manchester pike. The center of the army moved out this pike. We passed ahead of the wagon train and several regiments of infantry. Met several men who were prisoners with me. Raining hard all day. At 6 P.M. stopped to the left of the pike, unsaddled and erected our shelter tents. Our wagons got here at 9 P.M. Companies E and L under Capt. Airey were out on escort and made a dash on some rebel cavalry and captured several. One of our boys was shot in the thigh. We camped here erecting our ponchos. Our blankets were all wet and everything in the muddiest and miserable condition. Pantaloon wet through. Arms all covered with mud.

Thursday, 24. Raining at intervals, and when it does rain it pours. At 10 A.M. our company started out under Capt. Betts and Sellers and took off to the left of the Manchester pike, a very windy way through the hills, Mts. and valleys. Capt. Betts went ahead and stopped at every house to question and inquire the way. They all seemed very willing to give information. At one house as we were passing an old woman came running out and exhibited great demonstrations of joy. She said she was so glad to see us, she didn't know what to do. We finally, in the latter part of the afternoon, came on to Gen. Palmer's pickets and soon were up to his division where they were camping. We had captured two prisoners and delivered them up to Palmer. One of the men in our company keeping one horse. We started on and passed the artillery which they had great difficulty in getting up the steep hills. Saw Waldy of the 7th Penna. cav. who was with the wagons. Such mud as we went through, travelling through corn and wheat fields. At last we came to Roddyville† where some of our regiment were posted as couriers, and took one as guide. We got back to camp at 12 midnight and laid down in the wet and mud.

Friday, 25. Heavy musketry and artillery firing was going on on the right yesterday. The battle has commenced.

The General is changing his headquarters further south. And as a consequence we move too till we come to a gap in the hills. The wheat crop looks well through here. Our company now went down in between the high hills with one of Rosecrans officers to see if wagons and artillery could be transported but the hills are so steep it was considered impracticable, so we turned back. It was pouring down rain. We crossed a creek going and coming fifty times the road was of such a winding nature. We now went into camp near Rosecrans headquarters and were not disturbed all night. Milked a cow which was all the foraging done. A party of our men were outside our skirmishers and came across the rebs who opened on them with their batteries. Our batteries opened on them.

Saturday, 26. Had a good sleep last night. Am on orderly duty today to the General. He moved his headquarters this A.M. we following, passing the wagon train. He took us a hard run. We passed Gen. Negley on the road, the Manchester Pike. Arrived at Manchester at 4 P.M. The General established his head-

†Readyville

TULLAHOMA

quarters in a grove, erecting tents for him and his staff. Our regiment is camped close by. We are on the railroad. On the way passed a pontoon train. There is also a signal train and telegraph apparatus along.

Sunday, 28. A showery day. We are now 12 miles from Tullahoma and 25 miles from Shelbyville. All private property is respected and guarded to prevent depredation by our soldiers. Provisions are very scarce hereabouts. Sun P.M. Have been relieved from orderly duty and in bivouac in a field near town. Gen. Thomas' corps is now passing on the Tullahoma pike, both infantry and artillery. The pontoons are in the next field to us. They are now engaged putting up the telegraph wire from Rosecrans headquarters to Gen. Thomas' H.Q.

Monday, 29. Up at 2 A.M. and off on a reconnoitering expedition. Went to about 4 miles from Tullahoma when we heard skirmishing between our cavalry and the rebs. Bill with Co F went ahead and came up with the rebel picket. Charged on them, chased them two miles and captured fifteen of them. Two of them belonged to Bragg's escort. We then turned back. The rebels could be heard beating the long roll. Took a different lane on our return. An old woman treated me to some buttermilk. All the poor folk are union. The rebs had taken all her cattle valued at \$500. Stopped and dismounted at the house of a secesh. Lieut. Lamborn took two of his mules. Encountered a very heavy rain storm. Everything belonging to us is soaked and the contents of our saddle bags mouldy. We have to sleep in wet blankets.

Tuesday, 30. Not much doing. Another rain this P.M. Fifteen of us off to headquarters on orderly duty. Up at 2 A.M. of *Wednesday, July 1.* Off as escort to one of Gen. Morton's staff who was hunting a good wagon road. We had a great travel scouring the woods thoroughly. Had an alarm but it turned out to be our men in butternut shirts. At last came up to Rosecrans headquarters at a house in the woods. He has moved to Manchester. I feel near played out. Here we met the balance of our regiment with Palmer. Rosey moved from there and has gone on to Tullahoma, the rebels having evacuated it. Six of us were placed as couriers six miles north of Tullahoma. The roads are in awful condition, almost impassable. The road was blocked with wagons, infantry and artillery.

A description by Col. Charles M. Betts of the part played by Will and the rest of the regiment during the advance to Tullahoma follows.

" . . . Companies B, H, and K were detailed at department headquarters as escort to General Rosecrans, commanding, and the remainder of the regiment was employed for courier duty between the wings of the army, reporting the general topography of the country in advance of the army. This required untiring energy and constant activity both night and day. Companies E and L, under Captain Airey, while carrying dispatches to General Mitchell, at Rover, encountered a large force of the enemy, and by a vigorous charge drove in their pickets, killing two and capturing several, and got safely away, delivering the dispatches to General Mitchell at Versailles. They had only one man wounded in the fight.

"Heavy skirmishing by the army with artillery occurred at Beech Grove, and Manchester was occupied on the 28th by our forces. Early on the following morning, at 1.30, orders were received from the department headquarters for a reconnaissance on the enemy's left, and Companies D, E, F, G, H and L, under Lieu-

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tenant-Colonel Lamborn, with one of Rosecrans' staff officers moved forward. After marching eight miles the advance guard, consisting of Adjutant Colton and five men from Company F, struck the enemy's cavalry picket, and according to instructions immediately charged, driving them back on their reserve picket of about fifty mounted men, who were drawn up in line on a slight elevation on the bank of a small stream. Company F, being in the advance, rushed forward with a yell on the reserves, who fired a scattered volley and fled.

"Seven prisoners were overtaken and captured by our advance before striking their reserve. The pace was kept up to within two miles of Tullahoma by Company F. The commanding officer, being mounted on a gray Kentucky bred, after discharging his two pistols without effect at the fleeing column gave rein to his horse, and when a few were overtaken with an empty pistol he compelled their surrender and turned them over as prisoners to the first of his men to come up. Twice this was done, the distance being greater each time between the pursuer and the pursued. On the third heat, after riding on a run for about a mile on a level, wooded road without fences, he noticed a disposition on the part of the rebels to slacken their pace and feel for their guns. On looking back he was surprised to find none of his men in sight. His horse entering into the spirit of the chase, was only halted by running him into a bank on the roadside. The first man to come up was Private Thos. B. Tucker, with pistol in hand, fully cocked, and while drawing in his reins Tucker involuntarily discharged his piece, the bullet whizzing in very close proximity to the officer's head.

"When Companies E and G came up, a line was formed, on the edge of a clearing, which extended over to the earthworks of the enemy at Tullahoma, and we waited for the attack we knew would come. The 'long roll' was sounded in the enemy's camps, and soon after, a long line of rebel infantry, with one or two guns, came over the breastworks and advanced toward us. On the flanks of this force came a small force of cavalry. A few shots only had been fired, when positive orders were received to fall back and join the balance of the command, which was done, and the whole force returned to Manchester, in a great downpour of rain." Ball's diary continues:

Thursday, 2. Fine day. This is the second day we have had no rain since leaving Murfreesboro. Some men gave us a large piece of fresh sow and we have potatoes. Dew berries are just getting ripe. I put my horse to pasture and have lost him. At the house where we are staying as couriers the family have lost all their stock but one cow. Yesterday morning the poor woman was weeping bitterly.

Friday, 3. One of the men of Co. G, a courier, had his horse shot dead while he was digging potatoes.

Saturday, 4. This is the glorious fourth and we can hear the cannon thundering their salutes at Tullahoma. We celebrate the day carrying dispatches for Uncle Sam.

Sunday, 12. Two or three days ago we received the news that Vicksburg has certainly been taken, and that a great battle has been fought at Gettysburg and the rebels badly whipped, they losing 20,000 men killed, wounded and prisoners. We have rain every day.

Monday, 13. Cloudy and rainy. Despatches are not very plenty. The army is not at present moving.

TULLAHOMA

Tuesday, 14. Yesterday got a letter from Willie and one of Sir Walter Scott's novels which is very acceptable here. This is a great country for blackberries. They are very plenty and large. We have plenty. We also have apple sauce, excellent, which we make ourselves. Received a short letter from Sis.

Tuesday, 21. The weather has been fine for several days and quite cool for this climate. Am off duty from six to six today and Cummings and I went to Duck River to fish and caught nothing. When we got back found our post changed to Tullahoma and the men all gone. So we followed and arrived at Tullahoma after dark. We have possession of a small house of two rooms. Everything looks played out in this town, the grass all tramped down and the trees cut down. Sunday afternoon Bill visited our post to see me. Last night Isaac Davis of our regiment, Co. F, was shot in the hand by bushwhackers while on vidette* about 2 miles from town. He had two of his fingers amputated. We carry despatches now to Manchester and Winchester.

Wednesday, 22. Fine day. Quite warm in the sun. Not many despatches to carry. The town is surrounded by pickets and at night the countersign is required.

Thursday, 23. Fine day. Very hot. While making my horse approach a locomotive he suddenly turned and fell but not hurting me any.

Friday, 24. Fine day. Very warm. The sun is now very powerful. Changed the horse I found in the woods today and obtained one from the corral. He is old and rough. Vicksburg was taken on the 4th of July with over 30,000 prisoners, many thousand small arms and siege guns. Port Hudson* has also surrendered with 7,000 prisoners. Gen. Meade has fought a great battle in Pennsylvania and defeated the rebs. They have retreated across to Virginia with a loss of 30,000 men. Lee's army is much demoralized. Charleston is being besieged and the batteries on Morris Island* captured. It seems as if the rebs must be gone up now, for certain. Most of the command of John Morgan who made the raid into Ohio have been captured. There have lately been fearful riots in New York.* The Irish killing the negroes wherever found. The military were called out and volunteer cavalry and artillery formed. The mob were fired into and many killed, and taken prisoners. Many buildings were burnt and pillaged by the rioters. The riot has been quelled. It did not extend to Brooklyn. There have also been riots in Boston.

August 1863

Ten days and no entry in his diary. However, a letter to his sister Delia gives an idea of what he was doing.

Dear Sis;

Here I am still at this place, on courier duty. I have just got back from carrying a despatch in the broiling sun you talk about, and broiling it certainly is today. We are having very hot weather now but the nights are almost cold which comes very well. You ask if I go in my shirt sleeves. I answer that I do. My shirts being worn out, the other day I went over to the Sanitary Commission* and begged for a shirt. He asked me if I was entirely destitute and then gave me a good red flannel one. Think of me ragged and forlorn begging a shirt in Tullahoma, but "sich is life."

Blackberries are very scarce hereabouts. Instead of crackers we had flour issued to us for the last five days and we built a brick oven and make short biscuit

COLUMN SOUTH

and excellent apple and peach pies, almost equal to northern pies and they should be for they are made by northern hands. We were paid off Sunday. I received \$52.00 four months pay from the 1st of March. We buy soda and bake in a regular way. Bread we can buy here at 10c a loaf. The sutlers and bakers here take in an immense amount of money, everything is at least three times the price they would be at home. For instance a bottle qt. of cider is \$1.75. Eggs are 40c a doz.

I have had a great time about horses since I have been here. I have had three different horses from the corral. The first one went blind in 5 days, the second was a splendid animal but soon showed lameness; these horses have all been turned in as unserviceable but it is the only place to obtain a horse. The man who keeps the corral wants the horse I chose. He had been an officer's horse but I saw he was a good one. The corral man then offered me a very nice looking horse and the next morning I went down and changed for the nice horse which I now have, he is a very good one, an easy rider and travels well and is a fine looking animal. He is a good bay color. He is just the horse you would like to ride, he canters beautifully.

The way we get sugar and flour so cheap is we get it from the issuing commissary at cost price. We have to get an order from the Captain and they think it is for his own use. None but officers can buy there. I have not seen a tomato plant down here yet. Tullahoma is a small place like all southern towns and not of much account. I like courier duty pretty well. I would like to be with the regiment again for a while. Those of our regiment at Winchester went on a scout the other day and captured fifteen bushwhackers. One of our men's horse gave out, and he was compelled to fall behind; he was captured by a notorious bushwhacker who, the citizens say, hangs all his prisoners. None ever returned from him. The poor fellow's name is Requa.[†] As soon as it was known at head-quarters word was sent to them that if Requa was not given up in three days we would burn all the houses around within fifteen miles. Yesterday an expedition of cavalry went out after the bushwhackers. One of our secret scouts has been amongst them and says that with a regiment of cavalry he could capture a large body of them. We will hear soon of the result.

Ask Sabe how Lizzie K. is. Tell him to "look for size and not be led away by any little spindle shanks."

If they make such a big fuss over the returned militia I suppose they will fairly devour the poor three year's men or else die of enthusiasm. The "General" thinks soldiering hard, does he? Let him try it down here for six months or a year. Tell Watson he must be quite a veteran by this time. There is not half the regiment doing courier duty. Letters are brought to us at our posts. We live well here. Have our stewed peaches and sugar every day. Green corn fritters, potatoes, biscuits, pies etc., all of our own cooking.

The roads are in pretty good order once more. We had a very heavy shower the other afternoon and that night I carried a despatch to the Manchester post. Going across the clearing just outside the pickets is the worst place for mud I ever saw. A couple of niggers had got a couple of mules mired. They were in most up to their backs and had to be dragged out by pulling. I tell you this just to show

[†]Killed Aug. 1, 1863, by bushwhackers

TULLAHOMA

you the difficulties we have in travelling at night. I just came off duty at 12 M (noon) and saddle up again at midnight tonight.

Tell Father I have neglected him about his invention. I think a good substantial stove made in that manner would answer well, but if he wants to make money on a very small capital to bring some sutler goods to this place. Men are making fortunes here. The sale of ale etc. has been stopped at this place. I was at a large temperance meeting of soldiers last night. Many signed the pledge. Tonight the meeting will be addressed by the Colonel of the 79 Ill. Vol. (Col. Allen Buckner.)

Tell mother to be good and not cry anymore and we will come home some of these days. Also give my highest regards to Miss Flanigan, the Misses Knight, Miss Clay and everybody else, not forgetting Lizzie Child.

Give my love to all and ask Mother when she will commence a correspondence with me.

I must have some supper,
Your brother Baldwin.

The diary continues.

Saturday, 8. Fine day. Went out foraging. Obtained some butter, apples and peaches. When we got back had orders to move in the morning. The men from the other posts got here tonight. The couriers are all being taken off.

Sunday, 9. Just one year today since I enlisted. Very hot. The sun is powerful, but there is always a good breeze. Off at 8 A.M. for Winchester where we arrived about 1 P.M. This is a pretty little town, the inhabitants mostly secesh. This is a much more civilized place than any I have seen south of the Ohio River. We are now on escort and orderly duty. Col. Palmer is out finding a road for the General. Will came to see me. We are camped in an open lot where is no shade, close to town. Went swimming with Frank R. Tonight.

Monday, 10. Fine day. Very hot. Am orderly at head-quarters. The regiment is to be filled with conscripts. Frank Remont, Capt. Airey, Col. Lamborn and some others started for Philada. this afternoon to bring on the conscripts. This measure is much condemned in our regiment. Saw Gen. Davis' division reviewed this P.M. by Rosecrans. It was a beautiful sight.

Tuesday, 11. Very hot. The escort went out with the General this P.M. Two divisions were reviewed near Deckert, 1½ miles from here.

Wednesday, 12. Fine day. Saw Mrs. Gen. McCook. She is a beautiful girl. Went out to camp to see Will.

Thursday, 13. Fine day. Sent thirty-five dollars home by draft. The army was understood to have moved yesterday, but did not. It will probably move soon. Got my new pants last night.

Friday, 14. Very hot. Am orderly at head-quarters. Saluted Rosecrans and was saluted by him in return. Heavy storm this P.M.

Sunday, 16. Fine day. Got our tents flooded this P.M. Will out to see me. Orders to move early tomorrow.

The brothers were now separated, Ball being in Tullahoma on courier duty, while Will was with his Company in Winchester, Tenn., the Headquarters of the troop. A letter from him to his father follows;

COLUMN SOUTH

Winchester, Tenn. Aug. 3rd, 1863

My dear Father:

I have been so busy that I have not had time to answer Sister's letter of the 18th ult. which I rec'd on the 23rd. Our muster rolls were not completed for June 30th, and I had to push them in order to have them ready for the Pay Master, who visited us on the 30th ult. Besides doing up a large amount of work, that had accumulated during our marches from Murfreesboro, and which I am not through with yet. Enclosed you will please find a draft on George H. Stuart for (\$300) three hundred dollars (I have not got it this evening, but will get it and enclose it tomorrow morning.) which you will please pass to my credit. We were very glad to receive a visit from the Pay Master, I assure you. About half of the men had rec'd no pay since enlisting last year, and the other half had rec'd none since Dec. 31st. so that there was a large amount due us. I presume Maj. Robt. Smith left upwards of \$75,000 with this Regiment, a large amt. of which will find its way to Pennsylvania.

There are no movements of interest transpiring. Gen. Rosecrans arrived here from Nashville, where he had been for three weeks, last week. I had intended writing last evening, but he sent us out on a "scallyhoot" to the mountains below Cowan, yesterday afternoon to make a map of the roads in that neighborhood, and obtain other information concerning their condition, the residents, etc. A heavy thunder shower came up while we were out, which lasted about two hours, which ceased as we reached the top of the mountain, and the sun breaking through the clouds disclosed to us a scene of rare beauty. We were then on the Western side, and far away to the west stretched the beautiful valley and rolling country in which this town is situated. Through the mists and lifting clouds the sun cast his living beams upon the richest southern scene I have yet witnessed. I was delighted. I was looking upon the Garden Spot of the Union, from a point on that grand chain of mountains called the Alleghenies in our own State. The luxuriant vegetation which surrounded me; grand old oaks, chestnut and other forest trees; trumpet flowers, asters, ferns, scattered in profusion beneath their gigantic companions, told of a southern clime, ardent hopes, beauty, life. But the hand of war is seen in deserted houses, neglected fields overgrown with rank vegetation, and ruined roads, worn down by the rushing torrents and the tramp of armies. Ah, give me my own peaceful State with all its beautiful associations, all its living ties. There is my home; there are all my loved ones; therefore there is my heart.

From the Eastern side of the mountain the scene is wilder, nothing but mountains are to be seen, with spurs and coves, all covered with the forest growth of centuries, indeed some of the coves to such an extent that the natives call them "Nobody's Business" because a horse cannot traverse them and it is almost impossible for a man to force his way through.

We reached camp in the splendid moonlight, at 10 P.M. with splendid appetites for supper, and were soon dreaming away the silent hours of the beautiful southern night.

I believe I have not written of my journey from Tullahoma here, or of the situation and character of Winchester. I will tell all about this in my next, which I will try and write not so great a lapse of time from this, as this from my last.

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I would like to know what your prospects for business are this season. And tell me how mother is, and Sis.

You will also find enclosed my discharge papers which caused me to give you so much anxiety, and for which I cannot forgive myself.

Tell me all about the draft and who of our friends are drafted, and please send me the papers with the lists of names. How about Dr. Jenkins?

B. was well when I last heard from him, a few days ago. I have not rec'd a letter since the 18th ult. written by Sis. Give my love to all the dear ones at home and believe me

Your Affectionate Son

Willie.

Advance To Chattanooga

After a wait of six weeks in Tullahoma and Dechard, Rosecrans' army moved to dislodge Bragg from Chattanooga, this having been the main objective of the recent campaigns of the Cumberland Army.

Vicksburg had fallen on July 4th and Rosecrans felt he should have waited before moving until General Grant could join him, as he knew Bragg could be readily reinforced as he retreated into the south. And Grant wanted to march on Mobile, for he believed that Bragg could not then remain in Chattanooga to fight Rosecrans. However, Washington would not agree to either plan and Rosecrans was ordered to advance to Chattanooga at once.

The following description of the difficult country over which the army had to drag their cannons and wagons was written by Will some years later for the *History of the Fifteenth Cavalry*.

"The story of this campaign and the part taken by the Fifteenth Cavalry in the battle of Chickamauga can be better understood by a brief description of the physical characteristics of the country traversed, showing the difficulties to be surmounted and the dominating position of the city of Chattanooga. . . .

"The railroads radiated from that city northeast toward the Cumberland Gap and Virginia, south to Atlanta and west to the Mississippi River. Owing to the peculiar topography and geology of its vicinity, its occupation by either side could control the fertile valleys of east Tennessee and threaten or protect Kentucky and western Tennessee, as well as Georgia, while closing or opening the way to Virginia.

"Looking eastward from Winchester, Tullahoma and McMinnville, the Cumberland Mountains or plateau loomed up as a serious obstacle. The stratas here are horizontal, sandstone being uppermost, underlaid by limestone. The harder stratum above protected the softer beneath, and resulted in cliff walls and steep slopes at the edges of the rolling surface of the plateau. This condition is most marked on its eastern edges, presenting a very serious barrier to the movements of armies.

"East of the Cumberland plateau there lie the somewhat broken and rich valleys of the Tennessee River, which flows southwesterly until near the southern boundary of Tennessee, when it breaks through the plateau by a gorge below and west of Chattanooga, and winding between Raccoon Mountain and Walden's Ridge, passes into the trough of Sequatchie Valley, which it follows for about fifty miles before again breaking through the plateau in Alabama. This gorge is approached and followed by the railroad, which passes over the mountain at Cowan by an easily defended pass, but one not difficult to flank to the north and south.

"Beyond the towns of Stevenson and Bridgeport, in the Sequatchie trough, rises Sand, or Raccoon Mountain, beyond which and separated from it by the

ADVANCE TO CHATTANOOGA

Trenton or Lookout Valleys is Lookout Mountain, whose narrow, plateau-like summit is 1,000 feet above the river. This could be crossed by artillery and supply trains only by widely separated roads or trails.

"Beyond this mountain and parallel with its general northeast and southwest trend are ridges and small valleys, among which that of Chickamauga Creek carries its waters to the Tennessee River, above Chattanooga. A cursory glance at the maps of this region will show that a series of formidable obstacles lay in the path of our army in its efforts to drive the enemy from Chattanooga and hold that key to the military situation.

"The wagon road from Chattanooga to Rome, known as the La Fayette road, crosses Missionary Ridge into Chickamauga Valley at Rossville* and proceeds thence nearly due south, crossing Chickamauga Creek at Lee and Gordon mills, thence to the east of Pigeon Mountain, passing through La Fayette some 22 miles south of Chattanooga; it then continues on to Summerville, within 25 miles of Rome, and so on to the latter place.

"Beyond these ranges is Taylor's ridge, with a number of lesser ranges between it and the Atlanta Railroad, running through Dalton. Both Pigeon Mountain and Taylor's Ridge are very rough mountain ranges, with but few roads, and these only through gaps. At Dalton is the junction of the East Tennessee with the Atlanta Railroad, in the valley of the head waters of the Coosa River, which valley is here some ten miles wide and is the great natural passage-way into East Tennessee from the south.

"To follow Bragg to Chattanooga and to cross the Tennessee above that place involved moving the army either to the north of the Sequatchie Valley by Dunlap or by Therman and Walden's Ridge, some 65 miles through a country poorly supplied with water, with no forage, and by narrow and difficult wagon roads. This route would take Rosecrans further away from his base of supplies and line of communication than that south of the river. It was over this northern route that Bragg anticipated the onward movement of the Army of the Cumberland. This would enable him to make a protracted defence of the town and retard the advance for weeks, if not months. But Rosecrans's plan of the campaign contemplated a much more hazardous movement and a far speedier one for the possession of Chattanooga. To accomplish this, however, it was necessary to cross the Cumberland Mountains with subsistence, ammunition, a limited supply of forage, and a bridge train; then to cross his army over the Tennessee River, after that over Sand or Raccoon Mountain into Lookout Valley, and from there to cross Lookout Mountain, and finally the lesser ranges (Missionary Ridge) if he went directly to Chattanooga, or to cross Missionary Ridge, Pigeon Mountain, and Taylor's Ridge, if he struck the railroad at Dalton or south of it. This involved the carrying by his army of ammunition for two great battles and twenty-five days' subsistence."

The movement over the Cumberland Mountains began on August 16th, and the troops were ordered to move as follows:

"Crittenden's corps in three columns to move through the Sequatchie Valley. Minty's cavalry to move on the left by Sparta, and after covering the left flank of Crittenden's corps, to proceed to Pikeville.

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"Thomas to move 2 Divisions to the mouth of Battle Creek and 2 Divisions by way of Tantallon to Crow Creek, there to halt between Anderson and Stevenson.

"McCook to move one Division to Bellefont and one by Mount Top and Crow Creek to near Stevenson. The three brigades of cavalry by Fayetteville and Athens to cover the line of the Tennessee from Whitesburg up."*

These orders were all complied with, and the movements completed by the evening of August 20th.

"Under cover of the apparent activity of the left of our army in front of and above Chattanooga, Rosecrans effected the crossing of the first great barrier to the objective point, and reached the banks of the Tennessee opposite the enemy, concealing as far as he could the movements of his troops, and the position of his pontoons and trains. He then had the river reconnoitered, that the best points might be selected and the means at once provided for the crossing. As soon as the crossings had been determined on the proper dispositions were made to begin the movement.

"The movement across the river was commenced on August 29th, and completed on September 4th. The feint under Crittenden was so well timed that Bragg concentrated his immediate command at and above Chattanooga, leaving the crossing of the river by the main portion of our army unobstructed.

"On August 20th, the movement of our army over the Cumberland Mountains was reported to Bragg, and he then knew that he might look for an immediate advance. The movement of our army across the Tennessee was also reported to Bragg by his scouts, but was regarded by him as incredible. These reports were soon after confirmed by the news that our cavalry had occupied Trenton and had advanced up the Will's Valley Railroad as far as Wauhatchie, within seven miles of Chattanooga, as a covering force under which Rosecrans's columns of infantry were advancing. To hold Chattanooga would require at least two strong divisions, and he felt that his force would not permit this and make a successful attack also. Bragg put his army in motion on September 7th and 8th, and took up position from Lee and Gordon's Mills to La Fayette, on the road running south from Chattanooga, with front to the east side of Lookout Mountain, and on the east bank of Chickamauga Creek, establishing his headquarters at the former place."*

On September 9th Crittenden's corps entered Chattanooga without opposition

Apparently Bragg never intended his withdrawal from Chattanooga to be permanent; all the indications he left behind him pointed that way. None of the bridges were destroyed as he retired. All storehouses, hospitals, and other buildings used by his army were left standing.

The 15th Cavalry had many and varied experiences during the struggle toward Chattanooga and in the battle to follow. Companies B., H., and K., under Capt. Garner served as escort to Gen. Rosecrans while the rest of the troop served as couriers. Ball, in Co. H. was on escort duty and Will's Co. were assigned as couriers.

The diaries of the brothers follow, Will leading off.

On the 17th we marched at sunrise, reached the foot of the Cumberland Mts. at 8.30, passed on up to the summit and camped in the woods, about one and a

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half mile beyond. The ascent of the mountains was very steep and rocky, making it necessary for detachments of our own and other regiments to be posted along the road to help up the artillery and wagons by pushing and with ropes. Some wagons consumed five hours in ascending one mile. Lt. Kirk was in charge of our wagon guard, which only got as far as the foot of the mountain. On the 18th we went down the mountain five miles and camped in Sinking Cove. Co. E. was sent back to help the wagons up the mountain, and with Companies C and F helped them down the descent.

Wednesday, 19. Marched at 6.45 A.M. and arrived at Stevenson at noon, this town being the junction of the Memphis and Chattanooga, and Nashville and Chattanooga railroads. Companies C, D and E assisted wagons to the foot of the mountain. Passing a cedar ridge from Sinking Cove, it took fifteen men five hours with axes to clear the timber blockade, and we then marched down Little Crow Creek to Big Crow Creek, which we forded, and so on eight miles to Stevenson, where we camped at the base of a mountain, about one and a half miles north of the town and three miles from the Tennessee River. In this fertile valley we found roasting ears plenty, but the corn was hardly ripe enough for our horses. Before the movement began one man from each company had been selected whose business it was, when on scouting duty, to sketch the roads to be marched over. The sketches were to include the names of all residents, the crossroads, creeks, general character and appearance of the country, water, forage, etc. From this camp parties were sent out on the different roads from day to day to make these sketches, and these, and many others made later, were exceedingly useful.

A letter from Ball to his mother, dated August 21st.

Dear Mother.

I am again in Alabama but this time under different auspices. We are in Stevenson. It is a miserable place. There is an ancient looking hotel called the Alabama House.

Last Monday we left Winchester and arrived here Wednesday P.M. The ascent and descent of the mountains was very difficult, especially for the wagons. Going up it is so steep and rocky that we had to lead our horses to the top, and then come part way down and help the mules pull up the wagons. From the bottom to the summit is two miles, so you may judge what a hard time we had. We then went into camp. Tuesday we started down the mountains and soon came to trees felled across the road by the retreating rebs, so Col. Palmer turned us into pioneers to remove the trees; it was hard work, large trees lying directly across the road, which had to be cut through and then rolled to one side. Just before dark we got to the foot and about two miles further on we camped. Passion flowers here grow wild and the cactus also. In the morning we again started, the road leading around the base of the Mts. The scenery is grand. The bottom land for miles is one vast corn field of the finest growth. There seems to be nothing but corn planted. There are a good many peaches but they are not yet ripe. On the way we passed Gen. Rosseau's division. We arrived here Wednesday P.M. The weather is pretty warm and in riding you are in a constant cloud of dust which sticks to the perspiration and makes everything dirty. The rebs have put up one very good fort. About five miles off is a rebel signal station on the top of the mountain. It can be seen from here. They can

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see all that is going on here. We are camped now in a small piece of woods but water is rather difficult to get. Yesterday we went out with the General towards the Tennessee River and came up with four deserters being brought in. The General dismounted and had a long conversation with them. I was not near enough to hear what he said but he did keep the rebels in a broad grin all the time. Rosie went to the river which is about three miles from here and talked with the rebel pickets on the other side. The pickets do not fire at each other. They told him he couldn't catch Bragg. Rosie had his son with him, a boy of about 16 yrs. of age. Three very small loaves of bread can be bought here for a quarter, cheese 50c lb. Still have our stewed peach sauce every day.

The summer has certainly come upon us but I guess you are having it about as hot as we. The thermometer is 98 in the shade here today. Today I got my dinner in town for 50c, potatoes, cabbage, beets, bread and butter and molasses and veal and I tell you I took in a pretty good quantity. There are very few mosquitoes here, they do not trouble us at all. Several rattlesnakes, however have been killed. Don't be frightened, I have not seen one yet. The soldiers here are somewhat bronzed and that makes them so hard to whip. . . . A man whose fingers are shot off is not discharged, he will probably be removed to the invalid corps.

So Leland dug in the trenches, did he? I haven't done that yet. Gen. McCook's head-quarters are a few yards from our camp. He is a very thick set man.

I am orderly at head-quarters today. We stay in a tent and when a despatch has to go out one of us takes it. I am writing this sitting under a tree. About an hour ago just before commencing this letter about 50 rebel deserters came in to head-quarters. One of them told me that the most of his company would have deserted if possible, and that is the case with the whole rebel army. They came across the river last Monday night. Some swam across and others came on fence rails. I cannot tell when we move from here. I saw Bill last, day before yesterday. As we are with the escort we are never camped with the regiment. I suppose you have seen Frank by this time. Give him my respects. I shall certainly expect an answer to this. Your loving son

Baldwin.

Still Ball.

Sunday, 23. Fine day. Obtained a pass from the Provost Marshall and went outside the pickets to forage. Got a bag of apples and corn. Peaches are about played out. Came across two men, paroled rebels from Vicksburg. Went down to the river and saw the rebel pickets on the other side. The scenery up the river was splendid.

Monday, 24. This afternoon started with about 5 or 6 companies for Bridgeport, 12 miles N.E. of here. Camped three miles this side being without blankets. Cummings was taken sick here. Camped as usual where there was no water.

Tuesday, 25. Rode to Bridgeport. There is not a dwelling house in town. Cannon are planted pointing across the river. The rebels left the other side yesterday. The scenery is fine. About noon the General came in the cars and started up the valley. (The general was going to inspect the saltpetre works at Nickajack.) I came back with Cummings in the General's car. At Bridgeport the rebels burnt the large railroad bridge.

ADVANCE TO CHATTANOOGA

Wednesday, 26. Fine day. Al is very sick, perfectly helpless. This P.M. he went to the hospital in camp.

Thursday, 27. Fine day. The roads are awful dusty. The nights are quite cold. Went out foraging with the wagons for corn. Obtained good loads. One man had protection papers so we had to leave.

Friday, 28. Out foraging again getting good loads. Chattanooga is being shelled. Fort Sumter and Wagner* have been taken.

(The forts were not taken, merely put out of use.)

September 1863

Tuesday, 1. Weather very dry and awful dust. We will probably move tomorrow. We are ordered to carry three days rations and 8 lbs of oats. The wagons carry six days rations. It will be a march of several days. Bowen went out to guide Gen. Negley and staff across at Middle Ford but the General decided to go across on the pontoon. Two men were drowned at Middle Ford two or three days ago while crossing. Al has been sent to the field hospital. He is a little better.

Wednesday, 2. Fine day. Expect to march tomorrow. Had mounted inspection this P.M. Horse is still very lame. Will have to turn him in and ride Al's horse.

Thursday, 3. Fine day. Up at 3 A.M. About 7 o'clock we started. Arrived at Bridgeport and crossed the river on the pontoon bridge. Then proceeded to Cave Spring where we camped. Most of our company we left along the road as couriers.

Will's description of the activities of the regiment.

Friday, 4. Marched at 7 A.M. Our wagons crossed the river on the pontoon bridge, opposite Stevenson, but the Regiment forded the river about four miles further up stream, the men removing their boots and stockings and crossing in column of fours, finding the water about four feet deep. Passed on up Island Creek to Cave Spring, near the house of a Mr. Edwards, who is a Union guide. General Rosecrans arrived at 6 o'clock and camped near us. Company I was detailed as rear guard to our wagon train and the headquarter's train, and found some of the wagons so badly strained and weakened by their mountain experience that they broke down and were abandoned. A courier line was established between Steven-

son and Bridgeport, with fifteen men from one of the escort companies, placing posts at Widow Creek (Big Spring) and Beaver's Mill. A courier line was also established from Cave Spring to Bridgeport, with posts at Edwards and Clubfoot Moore's. Sergt. Beck was in charge at Bridgeport.

Saturday 5. Many of the men, Ball included, visited Hill's Cave,* and during a visit to this cave by General Rosecrans and staff, the General's rather bulky form became wedged in a narrow passage, and for a few minutes it was a question whether the campaign might not have to be continued under



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the next senior general. (Ball said, "He seemed pretty well frightened. We guided him out.")

Sunday, 6. Parties of our men were again sent out to report on roads. Co. F went to Whitesides to communicate with Crittenden and establish a courier line. At 11 A.M. the regiment marched twelve miles, across and down Sand Mountain to a camp nineteen miles from Chattanooga. Two couriers from Co. A were sent north, with despatches for General Burnside at Knoxville.

Monday, 7. Col. Palmer, with the Adjutant (Will), four men and a guide, reconnoitered up the eastern side of the valley six miles to Nickajack Trace, an old Indian trail from Shellmound, and the regiment moved camp nearer to Trenton, where it was discovered that a canteen of whisky could be had for fifty cents!

Tuesday, 8. The regiment was kept busy scouting the roads towards Chattanooga and establishing courier lines between McCook, Van Cleve and other generals. On this date the center of the army was at or near Trenton and Crittenden's headquarters were near Whitesides, six miles north.

Wednesday, 9. Crittenden entered Chattanooga with music and colors flying, the 92d Illinois being the first regiment to enter the town.

Thursday, 10. The Regiment marched at 3 o'clock in the morning, Company E guarding the wagons. The march was very slow, but at half past nine we entered Chattanooga with General Rosecrans. Thomas is now crossing at Steven's Gap, and McCook twenty-five miles farther south. At this time we had but two companies and our wagon train with us. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, under orders from Colonel Goddard, we moved southward six miles up Chattanooga Valley, and camped at Hick's place, where there was good water and forage, but at half past ten at night Colonel Palmer brought out orders from Chattanooga for us to cautiously break camp and return to Chattanooga, as the enemy's pickets were only a short distance south, and four companies of our infantry had been captured near there.

Rosecrans, who usually wisely waited after an advance to accumulate supplies, this time marched against Bragg at once. All advices that Rosecrans had were to the effect that the rebels were in hasty flight and would not stop anywhere north of Dalton, and that their probable destination was Rome. This information was sent to him from Washington, and Bragg aided in confirming this belief by sending numbers of his soldiers as "deserters" into the Federal lines with the same reports. Crittenden was sent to Ringgold to seek the enemy, while McCook advanced to Alpine, south of Lafayette, and Thomas's corps crossed the mountains near Dug Gap.

But Bragg had not continued his retreat. He had faced about at Lafayette and planned to annihilate the three widely separated Union corps.

On September 12th Rosecrans was finally convinced that Bragg was prepared to make a stand at Lafayette. He learned, too, that Bragg was being reinforced with large numbers of men whom Grant had paroled after the fall of Vicksburg. Rosecrans refused to draw back, and orders were sent to the different commanders to concentrate their forces on the north and west bank of the Chickamauga River near Lee and Gordon Mills.

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Sheridan wrote in his Memoirs, "It has been said that this battle was necessary to secure us Chattanooga. But the error of that assertion may be seen in the fact that Rosecrans, before the battle, still had time to assume impregnable positions around that town. Three days were enough for this, and it was seven days before Bragg seriously interfered with the freedom of our movements. Moreover, Chattanooga, won at the cost of Chickamauga, became a peril instead of a gain."

Will's diary continues up to the day of the battle:

September 11. The Regiment, four companies marched to Lee & Gordon's mill, on a reconnoissance with Harker's brigade, and skirmished with the rebel cavalry. We reached the mill at dusk and returned by another road.

Soon after passing General Harker's pickets there came a challenge from the darkness in front. "Halt! who goes there?" As none of our troops were in that direction a few men from the advance company charged the enemy, who fired a few shots and then ran. The column continued its march and at each house we came to an officer was sent to question its inmates as to name, roads, and other information necessary for our Colonel to compile a map for the use of the Army. At one place at a house on our right, in answer to the inquiries who lived there, the answer came "Widow Toe," and all the preliminary maps used in that campaign were so marked. Later it was found that the "widow" was a man named Vidito, one of a Swiss colony, who had settled there and the later maps bore his name.

Arrived in camp 3 o'clock in the morning. On that day and the next considerable fighting was going on along Bragg's rear, about fourteen miles south of Chattanooga, in which Company C was engaged, without loss. On this day General Crittenden reported that Captain McCook met a company of the Anderson Cavalry at Rossville, and sent them in pursuit of about 23 rebel cavalry who had attacked him. Afterward firing was heard in that direction.

September 13. Marched at 11.30 A.M., Company I in advance, and with General Rosecrans and staff passed up the mountain road to the summit of Look-out Mountain, then along the plateau and down by Cooper's Gap to General Thomas' headquarters, near Steven's Gap, where we camped at 11 P.M., keeping our horses saddled ready for any move to the front.

September 14. Company E reported to Major Bond for duty. Tom Gitt of Company C, was shot to-day while carrying a dispatch. He got on the wrong road, and coming to the place where he supposed our courier post was, found no one there. Starting back, to report the post captured, he was shot and wounded severely, but not dangerously. It is supposed he was shot by one of Wilder's men. Company I on courier duty from General Thomas' headquarters to Gordon's mill, 14 miles.

September 15. Marched at 2 P.M. up Chattanooga Valley, and camped eleven miles from Chattanooga and five miles south of Hick's place. One of our men had his horse shot to-day. Our courier line between Trenton and Chattanooga was withdrawn. Lieutenant Kirk and ten men were sent to establish a line to Crittenden, who was supposed to be at Lee & Gordon's mill, but he had withdrawn and moved down the Crawfish road. On the 16th a post was established at his headquarters, at Cave Spring. Captain DeWitt should have established a courier

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post at Pond Spring, but failed to do so, and this threw the courier line into confusion. About midnight five men from Company M established a post from Pond Spring to Singleton. . . .

On the same day the Regiment marched east four miles to Crawfish Spring, a very large and beautiful spring, the stream from which is about 200 feet wide. (Ball: Crawfish Spring is on Gordon's plantation.* Gordon himself only left a few days ago, taking, one of his niggers say, a trunk full of gold and silver and about 60 negroes.)

Missionary Ridge was now in our rear and the enemy east of Pigeon Mountain. Pond Spring is six miles south of Crawfish Spring, and to our right were the infantry and cavalry, as far as Steven's Gap. We had but one company at regimental headquarters here, but our courier lines having been contracted and two companies of the Ninety-second Illinois Mounted Infantry being assigned to Colonel Palmer for courier duty, by the 18th all our nine companies were in camp. Of the three companies attached to department headquarters, one had been sent back to Chattanooga with our wagon train.

September 17. Generals Thomas and McCook arrived and made camp near Pond Spring. General Rousseau's regulars marched by. A small detachment of the Regiment under Col. Palmer scouted to Lee & Gordon's mill. Company F escorted General Morton outside the pickets in front of Van Cleve's division, and about one mile beyond ran into the rebel pickets, driving them back half a mile, and then retired.

September 18. The weather was now cool and pleasant. Kirk's courier post was relieved by mounted infantry, and on his way back to our camp stopped at Serg. J. C. Reiff's post, where he found the Sergeant's horse dying from a rifle wound which he had shortly before received from rebel infantry in an attempt to secure a map of the country in which we were operating. Mr. Abercrombie, who lived nearby, had told Reiff that such a map could be found at Mr. Childer's house, just across the Chickamauga, and not more than three-quarters of a mile from his post. Knowing its importance, Reiff took two men and went in haste for it. They reached the stream, which was crossed by a bridge, and just beyond, surrounded by trees and bushes was Childer's house. Leaving one man on guard he started to cross, and had just got on the bridge when they received a volley of musketry from the rebels, who were concealed in the bushes around Childer's house. Neither was hit. Both turned and ran, but Reiff's horse caught its hoof in the planking of the bridge, and before he could get it loose the rebels fired again, but only hit the horse.

Company I arrived at Crawfish Spring about dusk from the courier post at Pond Spring, and left soon after with important orders from headquarters to Colonel Minty, who, with about 6,000 cavalry, was at Blue Bird Gap of Pigeon Mountain, about twenty miles south. During the night camp fires along the front of the army were maintained, but behind them, in the darkness, our troops were all night changing position to the left. Company I suddenly came upon a solid mass of our infantry marching northward. The surprise was mutual and full of danger. Our men heard the click of thousands of muskets, and in a moment would have been wiped out of existence had not their character been rapidly ex-

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plained. Minty was found, and at sunrise carried out his orders by closing up on the right of our army, while Company I rejoined the Regiment about noon.

Severe skirmishing and heavy cannonading were going on nearly all day, and all reports and movements indicated that the enemy was concentrating opposite our left. Our horses remained saddled, and each man was supplied with forty rounds of carbine and eighteen of pistol ammunition and half rations for six days.

Battle Of Chickamauga

September, 1863

By September 18th Rosecrans had the Army of the Cumberland concentrated east of Missionary Ridge not far from the banks of Chickamauga Creek, guarding the two Gaps, Rossville and McFarland's. These were vital to hold, as they were the only means of receiving supplies from Chattanooga.

The country to be fought over was densely wooded with cleared fields here and there, thus making it difficult to follow any planned fighting.

Rosecrans placed General Thomas in command of the left line of battle with McCook on the right and Crittenden in the center.

On September 19th Bragg struck, sending wave after wave against Thomas, his aim being to turn the Union left and gain the road into Chattanooga, thus cutting off the Union supplies from that city. Thomas held, with the aid of reinforcements of divisions from the other corps, and the day ended without much advantage gained by either side.

"During the night Rosecrans placed his army in a somewhat better position. From left to right his divisions were: Baird's, Johnson's, Palmer's, Reynolds's, Brannan's, Negley's, Davis's, Sheridan's; Wood's and Van Cleve's were in reserve; and three brigades of Granger's corps were near Rossville, four miles away. Thomas commanded six divisions at the left, McCook two at the right, and Crittenden the two in reserve.

"Early in the morning Thomas discovered, and reported to Rosecrans, that another division was needed to maintain our extreme left against the enemy's longer line. Rosecrans, therefore, brought Wood from reserve to relieve Negley, and ordered Negley at once to report his division to Thomas; and Thomas was informed that Negley would immediately join him at the left. But Negley, disappearing from the line, drifted away from the field to Rossville. Two of his brigades reached the left, but so far apart, and so ill-timed, as to be of little value."*

At 8.30 Bragg renewed his attacks on the Union left "and, in an hour, the action on the left became furious. Polk's right division began to envelop our left and to appear upon our rear; but Thomas hurried some reserves against it and drove it away in disorder. Having been able, in the absence of Negley's division, to find the way to our left and rear, the enemy would naturally reappear there with decisive numbers. Thomas, therefore, knowing nothing of Negley's conduct, and wishing to add only a division to his left, sent again and again for the promised reinforcements. The attack soon extended heavily to Johnson, Palmer, and Reynolds; and by 10.30, lightly to Brannan. Naturally supposing that Negley had already reached Thomas, Rosecrans inferred, from the requests of Thomas and from other indications, that Bragg was moving his left wing to the extreme right of the Confederate line of battle. The conflict had been raging against Thomas for two hours,

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while Wood, Davis and Sheridan were untouched; and, not suspecting that Longstreet (a reconnoissance of ten minutes would have developed it) was already formed for attack and about to advance in full force against our right wing, Rosecrans, in the short space of fifteen minutes, ordered to his left Van Cleve from the reserve, and Sheridan, from the extreme right; and, by the blunder of an aide in wording an order, sent Wood out of line to 'close up on Reynolds, and support him as soon as possible,' while McCook was to move Davis by the left flank into the position vacated by Wood."*

At the very moment that Wood had moved his division Longstreet struck the gap that Wood had left, his men pouring through in full force, thus cutting the Army of the Cumberland in half! Nothing could save the divisions to the south of the gap. It was a complete and disastrous rout; enlisted men, officers, artillery, all rushing for safety. Even Rosecrans and his two corps commanders, McCook and Crittenden, were caught in the rush to the rear.

"Rosecrans, seeing this appalling demolition of his right wing, and finding that the enemy had interposed between him and Thomas, hastened around to Rossville."*Here he found men from Negley's divisions, the divisions he had thought were with Thomas. He therefore believed all was lost and hurried on to Chattanooga to prepare for the reception of his defeated army. There McCook and Crittenden soon joined him.

But "Pap" Thomas held, retreating slowly to a chain of hills, "Snodgrass Hills", where he formed his new line. It was a line consisting in portions of many commands; fragments from the broken divisions as well as his own troops. Again and again Bragg charged only to be repulsed. Late in the afternoon, when Thomas was almost out of ammunition, Granger with two brigades arrived to the aid of Thomas. Granger had been stationed on the Ringgold road to prevent a turning movement through Rossville to Chattanooga with three brigades, but hearing the crash of battle and without orders from Rosecrans, he and Steedman hurried to reinforce Thomas.

This saved the day for the Union army, for after one final fierce attack the Confederates withdrew. That night Thomas slowly retreated to Chattanooga and Bragg made no further attack. This is where Thomas justly earned the nickname, "The Rock of Chickamauga."

Chattanooga was won, but the battle was lost, and a starvation time faced Rosecrans and his army.

Estimated effective strength of the Union Army	56,965
Union Loss: Killed 1,656; wounded 9,749; captured or missing 4,774	Total 16,179
Estimated effective strength of Confederate Army	71,551
Confederate loss: Killed 2,389; wounded 13,412; captured or missing 2,003.	Total 17,804

Will was Adjutant at this time and his description of the battle, written some years later, is in more detail than Ball's.

September 19. Saturday. First day of battle of Chickamauga. Reveille at 3 o'clock in the morning. Our Regiment was in line of battle all day. At about 10

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o'clock, when the fog lifted, the enemy attacked the left wing and left center of the army in great force. At the same hour General Rosecrans moved his headquarters with our Regiment to Widow Glenn's house, on the Dry Valley road, about three and a half miles northeast of Crawfish Spring, and immediately in rear of the point of attack.

From this position but little could be seen of the fighting lines, but the smoke and dust of the conflict and bursting of shell could plainly be seen above the trees. Orderlies and couriers and staff officers were continually coming and going with orders and reports from the line. Officers were riding up and going off at full speed with verbal orders. Messages flashed over the field telegraph from general officers reporting the varying phases of the battle. It was a scene of great interest and intensity. Now the musketry would be terrific, far exceeding, it was said, that of the seven days' fight on the Peninsula. Now the sound of battle would move nearer, the artillery firing increasing in force, and the General would hurry off a courier here and a courier there, his eyes sparkling, his questions quick and earnest, his orders brief. Then the noise of the conflict would recede, and the Commander's pacing would be resumed.

General Morton, of the Engineers, with maps and compass, was near by at a table, noting by ear and from reports the localities of the various waves of conflict. General Garfield,[†] Chief of Staff, and the Assistant Adjutant General, with other members of the staff, were at hand sending off the General's orders as they were given. It was a dramatic picture rarely witnessed, and long to be remembered.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the enemy, massing his columns pressed General Davis sorely, driving him some distance, but General Negley, that fine soldier, coming up with his division at dusk, on the double quick, drove the rebels back, this being just to the left and in front of headquarters. To the right of headquarters John M. Palmer was similarly pressed, with great loss, but Sheridan came up to his relief and he held the ground.

So night closed in on the scene. We held the field, but many slain lay silent there, and there were thousands of wounded; while, weary and worn, our brave soldiers rested on their arms in line of battle, to sleep during the damp and chilly night. The wounded who could walk, for a long time kept passing by to the rear to the ambulances and temporary hospitals.

During the day our Regiment was detained at headquarters, "I may need you," Rosecrans said, but many of our men were on the fighting line, and rendered very efficient service, carrying dispatches and messages. Capt. Kramer with Companies L and M were thrown out to the rear as skirmishers, to prevent a surprise by rebel cavalry, and at night we also put out strong vedettes in the same direction. Early in the night the Fifteenth went to the rear for water, but did not find it, and later many details were made to build fires on the front, behind which many corrections of the line were made. All night our horses remained saddled, with the men before them, ready for instant service.

September 20, Sunday. General Rosecrans had moved from Widow Glenn's early in the morning with our escort companies and established himself on a slight eminence, near the Dyer house, about one mile further north.

[†]Future Pres. of U.S.

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Early in the foggy morning we went about two and a half miles to the rear for water and corn, and returned to the battlefield at about 10 o'clock, when the battle was again raging fiercely. We halted in the rear of headquarters to feed our horses. While our horses were feeding, my attention was attracted by flocks of small birds flying among us and over our heads from the battle line. The sight was so unusual that I went to the brow of the hill, and looked over the field, at the instant when Longstreet made his fatal charge, saw our lines broken. I then mounted, rode up the hill, and asked Colonel Palmer, who was at headquarters, if he had any orders. "Draw the Regiment up in line just behind this hill", he said. I cast a glance to the front as I turned and saw the two lines belching fire and smoke at each other, dark, irregular lines, but could not see much. When I got down the hill Captain Betts was about placing the Regiment in the position indicated by the Colonel.

Just as the Regiment got in line the storm burst on us. The right center of our army was broken, and two divisions were fleeing in a panic and a storm of grape, canister and musketry. Helter-skelter they came, rushing over and around the hill, with the enemy hard upon their heels, yelling like demons. The escort mounted, the General and staff mounted, and the General's only orders to Colonel Palmer were, "Stop those stragglers!" Bullets and shell now flew around our heads freely, one man of Company C being wounded and several horses shot. With saber in hand we did what we could to induce the panic-stricken men to rally around a flag which was pointed out to them with scarce a dozen men around its sacred folds. Col. Palmer then took the Regiment farther to the rear, and deployed there to stop as many stragglers as possible, and General Rosecrans and his staff were warmly engaged in the same effort. When I left the open field our Regiment had passed out of sight to the rear, and to avoid capture I passed into the woods toward the ridge, but could not find the Regiment, so I wandered near the front, because I thought General Rosecrans would be somewhere there.

In about an hour I went south toward Crawfish Spring, finding Wilder's dismounted men in line of battle, and then I turned north again toward Widow Glenn's, having meanwhile picked up Frank Hingard, one of our guides. Near the Glenn house a section of howitzers, supported by rebel infantry, fired at us, and as the service of their guns was too good for comfort, we fell back over the hill to the west, and soon afterward found the Regiment on its way to Chattanooga Valley, whither it had been ordered, to protect the rear of a large train of wagons en route to Chattanooga.

E. W. Anderson, Sergeant Company M, said: "On Sunday, a little before the line was broken, General Rosecrans sent one of his staff out to the left to see if he could get the location of Longstreet, and I, with others, was detailed to escort him out there. All below we could see Wood's division in line of battle. We halted about ten minutes, when we saw that division move by fours to the left, leaving a gap in the line of 100 or 200 yards, and the enemy immediately took advantage of it. The Aide (I don't know who he was) turned to me and said, 'That is Longstreet's corps.' He hardly had the words out of his mouth before I saw the advance and the soldiers running. I saw the capture of Lilly's battery of six guns, and then we started for headquarters."

Late on that memorable afternoon, following our broken brigades, our Regi-

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ment, under orders from General Sheridan, passed into Chattanooga Valley, and there, during part of the night, sent out scouting parties toward Pond Spring and Steven's Gap and picketed the valley as a protection to the batteries and wagon trains of the army. We fed our weary, hungry horses, not neglecting the proper use of the half rations issued at Crawfish Springs, and later, being relieved by General Mitchell, went on to our old camping ground on Cameron Hill, in Chattanooga, arriving there about 10 o'clock.

It is proper to state here that General Rosecrans, in his official report of the campaign, recorded the following recognition of the services of the Regiment:

"Colonel William J. Palmer, Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and his command have rendered very valuable services in keeping open communications and watching the movements of the enemy, which deserve my warmest thanks."*

Ball's version of September 20th follows:

Fine day. The General started out early and the escort after him. Very heavy firing commenced about 8 A.M. We all went with the General to a rise of ground near the field. Here the shells flew about us briskly. Rosecrans dismounted and was evidently greatly worried. There were a good many stragglers. I and Paul were sent down the hill to drive them back. They gave all kinds of excuses. One man had his hand bound up. I asked to look at the wound. He unbound it and there was but a small scratch. Others said they were shot through the legs, but there was no hole through their pants. I next carried a despatch from Rosie to Gen. McCook which was to bring two brigades to support a point in the center which was being hard pushed. The firing at this time was perfectly terrific. I returned to the General's party on the hill and soon the stampede commenced. The infantry broke and ran in every direction and artillery turned tail and ran as fast as possible through the fields. There was confusion! No troops could stand such fire as the rebels poured into our men. The rebels have been largely reinforced by Longstreet from Richmond. All the prisoners taken by us were Longstreet men. Rosecrans had to mount in a hurry to get away from the rebs. The bullets and shell was flying thick. At this point I went to try and rally the flying men and the general and his party went on and I could not find them. I went on through the woods and stopped at a battery firing over into the woods. Here I tried to get a shot but could not see anything to fire at. The shells were tearing off large branches from the trees over our heads. Many wounded men were now passing. I captured a fine horse wounded through the neck. I brought him along with me. At last I turned toward Chattanooga and came across a surgeon on Rosie's staff. He was trying to find the General. In the meantime our men had rallied and held the enemy in check. I continued on and met Owens who had a despatch for Rosie but could not find him and to prevent capture he went on with me. He reported a large part of our army back about 3 miles on the road to Chattanooga. The road was lined with wounded men. We could not find our companies and camped by a large straw stack for the night.

September 21, Monday. Started for Chattanooga where we arrived about noon. About 5 miles from town we came across our men building breastworks. The wagons having all crossed the river we went over after rations and could not get back so we stayed till September 22.

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John E. Brown of Co. H. had himself quite an adventure on the second day of the battle.

"Later in the day I was sent out as orderly to Major Seys, Assistant Medical Inspector of the army. We went out just behind the firing line to superintend the proper placing of the wounded in the ambulances, which were drawn up ready to receive their human freight when brought in by the stretcher bearers. He was a gallant officer and did not have much tear in his composition, but I thought that he could have got through his work a little faster, and not left me under a hot musketry fire, with two spirited horses to hold and not even a tree with which to protect myself. Both horses were slightly wounded but I never got a scratch. I would rather be on the front line any time than hold horses just back of it. After an hour of this mental torture the Major was relieved and we went back to headquarters, and I thanked my heavenly Father that I was still in the land of the living.

"Just a little while after came that massed charge of Longstreet's Corps of the Virginia army, which struck our line of battle at its weakest spot, the division that had been holding it having just moved away in response to an order to reinforce General Thomas on the left. . . .

"I have no idea what became of the escort when the break occurred. They were nearly all off on some duty, and I had not yet left Major Seys, but hung on to him with the feeling that he would be my salvation. I had just discovered that my horse had cast a shoe, and I tried to calculate how many more miles were in her before she became too lame to go farther, when all around us was, as some expressed it, 'Hell let loose.' The 'rebel yell' predominated, which sent the cold chills down one's back, especially when under a cloud as we were just at present.

"The infantrymen straggled along, and when told to stop and fight, said: 'It's no use, Mister; they're too many for us.' It seemed to me that if someone could exercise the proper authority and in a commanding way that these men could be gathered together and formed into line, but none of the officers in our party, and they were all officers except myself, took it on themselves to do it, so I plucked up courage and turned to Major Seys and said: 'Major, why can't this straggling be stopped?' He looked at me and said: 'Can you stop them?' 'I'll try,' was my answer. He said: 'Go ahead.'

"So far as my uniform was concerned it looked as well as that of any officer. I wore one of those gay jackets that were first issued to us, trimmed with orange braid, dark blue trousers and those high-topped 'Dickerman' boots, which were better and finer than many of our Major-Generals had, and over all I had a cavalry cape lined with yellow. These are trifles, but if I was going to act an officer's part I knew I could do it better if I looked like one. We were part way up the crest of Missionary Ridge now, when I drew my saber and shouted to a group of men going to the rear: 'Halt! fall in!' A tall Sergeant, carrying the colors of his regiment, was the first man to respond, and I can see his big blue eyes yet, with not a very cheerful look in them, as he replied: 'Halt! it is,' and then planted the colors in the ground. I knew then it was all right. 'Fall in on colors!' was my next command, and they did it in good style, and when the officers saw what my individual efforts were accomplishing, they came to my aid and we succeeded in getting quite a command together.

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"That was one of my proud moments, a private in the Anderson Cavalry commanding a good-sized regiment on the battlefield of Chickamauga! for I did not give up my position as Commander until we were joined by Col. Tom Harrison with a regiment of Wilder's mounted infantry. They came dashing up, well mounted, and armed with spencer rifles that fired seven times before you had to load again. In the meantime the rebels were close at hand, and with that fiendish yell of theirs hoped to drive us off the field, but our men had grit and reinforced as we were would do no more retreating. After a short tussle it was our enemy who retreated.

"We were not molested again during our ride to Rossville, where I stayed all night with Colonel Harrison's men and the next day went into Chattanooga. My improvised command had scattered by this time."

A courier, Wm. L. Bratton of Co. A, tells of his experiences during the two-day battle.

"Our company was lined up a little to the left and rear of what was the General's headquarters at Widow Glenn's. Messages were being dispatched, and our boys were flying over all sections of the field of conflict. The writer was leaning over the pommel of his saddle and endeavoring to ease his position as well as that of his very strong and faithful horse, when a Sergeant of the Company galloped up and exclaimed: 'Bratton, we've just sent Branthover with a message to General Wood and we sent him in the wrong direction. He was directed to the left of the field and he should have gone to the right. We want you to find him and bring him back. Now ride "hell-to-split" after him and be sure you get him.'

"On receiving these orders I immediately started my horse off on a gallop, going nearly directly south of the position, but in a direction pointed out by the Sergeant when he gave his orders. Singular to say I passed few troops, and in less than two minutes found myself in a field apparently unploughed and bordered with young sapplings and shrubbery, and with quite a heavy woods in the background. Looking around to see if I could discover any trace of mounted men, I was surprised to find myself in close proximity to a butternut-clothed soldier who was so attentive to his business as not to notice me, although I was within thirty feet of him. I saw that he apparently was the extreme left skirmisher of a company deployed by our foes, and I felt as though I would certainly soon be held up or shot. As I was on a dead 'lope' and continued on my course I passed numerous 'Graybacks' and butternut-clothed men, some of whom were escorting to the rear a number of our troops who had been made prisoners. They seemed full of enthusiasm and excitement, and possibly it was good for me that they were, for they didn't take any notice of me, which I have always accounted for by the fact that I wore a gray felt hat. I soon reached the woods and found them full of soldiers, and gradually made a circle and came out of the woods in a short time without a word being said to me by anyone.

"The course I took brought me out at nearly the exact point I had entered, and as I saw the enemy's skirmishers were deployed, made a detour more to the left and came out apparently on their extreme left of the regimental line, where I found a big butternut soldier, with his gun held by both hands, so intently interested in watching in front that I rode up within three or four feet of him where

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I could reach over and let him feel the muzzle of my Colt's revolver on his cheek. He was taken completely by surprise, handed me his gun and exclaimed 'My God! are we surrounded?' I told him to run straight, which he did. The skirmisher next to him on the right, discovering something was wrong, banged away at me but did not hit me; but the report of the gun and the whirl of the bullet were so decided and came so near that the prisoner thought I must have shot at him, for he turned around and said: 'For God's sake! don't shoot me in cold blood.' I told him to 'run for your life as fast as you can or you will be shot,' and being a very lusty personage as well as a long-legged, strapping big fellow, he made such good time that my horse was on a pretty fast lope to keep up with him.

"In a short time I came across several of our army ambulances with Surgeons attending to the wounded and dying, and I was very glad to find that I was inside of our lines again. Knowing the direction of headquarters I escorted my prisoner to where our company was in line of battle, awaiting orders, and turned him over to the Provost Marshal, who was at headquarters. The prisoner turned out to be one of the Sixth Arkansas Confederate regiment, and I was told he gave valuable information to our officers which, accompanied with my report of the break in the lines where I rode through, led to the gap being filled up by some of the troops.

"I camped with the boys that night near headquarters. In the morning when I awoke I found that some discriminating judge of horseflesh had substituted a very thin and skinny bay horse for my exceptionally good cavalry mount. . . . The thing called a horse that had been exchanged for mine was a very weak animal, and I resolved to try and get another one. There was only one way to do it and that was to get immediately to the fighting front and watch my chances. I followed up the line of heavy firing and soon found myself among a thin line of our men who apparently had been suffering from a heavy fire, for many men were being carried to the rear. The artillery fire as well as the musketry was very regular, and the damage it inflicted must have been great. I found, a short time after I reached there, that the Confederate fire had apparently been suspended for there was a lull in the noise and the 'music' that generally accompanies the bullet, the shell and the cannon ball. I was obliged to dismount, for my horse stumbled, and when I dismounted I found that he had been wounded in the leg and he limped very badly. Our troops were being re-formed, and I led my horse to the extreme left of one of our regiments, when a heavy yell in front told us that the Confederate signal had been given and a charge was being made. Our boys delivered a very withering fire, apparently, for the Confederates retreated, but again re-formed and charged in a heavier body. Our boys had to give way and retreated to a slightly higher position on the field and made a temporary stand. Evidently the Confederates had been reinforced, for they came on in a much heavier body. It was here that a streak of luck enabled me to get another mount. A Confederate officer, who had been acting very gallantly and was very conspicuous, mounted on a dappled gray horse, was shot, and as he was leading his men at the time, his horse galloped right into our lines and came close to me. I sprang forward and after a slight tussle led him to where I had left my horse, and retreating to what I considered a fairly safe place I changed saddles in quick order. I had mounted my 'find' when I was addressed by an officer who, with the aid of a private of infantry, was assisting a wounded Major who asked me if I would

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'carry the officer off the field.' I said, 'yes,' but as I had the lame horse saddled, they placed the officer on it and he rode away into the woods, being led by the private soldier. The officer who had assisted the wounded one returned apparently to his command. I stood there bewildered, not knowing which way to go, when I found that our troops were flying from the field in a panic, and were seeking the shelter of the woods. It was here that I saw one of our regiment who endeavored to rally a number of the fleeing troops actually gather some 200 of them in such a way as to have some order in them for a time, and they delivered several volleys. He seized the colors of one of the regiments and rode up and down in front of them. I always thought it was one of the best things I saw any of our Regiment do. In the excitement among the panic-stricken soldiers they must have seen that it would be useless with the great number of soldiers before them to do anything practical unless they were protected by the woods, which were several hundred feet back of their position. I recollect seeing the soldier giving some orders and acting as if he were an officer, but he had given the flag back to the color bearer or made someone act as color bearer. What position this party of soldiers got in the woods I do not know, for when I reached the woods I found one of the most gallant little soldiers that ever straddled a horse riding up and down in front of the woods on a gray animal, very conspicuously, giving orders to men who were behind the first line of trees, and who belonged, I found out later, to Wilder's Hatchet Brigade. I saw the officer and rode up to him, greeted him in a most cordial way, for I recognized in him a schoolmate, George B. Thatcher, and his regiment was the Ninety-eighth Illinois. He informed me that he was 'an Adjutant of Wilder's regiment.' I told him that I belonged to Rosecrans headquarters and asked him in what direction it was. He told me that Rosecrans and all his headquarters had gone to Chattanooga. While we were talking the rebels made another charge, but the Hatchet Brigade had Spencer rifles and all the efforts of the Confederates on the first charge were futile. I turned my horse in the direction of what I supposed to be Chattanooga, but found that I had gone to the right in such a way that in a short time I was at Thomas's headquarters. As I had taken many a dispatch to 'Old Slow Trot' I was not 'backward in riding forward' and reporting personally to him what had occurred.

"Asking his permission to stay with his troops I was told curtly that my 'duty was at my headquarters.' By inquiry I soon found the road that led to Chattanooga, and late in the afternoon found our company encamped a short distance from where Rosecrans had made his Chattanooga headquarters. I greeted my messmates with a spirit of thankfulness, for they had built a fire and had plenty of hot water to make coffee, which, with hard-tack, was most acceptable."

An orderly of General Rosecrans, John M. Davis of Co. B, had quite an experience, which he relates.

"During the hottest part of the fight on Saturday afternoon I was sent with a dispatch to a staff officer on the firing line. Galloping to the indicated point I found myself within the rebel lines, a Confederate charge having just been made, in fact, it was at that moment in progress. Our forces in front of Widow Glenn's house were making a countercharge, and in less time than it takes to tell it some 200 or 300 Confederates found themselves enveloped by our advancing lines on our right and left. For a moment I was at a loss to know whether I was cap-

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tured or whether the Confederates were captured. I quickly solved the uncertainty by spurring my horse and galloping into their midst and yelling, at the top of my voice, 'Surrender, you devils! surrender!' It was a most ridiculous thing to do, perhaps, in the roar and smoke of battle, with charge and countercharge going on all around, but there was nothing else to do. I saw our lines rushing forward on our right and left and knew the Confederates were virtually captured. To my great surprise and immense relief the Confederates dropped their arms, even the officers, some of them at least. Taking courage from my brilliant achievement, I shouted, 'Fall in line!' and to my surprise the entire 200 or 300 men and officers quickly formed and started after me.

"Under the excitement of the moment I kept my horse moving at a good pace. Before going far the Confederates called out to me; 'Say, Yank, can't you go slower? We can't walk so fast.' Realizing the fact I immediately slowed up, and taking advantage of the opportunity, and enjoying for the moment my self-importance, I looked back over the line of men. I remember to this day the stamp of American nobility on their blanched faces. They were as anxious to get to where I was taking them (General Rosecrans' headquarters) as I was to get them there, as the rain of Confederate bullets kept whistling around us. After some little time I reached headquarters, and Colonel Palmer immediately came out and looked at the line of men, who were glad to halt.

"'Take them to Colonel Pinkerton.' said Colonel Palmer, and there they were taken.

"I distinctly recall a scene on Sunday afternoon which occurred during the rout of our infantry, artillery, ammunition and supply wagons, and everything else. All went tearing pell-mell through fields, woods, underbrush and fences on their way to Chattanooga. General McCook had gathered a score or more of officers together after having in vain tried to stem the tide of retreat. He had found a citizen, and I heard the General say to him, with his revolver almost under the man's nose: 'If you guide us into the rebel lines I will blow your head off.' The General used some additional adjectives. Confederates seemed to be all around us, but the citizen piloted us out safely, and toward evening we reached Chattanooga, hearing all the time the thunder of 'Pap' Thomas' infantry that stood like a stone wall on our left checking the advance of Hood† and Longstreet.

"Some months afterward my duties took me to the battlefield of Chickamauga. As far as my eye could reach I could see lines of graves with here and there heads and feet sticking out. They had been uncovered by the rains. I traced with my eye a white zigzag line on the ground running through the woods and fields. I examined it. It was made up of bits of chewed-off paper of the ends of cartridges which General Thomas' soldiers threw at their feet as they stood there that hot September afternoon, hour after hour, grimly meeting the onslaughts of Hood and dying there by hundreds, to remain unburied for months."

Corp. Smith D. Cozens of Co. L describes their part in the battle.

"It was the night of September 19, 1863. The first day of that awful conflict at Chickamauga or 'Dead Man's River' had passed into history, a bloody page. The contending armies, mutually exhausted, sank down among the dead in those

†See OPPOSING GENERALS

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dark forests to snatch a few hours' rest ere the sun should light them again to the murderous work of battle.

"Company L, under command of Lieut. Annesley N. Morton, had moved out in the morning from Crawfish Spring with the headquarters' train, and since 3 P.M. had been 'standing to horse' toward the extreme left, a little east of the Rossville road. We could hear the crash and roar of the battle, the yell of the charge and the cheer of the repulse, but we could see nothing of the troops except the stragglers or the wounded soldiers seeking a Surgeon. The ambulances rolled by constantly, filled with their freight of human suffering. Toward evening Minty's splendid brigade of horsemen trotted past, in the direction of Rossville, to meet the enemy's cavalry in our rear.

"Now that night had fallen and the fight had died away, the result of the battle being doubtful, we began to grow exceedingly restive. Only those who have experienced the feeling can know the misery of inactivity on the field of battle. Our Commander rode uneasily up and down in front of us. He evidently shared our anxiety, and at the sound of rapid hoofs coming down the road mounted the command in a twinkling. It was a courier bringing orders for us to make all haste to Chattanooga. The Lieutenant had the command off in a flash, and a wild and breathless ride ensued. The road was inches deep with dust, and a trooper could hardly see the man before him. Occasionally, a little breeze wafted the dust clouds away, showing a hazy moon and along on our left the low, dark outline of Missionary Ridge, overshadowed by the lofty range of Lookout. We overtook thousands of stragglers, many of them wounded, and picked our way through miles of wagons, falling back on Chattanooga. We passed Gen. Gordon Granger's and Gen. J. B. Steadman's troops resting on their arms and ready to move into the fight the next morning. We reached Chattanooga about midnight, utterly worn out, for we had been unusually active on the courier line, and for four days had not unsaddled. Men and beasts threw themselves on the ground at the railroad depot and slept.

"Sunday morning found us up at daybreak. We breakfasted on the remains of our rations, issued three days before, and then drew rations for the next two days. A very scant supply it was, too. That memorable starving time which is so well known to those who served in the Army of the Cumberland had commenced.

"For the horses' feed we were compelled to cross the pontoons to the other side of the Tennessee River, and rummage some miles through a well-gleaned country before we could find a little fodder for them.

"Returning to town Lieutenant Morton received orders to take the company up on Lookout Mountain, scout the approaches to the summit from the other side and guard the signal station, the flag of which we could plainly see fluttering to and fro in the air. It was highly important to retain such a splendid position as long as possible, in view of the occupation of Chattanooga by our forces and the consequent advance of Bragg's army. We had a mile or so to go from where we started to reach the road that led up the mountain, and as we rode quietly along the foot of it, our little guidon, fluttering in the breeze and borne by that gallant soldier, Sergeant Vandling, Company L, never looked better. We numbered about thirty-four men, all well armed and equipped, though tired by the hard service of the past few weeks. All were in good condition except my old friend Charlie Bowyer, who was a sick man and ought not to have been with us.



FIRST LT. JOHN F. CONAWAY



FIRST LT. CHAS. S. HINCHMAN



FIRST LT. CHAS. H. KIRK



CAPT. H. K. WEAND



CORP. SMITH D. COZENS

HISTORICAL COMMITTEE

Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, 1861-1865



General William J. Palmer Plaque



General William J. Palmer

PLATE 4

Major-General George Stoneman, U.S.A. Handing Message to Orderly



BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA

"Shall I mention a few of the boys as they fall under my eye as we go along? There was Jimmy Gay, Jack Strebbig, Dan Scull, Horatio Oliver, Neddy Pohl, Jack Williams, Sam Jamison, Warren Supplee, Davy Holmes, Al. Rihl, Bert Price, Ike White, Harry Myers, Ned Engle, Joe Bontemps, Al. Hopkins, Bobby Hall, Geo. Shields, Joe Overholt. They were a goodly company.

"We reached the road up the mountain about noon, dismounted, and leading our well-worn animals with our arms through the bridles, commenced the ascent. Oh, that weary, panting exhausting ascent of Lookout Mountain!—leading, almost dragging our weak-legged horses, and sinking down in our tracks every ten minutes to rest and gasp for breath. Not the magnificent view that stretched far away below us, not the significant boom of artillery that occasionally came up, nor the portentous clouds of dust that hovered over Missionary Ridge, clearly indicating the approach of the enemy, could rouse our senses from the lethargy of fatigue. Mechanically we toiled onward and upward for several hours, and when, near the close of the afternoon, we dragged ourselves and our played-out horses to the upper level of the mountain, the entire party sank, gasping and quivering, upon the rocks.

"After resting some time we recovered sufficiently to reach the village of Summertown, at the highest peak of the mountain. This was a handsome little place, a noted resort of the chivalry, and contained an immense hotel, in which we unceremoniously bestowed ourselves. Evidences of hasty evacuation were visible on all sides, but we found scattered through the big rooms almost every comfort commonly kept in hotels. There were pianos, sofas, chairs, bedsteads, beds, statuettes, books, crockery ware and cooking utensils in abundance, but not a morsel of anything to eat. The village was utterly deserted save by two women and some children, who peered from the windows in great alarm, but finding that no attempt was made to molest them or to appropriate their little store of cornmeal, they soon became friendly and communicative. The signal officer with his corps of three men was stationed on a projecting rock, now familiarly known as Table Rock, a little distance above the hotel, and the position afforded a visual sweep that seemed to take in the whole South.

"It had now grown dark, but there was no rest for the weary cavalymen, for the roads were to be picketed and forage must be found. Leaving a small guard at the station, off we started down the ridge. How longingly we looked back at the comfortable hotel, with its cheery fire and beds enough for the whole party, while we groped our way in pitchy darkness until we came to the forks of the road, about seven miles from the station! For the rest of the night we picketed the roads leading up from east to south. . . . Poor Charlie Bowyer was so sick that night that he could not ride. He had a raging fever, and the Lieutenant was compelled to leave him at a house near the reserve post. Nobody was at home but a woman and child, and they promised to take care of him. But the enemy found him, and took him over to Missionary Ridge, and he eventually found himself in Libby Prison.

"(The next morning) we took up the march back to Summertown, which we reached before noon. Something to eat for ourselves and horses was now the question. We cut up all the beds in the hotel, which were made of corn husks, and fed them to the horses. In searching around we found a potato field which

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seemed to have been hastily dug up, and after spending some time grubbing and digging, we got enough 'murphies' to furnish a couple of meals for the whole company.

"Going to the cliffs we found the army had fallen back during the night, and was now occupying the hastily built works around Chattanooga. It was probable, therefore, that the rebel cavalry was already swarming around the mountain, cutting off our escape. Starvation or captivity stared us in the face, but we looked upon them with the stolidity of veterans. We thrummed the pianos and lounged on the sofas and beds, trusting to heaven and Rosecrans for deliverance. Night closed the scene, pickets were put out and the reserve kept at the house, and the balance of the party went to sleep in and around the hotel.

"Tuesday, the 22d, dawned on us bright and clear, and the boys were at the cliffs as soon as they could see. It was our good fortune to witness scenes which as viewed by us have probably had no parallel in this war, and which rendered us for a time oblivious to danger and physical privation. From the overhanging cliffs we beheld the country mapped out beneath us for fifty miles around. As far as the eye could separate them appeared an agreeable diversity of wooded ridge and open plain, bathed in the sunlight, rich in the blended variety of early autumn tints, through which from east to west the Tennessee River, like a thread of silver, wound its crooked way. In the dim distance on every side the hills and mountain spurs rolled away in purple billows to the horizon. Far off in the southeast the air still looked heavy with the smoke and dust of battle. Directly under our feet, as it appeared, lay Chattanooga, encircled by yellow lines of earthworks which extended unbroken from the mountain to the river, and an inner circle of dark blue was still more apparent, from which the bayonets and regimental colors gleamed in the sunlight.

"In the rear of the line the plain and town was dotted with innumerable 'dog tents' looking at that distance like a cluster of snowballs. Over the river were vast parks of wagons covering many acres, but at our height apparently spread over a few square yards. Still through the town and over the thread-like pontoons crawled long lines of diminutive white wagons. Jack Williams said they looked like 'Queen Mab's chariots;' Joe Bontemps said they looked like 'toys.' That was an absorbed group that watched these scenes from Lookout Mountain. The signal officer kept his eye glued to his glass, which was trained upon the approaches to Chattanooga, for he evidently expected the appearance of the rebels. Every eye around him was on the watch, every tongue silent. Soon the atmosphere beyond the Mission Ridge grew hazy, and small clouds of dust rose slowly in the air.

"The excitement of our party at this moment was intense; the stillness was so profound that the music of a band in Chattanooga was distinctly heard. Suddenly the signal officer slapped his knee and exclaimed quietly, 'They are coming!' At the same time he gave some orders to his flagmen, who, screened by a thicket from the enemy's observation, waved their colors vigorously; and sure enough, when a puff of wind lifted the hazy veil, in the distance there appeared small squads of horsemen, advancing cautiously, on the Rossville and Dry Valley roads, while behind them other distinct clouds arose, from which larger bodies of cavalry emerged.

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"Simultaneously, on another road farther south, leading over the ridges beneath us, we were able to distinguish the flags of other parties and the color of their horses. In a moment more little puffs of white smoke floating up from the roads and the trees, followed by the faint rattle of carbines, told that the pickets of the two armies had met again, and while we gazed, long, gray columns of infantry and strings of artillery appeared upon the roads, barely distinguishable from the clouds of dust which they created. One gun was seen to move into an open field between the two main columns of the enemy, and immediately thereafter a crash of a Napoleon gun.* Instantly our guns replied, and for a little while there was a beautiful artillery skirmish, every shot being plainly visible to us. The rebel gun was the first to be silent, and we saw it withdrawn.

"All this while and for the balance of the day the rebel columns continued to crawl over the hills, like a swarm of insects, settling down into the fields or disappearing in the woods. As their lines extended and developed ours, the skirmishing became sharper and heavier, rising at times into the genuine roar of battle. We fully expected to see a grand assault upon our works. If Bragg had any such notion at 5 o'clock, at which time the skirmishing was heaviest, his purpose was changed before nightfall.

"Our whole thought and attention had been turned to this scene most of the day, but toward the close of the afternoon an incident occurred that occasioned us no little anxiety—our pickets discovered someone coming up the mountain road by which we had come. We lay on our stomachs on the cliffs, out of sight, our horses bridled and saddled, tied to the trees behind us, ready to be mounted in an instant. All hands watched the road, and far down beneath us we saw a soldier, evidently leading his horse, coming up toward us. As yet he was a long distance from the top, but speculation and anxiety were rife among us, and the impression was that it was a rebel straggler of the advance of the rebel cavalry, which we expected every moment to appear in sight. But no! He came alone. Up he climbed over that weary road, and when he was pretty well up the conclusion was reached that it was one of our own command. For a little while we lost sight of him, around a spur of the mountain, but at last he trotted in among us showing the gay jacket of the Anderson cavalry.

"It was my old friend Howard Buzby, of Company E, with a dispatch from Colonel Palmer to Lieutenant Morton, which Buzby delivered, with the compliments of the Colonel. Buzby said: 'The Colonel always sent his compliments even when sending an order to reduce an officer.' The Lieutenant read the dispatch and then communicated it to the boys. It was as follows:

'To LIEUTENANT MORTON, Commanding Company L,

'Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, on Lookout Mountain:

'The mountain will soon be occupied by the enemy, and either go down into Wills Valley or down a road leading into Chattanooga, always providing they are not occupied by the enemy.

'Trusting to your good judgment in the matter and your now being made aware of the close proximity of the enemy, you will move with alacrity.

'By order

'William J. Palmer,
'Colonel.'

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"Eager questions on all sides brought out that Buzby could give us no information as to any other road down into Chattanooga except the one he came by, and he had to run the gauntlet of the rebels in coming upon that.

"It was now night, and the mighty shadow of Lookout crept over the two armies. The fight dwindled away to a straggling picket fire, and here and there along both lines the bright twinkle of bivouac fires appeared emerging with the stars, and apparently in similar numbers. Two parallel semicircles of blinking light, broken in spots by intervening woods, marked the opposing armies. As we reclined on the rocks, looking out upon this grand historic scene, listening to the rifle cracks, and between them to the confused murmur of the camps, the music of the bands and the occasional cheer of some enthusiastic regiment, the order 'fall in, men!' came from Orderly Sergeant John Shellmire, calling us back to duty and another night's service down the ridge of the mountain. Everything was packed up and all hands went, and we knew that 'something would be doing' before long.

"We stood guard all night on the different trails and roads, and before daylight we were quietly called in, and Lieutenant Morton explained to the men that he was going to try and get down into Wills Valley, on the western side. We mounted, and traveling along that side finally struck a trail going down the mountain. We started down, and had not gone very far before we came to a clear place which commanded a good view of the valley below. It was broad daylight, and we could see from the roads in the valley clouds of dust, indicating to us that a large body of cavalry was moving in that direction. We turned in our tracks and traveled up the mountain to the level again. The fatigues and privations we had undergone produced a feeling of indifference as to our fate, and as we returned slowly and despairingly to Summertown, every mind was made up to submit with stolid grace to apparently inevitable capture.

"It was yet early morning when we got back to the point, and we dismounted and most of us sought the cliffs again. Looking over the rocks we saw that the blue and the gray armies still confronted each other. It was not very clear and the clouds floated below us, somewhat cutting off the view, but both armies had, as if by mutual consent, ceased for a while to shoot pickets. As the clouds broke away and lifted we could see the lines with the Union colors and the steel bayonets gleaming out proudly along the yellow works, and bands of music filled the air with defiant notes. We were ready for Bragg's assault, but Bragg was settling down into his memorable siege, confident of receiving in due time the surrender of an emaciated and starving army. Things looked pretty well for the Confederacy in this quarter, and some feared that our successes at Vicksburg and Gettysburg were about to be balanced. As we looked over the scene, my friend Buzby said, 'It is the greatest panorama ever seen by mortal man.'

"It now became necessary to look more closely to our own safety. The rebels swarmed about the eastern base of the mountain; their outposts were no doubt well up on the side of it, and on the only road we knew of that would take us down. It was not probable that they would permit that day to pass without feeling their way to our retreat. Our provisions were absolutely gone and horses and men were ravenous. To attempt to cut our way through, even if our horses had been in condition, would have been folly.

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"As we turned away from the cliffs, at the Sergeant's call, we found the Lieutenant and some of the boys talking to a stranger. He was apparently a rebel, for he had on a butternut suit. We found him to be a young man who lived back on the ridge of the mountain. He was fresh from the rebel lines, which he reported in close proximity. The scout, for he was a Federal scout, volunteered to conduct us down by a route known only to himself. The path, if such it might be called, led down and over the extreme point close to Chattanooga, but about equidistant from both armies. The young man said it was an extremely hazardous undertaking, especially with our horses, and loaded down as we were with carbine and saber.

"A council of war was held and the situation was thoroughly canvassed. At first it was proposed to abandon our horses where they stood, but this proposition did not meet with much favor, and we resolved to stick to them and risk it. Our guide intimated to us that if he was captured his fate would be the nearest tree. We soon fixed that. He hid away in the rocks his butternut jeans, and from the contents of our saddlebags we added another man to the Anderson Cavalry. The signal officer and his men had gone by this time, where we never knew. All things being ready; girths tightened, carbines and pistols carefully loaded and capped, with the carbines slung over our shoulders; we followed the guide down the road by which we had ascended, pulling our skeleton beasts with us.

"The gloomy and silent woods below were thoroughly scanned as we proceeded, lest a lurking ambush should start up around us. Our footsteps in the dust sounded painfully loud, and the occasional stumbling of a horse or the bouncing of a loosened stone down the declivity started the echoes like a rebel yell. After traveling thus for half an hour or so, we stopped at a sudden sign from the scout, who went down the road some distance and laid himself flat on the roadside, with his ear to the ground. We all fully understood this to mean that the enemy was but a little way below and that it was not safe to go any farther. We now followed the scout away from the road and then turned directly northward along the steep mountain side, climbing over boulders, rocks and fallen timber, wading knee deep through fallen leaves and twigs, scrambling through the bushes and thorn trees for hours.

"It was with incredible difficulty that our miserable beasts were dragged and cuffed along. There was no sign of a path save to the practiced eye of the guide, who seemed to be familiar with every rock and tree, but we were surely getting down. We now heard the renewed picket skirmish fire, which seemed but a little way below us, and as it grew louder and louder it seemed to be right across our path. We still kept along the side of the mountain, and evidently the rebels were hurrying up from all sides. Down and down we climbed, and it seemed that in a short time we would be at the foot, and as the skirmish grew louder and nearer we expected at any moment it might burst in view.

"Suddenly the loud 'halt' of a picket echoed and re-echoed, and then reins were dropped and carbines clutched, but only for an instant, for below us, not twenty yards away, a tall, blue-coated soldier stepped from behind a tree. We were now close to the edge of the woods, and we learned from the picket that a portion of General Sheridan's Division had been thrown out to the point of the mountain to hold the road for us and give us a chance to escape. The situation was still critical. We could see the infantrymen here and there through the woods, and the

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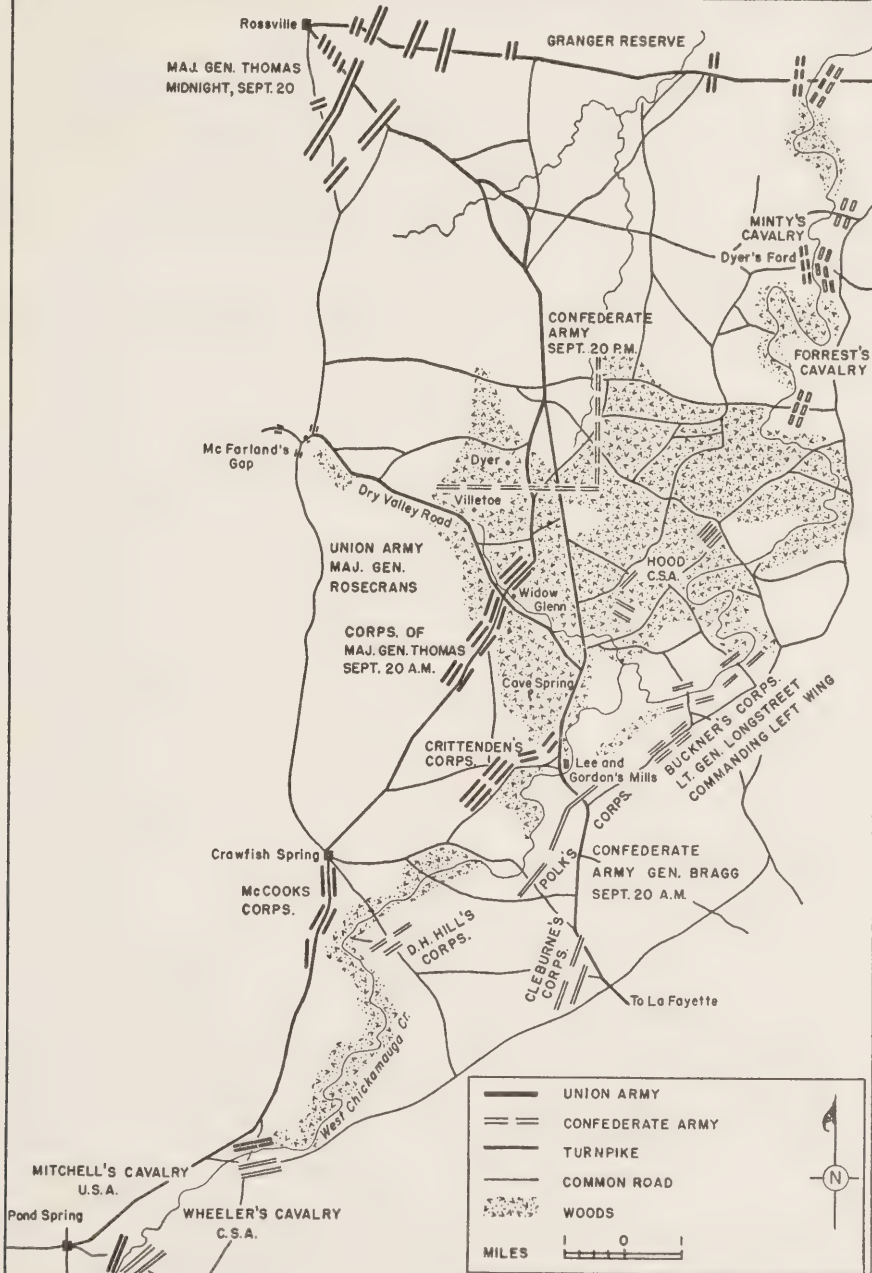
skirmishing was becoming sharper and sharper every moment. The bullets cut the leaves and twigs around us, and several of the men narrowly escaped. The whole rebel army was in line of battle, and the earthworks around the town were bristling with bayonets. It was a thousand yards to reach the Union lines, and it must be made in the open, in clear view of the whole left wing of the rebel army. Our little company and the small body of Sheridan's men were the only Union soldiers outside of the entrenchments.

"Lieutenant Morton mounted his horse and rode to the head of the company, and gave the command: 'Prepare to mount! Mount! By twos, march!' Sergeant Vandling unfurled the little guidon and we rode slowly out of the woods, in full view of both armies. It was an anxious moment, the skirmishing was still heavy behind and on the right of us, and the bullets whistled around pretty lively. 'Trot!' was the command, and in a little while we were sliding down the steep path to Chattanooga Creek, which we crossed under the railroad bridge and up on the other side, and in a few moments rode in behind the breastworks, cheered to the echo by the boys who faced the enemy there.

"The next morning as the sun arose it revealed the rebel flag floating from the top of Lookout Mountain, upon the spot from which we had so long and anxiously looked down upon our comrades."

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PLATE NO. VII Battle of Chickamauga



Besieged By Bragg

September 1863

The Army of the Cumberland, having dug desperately during the day and night of the 21st, were now safely entrenched behind earthworks in Chattanooga but they were soon almost entirely surrounded by Bragg's army.

General Sheridan in his "Personal Memoirs" describes the difficult situation in which Rosecrans found himself.

"By 9 o'clock on the morning of September 22 my command took up a position within the heavy line of intrenchments at Chattanooga, the greater part of which defenses had been thrown up since the army commenced arriving there the day before. The enemy, having now somewhat recovered from the shock of the recent battle, followed carefully, and soon invested us close into our lines with a parallel system of rifle-pits. He also began at once to erect permanent lines of earthworks on Missionary Ridge and to establish himself strongly on Lookout Mountain. He then sent Wheeler's cavalry north of the Tennessee, and, aided greatly by the configuration of the ground, held us in a state of partial siege, which serious rains might convert into a complete investment. The occupation of Lookout Mountain broke our direct communication with Bridgeport, our sub-depot (only 26 miles by rail), and forced us to bring supplies by way of the Sequatchie Valley and Waldron's Ridge of the Cumberland Mountains, over a road most difficult even in the summer season, but now liable to be rendered impassable by autumn rains. The distance to Bridgeport by this circuitous route was 60 miles, and the numerous passes, coves, and small valleys through which the road ran offered tempting opportunities for the destruction of trains, and the enemy was not slow to take advantage of them. Indeed, the situation was not promising, and General Rosecrans himself, in communicating with the President the day succeeding the battle of Chickamauga expressed doubts of his ability to hold the gateway of the Cumberland Mountains."

Ball with his captured horse reached Chattanooga at noon on the 21st and joined his regiment, which was encamped across the river. His diary continues:

Tuesday, 22. Crossed the river on the government horse boat and was put on orderly duty at the Telegraph office. All kinds of reports about reinforcements from Burnside and Grant. They are hourly expected. Some fighting is going on today. Our men have manned all the fortifications. I am very anxious as to the result, the rebels so outnumber us. The wagons are continually crossing. This is certainly a critical time with our army.

Wednesday, 23. Relieved from orderly this morning. The escort is staying right in town near head quarters. Capt. Garner had his horse shot Sunday and Lieut. Field was touched with a shell. Went the rounds of the fortifications which are just outside the town with a detail to find out the position of the different

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Corps and divisions. Went out to the regiment tonight and saw Bill. Lieut. Morton came in this afternoon. He has been on Lookout Mt. taking observations and reports having heard heavy firing far to the south. He came near being cut off by the Rebs. Gen. Rosecrans has Bragg's report of the late battle. The report says it was a stubborn fight and he drove back the yankees taking 2,500 prisoners but losing heavily in officers, having four generals killed and the enemy still confront him. Not a very encouraging report.

Thursday, 24. Last night at 10 P.M. a detail of men went with the General to the fortifications. He dismounted and inspected the works, walking along the works from the centre to the left. I heard him tell Gen. Van Cleve that every man who should run when attacked was to be shot; that the rebel column advancing through the entanglements can certainly be annihilated. Got back to town at 2 A.M. The infantry was busy all night strengthening the works which are quite strong. They feel confident of success should an attack be made. Saw Gen. Thomas shelling a wagon train yesterday, trying the Jane's shell.

October 1863

Letter from Ball to his mother, dated October 4th.

Dear Mother,

I believe it is about your turn to receive a letter from me. I am now writing in Bill's tent. He is down with not a very severe attack of chills and fever. He is better this afternoon. He is taking advantage of the Colonel's absence and is lying on the Colonel's bed.

All the wagons belonging to our regiment have been captured.* Two days ago they all went out to the Sequatchie Valley for forage for the horses. Co. G. was along as guards, when they were attacked by a large body of rebel cavalry. A large supply train of several hundred wagons on their way here from Stevenson, heavily loaded with forage and provisions, was also near our wagons. These wagons, from what we can learn were all burned, and as they could not get the mules along they were all shot, making an immense loss to us especially at this time when food is scarce. So far pretty much all our men have come in safe. Some of them hid in the mountains and witnessed the destruction of the wagons. A good many sutlers were along who lost everything, the Rebs having a grand time over their wagons.

The regiment immediately went out with three days rations. Col. Wilder with his mounted infantry is also after them and has had a fight, killing and wounding 120 and taking some prisoners, among them a colonel and some majors. Our forces are still in hot pursuit and will not let the scoundrels off very easy.

Our horses are most starved; we give them now four quarts of corn a day, but for some time have been giving but ten ears of corn daily. They have taken now to eating off each others tails, giving them a ludicrous appearance. My horse's tail so far has remained intact. She is a fine animal, and her neck is almost well.

Three days ago I received three letters from home, two from Sis and one from Jule. . . . The mails come in very irregularly. Nothing will be regular until the railroad communication is opened with Bridgeport.

Gen. Hooker, I hear, is at Stevenson with a considerable force, also reported that Richmond is evacuated. There is but little doubt that in Georgia will soon be the great final struggle of the disappointed Rebs. We are ready for them here.

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Everything is very quiet here. At this point are two pontoons and another is building. We have no wood for fires. Eating so much fried stuff my stomach has been out of order for about three weeks, troubled much with wind. Rations are so scarce now that Will, himself, has to beg for a cracker or two for his own eating.

Last Wednesday and Thursday it rained hard all day and night, and we got pretty wet, a regular creek ran through our tent or rather covering. Friday was clear and it has been beautiful weather since. The nights are cold, today is very windy and cool.

I have a very bad bile on my instep and had to cut my boot and finally put on an old shoe I picked up; it is now almost well. Ned Patteson arrived here last Sunday and is now messing with me. His return was entirely a surprise, but he already regrets coming, says he is a fool etc. On Sunday the 27th ult. I accompanied as part of the escort, a flag of truce to the enemy. In about ten minutes after leaving the fortifications we arrived at the rebel pickets and halted, when an officer came up to our party and the three officers with us went down some distance in their lines, we remaining at the rebel lines. We were allowed no communication whatever. We remained lying there all day in the hot sun holding our horses. Finally the officers returned and we came back to town with the white flag flying until we were inside our own pickets when down they came. The pickets are only about 600 or 700 feet apart and protect themselves with fence rails. The object of the flag was to obtain permission to send ambulances for our wounded in their hands, which was granted and Monday morning a long line of ambulances went inside the rebel lines to the vicinity of the battlefield of Chickamauga. All of our own drivers were dismounted, however, and the rebels did the driving. The wounded who came back say they drove across the battlefield and that the dead are still unburied. The hills opposite our works are covered with fires, at night, showing a large force in our front. The rebels attempted to shell us from Lookout Mt. but the shell would not quite reach the town.

It is high time I was returning to camp and must close. This has seemed more like Sunday than for a long time. Was at church this morning, three women present, the rest soldiers. Will's clothes fit him well.

The Asst. Sec. of War† has been with Rosecrans for some time, he was at the battle. Gen. Morton, Chief Engineer, was shot in the finger during the battle at the side of Rosie.

I certainly expect a letter in return for this by the next mail, and shall be much disappointed if it does not come. Love to all.

Your affectionate son,

Baldwin.

A few days after the capture and burning of the wagons in Sequatchie Valley Colonel Palmer moved his regiment into the valley to gather up what they could in the way of forage for their horses and rations for the men he had left on escort and orderly duty in Chattanooga.

Sequatchie Valley was about seventy miles long and lay between the Cumberland Mountains and Waldron Ridge. The upper end where the two came to-

†Charles A. Dana

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gether was poor, but lower down the land was rich and the valley wide, and neither army had foraged it until the Anderson troop arrived. Where they first entered it the distance from Chattanooga was not over thirty-five miles, but Waldron Ridge had to be climbed and that was as high and difficult to get over as were the Cumberland Mountains. When the bad weather set in, the old roads were soon made impassable and new ones had to be found, so that soon it was a trip of sixty miles from where they were camped to Chattanooga.

The troop entered the valley and halted at Sam Robinson's plantation where the men got their breakfast and fed the horses. "Feed each horse only seven ears of corn" was the order issued, lest over-feeding should founder them. But the corn field was right alongside where they were camped, and the hungry looks of the dumb brutes, after they had eaten their seven ears, cobs and all, induced nearly everyone to keep on feeding until each horse had enough. The record was made by "Imhoff", an old troop horse belonging to Capt. Clark, who ate forty-five large ears, half of them cobs and all!

The principal town in the lower valley was Dunlap. It wasn't much of a town and was greatly in need of repairs and paint, "but pride of home cropped out here, just as it does in ancestral mansions, for when one of our men spoke slightly of it to an old citizen, he replied, 'Weel, I've seen it preety lively. I've seen seven dead men lying around the polls on election day!'"*

The Regiment was worked hard. A very large territory was covered by the pickets, so each man had to serve as picket every third day. They gathered up cattle for the army in Chattanooga, and impressed ox teams to do the hauling, but this was only for a few days, as regular army teams were soon assigned them. They had to send to Bridgeport, Alabama, for rations, and that was a four-day trip. Every few days several wagons of corn were sent over to Chattanooga to the escort companies at headquarters.

In a little over a month they had exhausted all the corn in their vicinity, so they were moved to Cedar Grove, about four miles above Pikeville and camped near Jim Worthington's plantation. Here the picket work was not so heavy, but hauling rations from Bridgeport and corn to Chattanooga still continued and that work was greater than ever. "The Bridgeport depot ran short of salt once and we had none for a week. This was the greatest hardship that ever came to us. Those who have never experienced being without salt cannot realize the craving when deprived of it. It is a necessity, and had it been possible for either the North or the South to destroy the stock of it which the other had, the clamor for the war to cease would have been so great that forty-eight hours would have brought it to a close."*

Chattanooga, Tenn. Oct. 10th, 1863

Dear Father,

I have been looking for a letter from you for some time, and am expecting one daily.

Considering the close proximity of the enemy, everything is comparatively quiet here. Yesterday there was some little firing. Last Monday the rebels shelled or attempted to shell the town from Lookout Mt. which is about three miles dis-

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tant. The Rebels from there can look right down on us and easily see every movement. They could be seen with the naked eye on Monday firing their pieces; our guns replied at intervals, and it is said dismounted some of their guns. Their shell would scarcely reach the town. If they did it would make it a hot place for us.

Last Sunday evening I started out one of a detail of 10 men to report to Capt. Stewart of the Pioneer brigade who was on the north side of the river about 5



miles from here. It coming on dark we could not find him, so we built a big rail fire and laid down on the ground. In the morning we soon found him, and started out. He was to examine an old road over the mountains to see if it could be made practicable for wagons. At all steep hills we had to dismount and lead our horses. We came across some of the grandest scenery I ever beheld. Precipices, two or three hundred feet, a perpendicular height of solid rock and at the bottom hundreds of immense rocks lay about in the greatest confusion. We passed several caves, and many very large singular shaped

rocks. One was a boulder such as I have read of in geology, shaped like this. I was very particular to notice it. Altogether it was about 25 ft. in height, of very massive appearance.

About 3 P.M. we arrived in the valley and stopt at a house of a union man. This was a union settlement, and the scene of the late wagon burning. Here are the men who have been hiding in the mountains to escape the wrath of the rebels. They have been hunted day and night. I talked with one old gray headed man named Holloway, who was in prison at Knoxville with Parson Brownlow.* Since my last run over these awful mountains, I don't wonder the men could hide securely. This valley is very rich, but is being fast cleared of its corn. Right over the fence from where we camped we dug sweet potatoes and feasted on them, sitting by a roaring fire and roasting them. These frosty nights I would rather lie on the ground by a large rail fire than sleep in a tent. But here in town we cannot obtain wood enough hardly to cook with. In the morning we started on our return over the mts. and such a time. We struck right across the mountains without regard to roads. They were exceedingly steep and we had to go it all afoot. Some places the horses would slide down and sometimes they would refuse to go. You can really form no idea of it. So we went over three ranges, down one and up the other, till we got to the river valley, arriving at town here about dark. My horse I am much pleased with. There isn't a better one in the company.

Wednesday Cummings got here from the hospital at Nashville. He is quite well. Gen. Rosecrans is making some changes in his staff, removing some and making other appointments. Cummings says he saw the 11th Army Corps of the Eastern Army at Bridgeport and the 12th Army Corps are also here. Gen. Hooker who is to take Burnside's place is at Stevenson. There are some things I refrain

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from writing as I do not think it would be prudent in case the mail was captured. Work on the fortifications is still going on briskly.

Bill is now in a house comfortably fixed with Mr. Smith of the Christian Commission. I am staying with him today. He is better today and sends his love to you all.

Col. Palmer, who I wrote you had gone with the regiment to the Sequatchie Valley at the time our wagons were burned, has remained there on account of provisions for man and horse being plenty. He has started a mill and turns out a good quality of flour and meal. The mill is run by millers from our regiment. Yesterday he sent to the escort two loads of corn for the horses and are to get more from the same source. Four horses of the escort have died in the last week for exhaustion for want of food—in fact starved. They are eating each others tails

off. Ned Patteson's horse's tail looks like this  One day a week ago the men had nothing to eat. Rations are scarce but the supply trains are coming up, and we will probably have enough. Bill has just received a letter from Sis and I have just read it. You all seem to be in a great stew about us. However, I suppose you have got our letters of the 21st and 22nd ult. which will set things straight.

This paper and envelope is secesh purchased here in town. The paper is decent but such envelopes. Write soon, and tell me all about your trip to Alexandria etc. The weather is delightful and has moderated. A Mrs. Dickinson of Milwaukee visiting her son in the army is very attentive to Bill's wants. She visits the hospitals and cooks for the patients. My love to you all.

Your affectionate son

Baldwin.

Monday, 12. Cloudy today. Bill is much better. Murdock, the great actor gave a reading at the Baptist church. I heard him. It was very good. Mr. Smith is taking up his quarters at the Commission rooms. Every day we see the funerals of soldiers passing through the town.

Wednesday, 14. Raining most all day. Still raining tonight. General Lytle's body was sent to our lines by the rebels today and passed through the town on its way north. Palmer still continues to send us corn but no provisions.

Thursday, 15. Raining hard all day. Bill is up and continues to get better. Am fortunate in being in a house this rainy weather. Clearing off tonight.

Friday, 16. Cloudy all day. The rebels have taken advantage of the rise in the river and turned adrift, for the destruction of our pontoon bridge, a large raft which compelled us to swing the bridge to one side. Communication is now had with the other side with the steamboat. It is said the enemy have heavy siege guns planted on Lookout Mt. and that they have 175,000 men in our front. Got two papers from home today.

Saturday, 17. Beautiful day. Bill is going outside to take an airing today. It has cleared off mild. Ned P. has gone to Bridgeport. The Ohio soldiers have been allowed to vote for Governor and the last few days have been of considerable excitement in their camps. For several days the air has resounded with their cheers. The election took place last Tuesday and the result in the army is 200 votes

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for Vallandigham and 10,000 for Brough, the union man. The news from the north is glorious. Pennsylvania has elected Curtin by a large majority. Ohio has elected her union candidate, Indiana hers and Iowa hers, thus practically burying Copperheadism into oblivion. We have the report tonight that a despatch has come that a battle has been fought on the old Bull Run battleground and that Meade has been defeated.* We look anxiously for better news. The pontoon bridge has again been stretched across the river and artillery has been crossing from this side to prevent the rebels from making a bridge across 20 miles up the river.

Monday, 19. Fine day. Bill took a long walk today. Our rations sent us by the colonel were left out in the rain the other side of the river and we all have mouldy crackers.

Tuesday, 20. Beautiful day, quite warm. There has been a great change in this department. Rosecrans has left us and gone north. He left this morning. He issued a general order on the subject. Gen. Thomas is appointed in his place. We have the report that Grant is to have command of the whole dept., also that there has been quite a battle near here today. There has been some little firing this afternoon. Alex. Ramsay arrived this P.M. McCoy had my horse out this afternoon and has played her out. Bill will try for a furlough.

"On October 16th, 1863, General Grant had been assigned to the command of the 'Military Division of the Mississippi', a geographical area which embraced the Departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee, thus effecting a consolidation of divided commands which might have been introduced most profitably at an earlier date. The same order that assigned General Grant relieved General Rosecrans, and placed General Thomas in command of the Army of the Cumberland. At the time of the reception of the order, Rosecrans was busy with preparations for a movement to open the direct road to Bridgeport, having received in the interval, since we came back to Chattanooga, considerable reinforcement by the arrival in his department of the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, under General Hooker, from the Army of the Potomac. With this force Rosecrans had already strengthened certain important points on the railroad between Nashville and Stevenson, and given orders to Hooker to concentrate at Bridgeport such portions of his command as were available, and hold them in readiness to advance toward Chattanooga.

"On the 19th of October, after turning the command over to Thomas, General Rosecrans quietly slipped away from the army. He submitted uncomplainingly to his removal, and modestly left us without fuss or demonstration; ever maintaining, though, that the battle of Chickamauga was in effect a victory, as it had ensured us, he said, the retention of Chattanooga. When his departure became known deep and almost universal regret was expressed, for he was enthusiastically esteemed and loved by the Army of the Cumberland, from the day he assumed command of it until he left it, notwithstanding the censure poured upon him after the battle of Chickamauga."*

"Headquarters Department of the Cumberland,
"Chattanooga, Tenn., October 19, 1863

"The general commanding announces to the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland, that he leaves them, under orders from the President.

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"Major-General George H. Thomas, in compliance with orders, will assume the command of this army and department. The chiefs of all the staff departments will report to him.

"In taking leave of you, his brothers in arms—officers and soldiers—he congratulates you that your new commander comes not to you as he did, a stranger. General Thomas has been identified with this army from its first organization. He has led you often in battle. To his known prudence, dauntless courage, and true patriotism, you may look with confidence, that, under God, he will lead you to victory.

"The general commanding doubts not you will be as true to yourselves and your country in the future as you have been in the past.

"To the division and brigade commanders, he tenders his cordial thanks for their valuable and hearty co-operation in all that he has undertaken. To the chiefs of the staff departments, and their subordinates, whom he leaves behind, he owes a debt of gratitude for their fidelity and untiring devotion to duty.

"Companions in arms—officers and soldiers—farewell; and may God bless you!

"W. S. ROSECRANS.

"Major-General."*

Upon assuming command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, and after the two orders had been sent to Rosecrans and Thomas, Grant wired Thomas to "hold Chattanooga at all hazards" and that he, Grant, would be in Chattanooga as soon as possible. Thomas replied, "We will hold the town till we starve." Grant said, after he had arrived in Chattanooga, "I appreciated the force of this reply later when I witnessed the condition of affairs which prompted it. It looked indeed, as if but two courses were open: one to starve, the other to surrender or be captured."

Grant arrived at Chattanooga the night of October 23rd and his description of the situation in which he found the besieged city follows.

"The country afforded but little food for the animals, nearly ten thousand of which had already starved, and not enough were left to draw a single piece of artillery or even the ambulances to convey the sick. The men had been on half rations of hard bread for a considerable time, with but few other supplies except beef driven from Nashville across the country. The region along the road became so exhausted of food for the cattle that by the time they reached Chattanooga they were much in the condition of the few animals left alive there—'on the lift.' Indeed the beef was so poor that the soldiers were in the habit of saying, with a faint facetiousness, that they were living on half rations of hard bread and *beef dried on the hoof*.

"Nothing could be transported but food, and the troops were without sufficient shoes or other clothing suitable for the advancing season. What they had was well worn. The fuel within the Federal lines was exhausted, even to the stumps of trees. There were no teams to draw it from the opposite bank, where it was abundant. The only way of supplying fuel for some time before my arrival, had been to cut trees on the north bank of the river at a considerable distance up the

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stream, form rafts of it and float it down with the current, effecting a landing on the south side within our lines by the use of paddles or poles. It would then be carried on the shoulders of the men to their camps. . . . I found General W. F. Smith occupying the position of chief engineer of the Army of the Cumberland. . . . He explained the situation of the two armies and the topography of the country so plainly that I could see it without an inspection. I found that he had established a saw-mill on the banks of the river, by utilizing an old engine found in the neighborhood; and, by rafting logs from the north side of the river above, had got out the lumber and completed pontoons and roadway plank for a second bridge, one flying bridge being there already. He was rapidly getting out the materials and constructing the boats for a third bridge. In addition to this he had far underway a steamer for plying between Chattanooga and Bridgeport whenever we might get possession of the river. This boat consisted of a scow, made of the plank sawed out at the mill, housed in, and a stern wheel attached which was propelled by a second engine taken from some shop or factory.

"I telegraphed to Washington this night, notifying General Halleck of my arrival, and asking to have General Sherman assigned to the Army of the Tennessee, headquarters in the field. The request was at once complied with. . . .

"The next day, the 24th, I started out to make a personal inspection, taking Thomas and Smith with me, besides most of the members of my personal staff. We crossed to the north side of the river, and, moving to the north of detached spurs of hills, reached the Tennessee at Brown's Ferry, some three miles below Lookout Mountain, unobserved by the enemy.

"That night I issued orders for opening the route to Bridgeport, a *cracker line*, as the soldiers appropriately termed it. They had been so long on short rations that my first thought was the establishment of a line over which food might reach them.

"Chattanooga is on the south bank of the Tennessee, where that river runs nearly due west. It is at the northern end of a valley five or six miles in width, through which Chattanooga Creek runs. To the east of the valley is Missionary Ridge, rising from five to eight hundred feet above the creek and terminating abruptly a half mile or more before reaching the Tennessee. On the west of the valley is Lookout Mountain, twenty-two hundred feet above tide-water. Just below the town the Tennessee makes a turn to the south and runs to the base of Lookout Mountain, leaving no level ground between the mountains and river. The Memphis and Charleston Railroad passes this point, where the mountain stands nearly perpendicular. East of Missionary Ridge flows the South Chickamauga River; west of Lookout Mountain is Lookout Creek; and west of that, Raccoon Mountains. Lookout Mountain, at its northern end, rises almost perpendicularly for some distance, then breaks off in a gentle slope of cultivated field to near the summit, where it ends in a palisade thirty or more feet in height. On the gently sloping ground, between the upper and lower palisades, there is a single farmhouse, which is reached by a wagon-road from the valley east.

"The intrenched line of the enemy commenced on the north end of Missionary Ridge and extended along the crest for some distance south, thence across Chattanooga valley to Lookout Mountain. Lookout Mountain was also fortified

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and held by the enemy, who also kept troops in Lookout valley west, and on Raccoon Mountain, with pickets extending down the river so as to command the road on the north bank and render it useless to us. In addition to this there was an intrenched line in Chattanooga valley extending from the river east of the town to Lookout Mountain, to make the investment complete. Besides the fortifications on Missionary Ridge, there was a line at the base of the hill, with occasional spurs of rifle-pits half-way up the front. The enemy's pickets extended out into the valley towards the town, so far that the pickets of the two armies could converse. At one point they were separated only by the narrow creek which gives its name to the valley and town, and from which both sides drew water. The Union lines were shorter than those of the enemy. . . .

"General W. F. Smith had been so instrumental in preparing for the move which I was about to make, and so clear in his judgment about the manner of making it, that I deemed it but just to him that he should have command of the troops detailed to execute the design, although he was then acting as a staff officer and was not in command of troops.

"On the 24th of October, after my return to Chattanooga, the following details were made: General Hooker, who was now at Bridgeport, was ordered to cross to the south side of the Tennessee and march up by Whitesides and Wauhatchie to Brown's Ferry. General Palmer, with a division of the 14th corps, Army of the Cumberland, was ordered to move down the river on the north side, by a back road, until opposite Whitesides, then cross and hold the road in Hooker's rear after he had passed. Four thousand men were at the same time detailed to act under General Smith directly from Chattanooga. Eighteen hundred of them, under General Hazen, were to take sixty pontoon boats, and under cover of night float by the pickets of the enemy at the north base of Lookout, down to Brown's Ferry, then land on the south side and capture or drive away the pickets at that point. Smith was to march with the remainder of the detail, also under cover of night, by the north bank of the river to Brown's Ferry, taking with him all the material for laying the bridge as soon as the crossing was secured.

"On the 26th, Hooker crossed the river at Bridgeport and commenced his eastward march. At three on the morning of the 27th, Hazen moved into the stream with his sixty pontoons and eighteen hundred brave and well-equipped men. Smith started enough in advance to be near the river when Hazen should arrive. There are a number of detached spurs of hills north of the river at Chattanooga back of which is a good road parallel to the stream, sheltered from the view from the top of Lookout Mountain. It was over this road Smith marched. At five o'clock Hazen landed at Brown's Ferry, surprised the picket guard, and captured most of it. By seven o'clock the whole of Smith's force was ferried over and in possession of a height commanding the ferry. This was speedily fortified, while a detail was laying the pontoon bridge. By ten o'clock the bridge was laid, and our extreme right, now in Lookout Valley, was fortified and connected with the rest of the army. The two bridges over the Tennessee River, a flying one at Chattanooga and the new one at Brown's Ferry, with the road north of the river, covered from both the fire and the view of the enemy, made the connection complete. Hooker found but slight obstacles in his way, and on the afternoon of the 28th emerged into Lookout valley at Wauhatchie. Howard marched on to Brown's Ferry, while Geary, who com-

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manded a division in the 12th corps, stopped three miles south. The pickets of the enemy on the river below were now cut off, and soon came in and surrendered.

"The river was now opened to us from Lookout valley to Bridgeport. There were several steamers at Bridgeport, and abundance of forage, clothing and provisions. . . . In a week the troops were receiving full rations. (The Cracker Line was open.) It is hard for anyone not an eye-witness to realize the relief this brought. The men were soon reclothed and also well fed; an abundance of ammunition was brought up, and a cheerfulness prevailed not before enjoyed in many weeks. Neither the officers nor men looked upon themselves any longer as doomed. The weak and languid appearance of the troops, so visible before, disappeared at once.

"After we had secured the opening of a line over which to bring our supplies to the army, I made a personal inspection to see the situation of the pickets of the two armies. As I have stated, Chattanooga Creek comes down the centre of the valley to within a mile or such a matter of the town of Chattanooga then bears off westerly, then north-westerly, and enters the Tennessee River at the foot of Lookout Mountain. This creek, from its mouth up to where it bears off west, lay between the two lines of pickets, and the guards of both armies drew their water from the same stream. As I would be under short range fire and in open country, I took nobody with me, except, I believe, a bugler, who stayed some distance to the rear. I rode from our right around to our left. When I came to the camp of the picket guard of our side, I heard the call, 'Turn out the guard for the commanding general.' I replied, 'Never mind the guard,' and they were dismissed and went back to their tents. Just back of these, and about equally distant from the creek, were the guards of the Confederate pickets. The sentinel on their post called out in like manner, 'Turn out the guard for the commanding general,' and, I believe, added, 'General Grant.' Their line in a moment front-faced to the north, facing me and gave a salute, which I returned.

"The most friendly relations seemed to exist between the pickets of the two armies. At one place there was a tree which had fallen across the stream, and which was used by the soldiers of both armies for drawing water for their camps. General Longstreet's corps was stationed there at the time, and wore blue of a little different shade from our uniform. Seeing a soldier in blue on this log, I rode up to him, commenced conversing with him, and asked whose corps he belonged to. He was very polite, and, touching his hat to me, said he belonged to General Longstreet's corps. I asked him a few questions, but not with a view of gaining any particular information, all of which he answered and I rode off."*
Back to Ball's diary.

Wednesday, 21. We have the reliable news that there has been a battle in Virginia and the rebels badly whipped but our army has fallen back on Washington. What next?

Thursday, 22. Came back to the company yesterday. Cloudy and cold.

Friday, 23. Raining hard all day. Orderly at Gen. Smith's. Not much doing. Very cold.

Saturday, 24. Still cloudy and cold. Gen. Grant arrived here last night and took Gen. Morton's quarters. Gen. Morton occupied the room with Willie.

BESIEGED BY BRAGG

Sunday, 25. Clearing off. Not so cold. No more rations can be bought at the Post Commissary. The river has risen again and the pontoon has parted. Firing still continues at intervals. Bill is getting along slowly.

Monday, 26. Clearing off fine and mild. Orderly at Gen. Smith's (Baldy). Our horses have had nothing to eat now for three days and are daily dying. Our rations are now reduced to two crackers a day. Seven wagon loads from Palmer have been on the way here since the 17th inst. Gen. Hooker is on his way to open the railroad.

Tuesday, 27. Our rations are here from the regiment. Two barrels of flour, bacon, crackers and corn. On guard tonight for pasturing my horse without permission. Last night 1,500 men went down the river on pontoon boats, landed on this side at the foot of Lookout and captured the rebel pickets and had quite a fight. The pontoon bridge was thrown across.

Wednesday, 28. We have a fine view of the rebels firing from the top of Lookout. Our batteries reply and we can see the shell burst on the top. It takes 16 sec. for the sound to reach us, 2 and 2/3 miles.

Thursday, 29. Fine day. Some little firing on Lookout. There was quite a battle last night. It could be very distinctly heard. We have lost between 100 to 200 in killed and wounded, but gained our point. Hooker's men were in the engagement and made some good charging. The fighting was near Brown's Ferry. Orderly tonight at signal post near the new pontoon bridge.

Friday, 30. Raining in showers all day. A steamer ran the blockade last night, I believe safely. She was fired at. Gen. Hooker's headquarters are near the new bridge. Ramsay and Cummings are orderlys to him today.

Saturday, 31. Fine day. Quite cool. Orderly at signal station in town. Was at Brown's Ferry on this side of the river and on top of the two hills at the signal posts. The hills are fortified and cannon mounted. They command the country completely. They are making a new road from Brown's Ferry to Chattanooga. A steamer is said to have arrived from Bridgeport with a large cargo of rations. All quiet.

November 1863

Sunday, November 1. Our men were all mustered for pay today. Clear today, weather mild.

Monday, 2. Orderly to Gen. Smith, Chief Engineer. Cloudy. Wind south. Considerable running to do today. The pontoon bridge was again severed by drift wood and is not yet across. The rebels are shelling the town from Lookout with better success. While I was carrying a despatch this P.M. a shell exploded directly overhead about 200 ft. high. Several others fell into the heart of the town, but most of them did not explode. Nobody hurt. One exploded about 100 ft. from the house Bill is in. Bill has received his money from home. He has sent in his application for a furlough. Our horses have had nothing to eat for two days. Say, does your horse eat tails?

Tuesday, 3. Rec'd a letter from Sis. Julie has left home as a governess of her own accord. Six boat loads of rations have arrived up with 800,000 rations. A few more shells were thrown into the town but did no damage. It is said we have several very heavy guns on the north side of the river. The bridge was broken by a piece of the Knoxville bridge. Fine day.

COLUMN SOUTH

Will did receive his furlough and left Chattanooga on November 5th, arriving home on November 12th where he completely surprised his family. He saw his Julia and "found her all I could wish." For eighteen days he had a wonderful time with his Julia, his family, and several of his old friends. Of course he got weighed. His weight, 129 lbs; Julia's 111 lbs.

A letter to his mother describes Ball's next few days in greater detail than does his diary.

Chattanooga, Nov. 21, 1863

Dear Mother,

I suppose you wonder what has become of me I have not written for so long, but the fact is I really have not had the chance.

You have now, no doubt had Willie with you for several days. I suppose it was a complete surprise as up to the time I left he had not written you of his intention. I expect Will is having a splendid time, just home from the war. Today it is raining, the first time since the 6th inst. We have splendid weather and the roads have been good.

I left here the morning of the 5th inst. as part of an escort to Gen. Jeff. C. Davis,* who went on a kind of tour of inspection of his new division which is scattered along the river from here to 7 miles above Washington. The day we started it rained all day and at night we stopped on the banks of the North Chickamauga river and slept on the ground. We could hear distinctly the cars of the rebels. The general was serenaded. The general's orderly was telling me of the battle of Pea Ridge which he participated in. He said our men had been driven in confusion from a hill and threw off all their overcoats, which the rebels coming up, immediately put on. The rebel Gen. Pike with his brigade of indians was engaged and they were ordered to fight indian fashion and to distinguish their enemy, to fire at all who wore blue overcoats. Accidentally they came across the rebels who had on our coats and fired into them nearly decimating them before they found out their mistake.

The 6th was a beautiful day. Travelled about 8 miles and stopped at Col. Smith's headquarters near the river. Went with the general to inspect the works of the rebs on the other side of the river. Saw the breastworks and rebel pickets. Had a fine view of the town of Harrison on the rebel side. It is quite a large town. 7th; Frost last night. Slept on the ground by a rail fire. Traveled about 15 miles and stopped at Gen. Spear's headquarters. 8th. Slept in a barn last night. Made about 12 miles to Smith Cross Roads where the General stopped being sick. Night frosty. Slept out by a rail fire. 9th. Fine day. The country here looks desolate and dreary. A large number of the Tennessee soldiers are here at their homes. Arrived at Washington this P.M. 10th. Slept in a corn crib last night. Ice made last night in the streams. The General went down the river and two rebs came across and talked with him. Our men often go across and have a good time with them. 11th; Salt is very scarce here also sugar, coffee. Went out yesterday and foraged potatoes.

Went with the Gen. to the 10th Mich. camp. Here the rebel pickets could be seen across the river. Distance from Washington $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Got back at dark. 12th; Started from Washington and went west, over Paines road across Walden's (Wal-

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dron) ridge down into Sequatchie Valley. Travelled all day down the valley 21 miles till we arrived at Gen. Spear's farm. His son, just home from the war, gave a party, and we happened there that night. They had a regular southern hop, but we could just peep in at the doors. Gen. Davis participated. Slept in the General's corn crib. *13th*; Followed down the valley along the base of the Cumberland Mts. to Anderson Cross Roads, 30 miles, on the trot all day. Persimmons plenty and good. Here we staid for the night with nothing to eat. Slept on the ground. Tell Willie the regiment moved up the valley today about 7 miles above Pikeville. They went one side of the valley along Walden Ridge and we came down the other, however we met some of them, a party of Co. A foraging for corn, and Billy Palmer and Le Carron* with a man and woman prisoner, rebel mail carriers.

14th; Raining. Went across Walden's Ridge. This mountain is full of deer and wild hogs. At the top on this side is a grand view in the way of precipices. I enclose a fern leaf for Sabie, pulled from the rocks from the side of a precipice. At the foot of the mountain my horse gave out, and I had to walk to Chattanooga about four miles, leading my horse. I arrived there at dark. At Washington Lieut Field with some men as escort to the Asst. Sec. of War met us on their way to Knoxville. Field started out with 15 men and horses and by the time they got to Washington only had eight men, seven horses giving out on the way. The Secretary had to get another escort of Tennessee cavalry and our men were left behind. Field got back to Chattanooga with six horses out of fifteen. He informed me at Washington of Will's departure for home. *Mon. 16th*; Cloudy and cold. Off for Bridgeport to guard our clothing. Rode in wagons to Kelly's Ferry about 10 miles. The boat not being here we wait till tomorrow. A good many officers are going home on leave of absence. We have a little sprinkling of snow tonight. *17th*; We left the ferry in the boat at 10 A.M. The remains of a lieut. of the 33d Mass. are on board. Our men who were captured with the wagon train have returned to duty. They were stripped of everything by bushwhackers, being turned loose near McMinnville and walked to Gallatin by way of Carthage and Sparta. Arrived at Bridgeport at 2 P.M. Within the last few days Sherman's men have been arriving in large numbers. We have the report that Meade has had a battle and whipped Lee.* Wonderful. Fobes is here with the clothing.

18th; The 3rd div. of Sherman's corps are crossing this P.M. infantry, artillery, and cavalry. *19th*; Got our boxes on the boat and left at 2 P.M. The large railroad bridge is most completed. More of Sherman's men are crossing today. Arrived at Kelly's ferry at 9½ P.M. *20*; Loaded our wagons and got back here in the afternoon. My jacket which I gave to Fobes to be sent to Nashville from Camp Pennsylvania is not in our boxes and is probably lost. Ask Willie if he knows anything about it. Several of the men have lost their bundles and swear it is the last clothing they will ever turn in for *safekeeping* during the summer. We have to take infantry overcoats as Fobes says he could not obtain cavalry ones.

Give my love to all the family and inquiring friends.

Your affectionate son, Baldwin.

Battle Of Chattanooga

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"The four weeks which followed the opening of the 'Cracker Line' were busy with the work of refitting and preparing for offensive operations as soon as General Sherman should arrive with his troops from West Tennessee. During this period the enemy committed the serious fault of detaching Longstreet's corps, sending it to aid in the siege of Knoxville in East Tennessee, an error which has no justification whatever, unless it be based on the presumption that it was absolutely necessary that Longstreet should ultimately rejoin Lee's army in Virginia by way of Knoxville and Lynchburg, with a chance of picking up Burnside en route. Thus depleted, Bragg still held Missionary Ridge in strong force, but that part of his line which extended across the intervening valley to the northerly point of Lookout Mountain was much attenuated."*

There were now portions of three armies, all mixed together, in Chattanooga. There were Hooker's two corps from the Army of the Potomac, Sherman's Army of the Tennessee, which arrived November 20th, and the Army of the Cumberland.

Each Army had gone through bitter campaigns and each felt that their company, their division, and their commander, whether it be "Joe" Hooker, "Uncle Billy" Sherman, or "Pap" Thomas, was the best. There is where their pride lay now, no longer in the State from which they had come. And each army looked down on the others. The easterners looked down on the other two, particularly on Sherman's Army of the Tennessee, as being uncouth backwoodsmen, and the westerners looked down on the easterners because of their jaunty forage caps, zou-ave uniforms, and paper collars. The rivalry between the three was intense and there were many fights and brawls.

The pride of the Army of the Cumberland was deeply hurt, not only because they had been beaten in a fair fight at Chickamauga but because, seemingly, two armies had had to be brought in to rescue them from the trap in which they found themselves.

Their pride was to be further hurt, for in the plans for the coming battle Sherman and Hooker were to have the major roles while Thomas and his army were to play a minor role, or so it was planned.

Grant had to hurry his plans for the battle, for once again Washington was screaming for relief for Burnside, now besieged in Knoxville. So, only three days after the arrival of Sherman's army, Grant made the first move. This was the taking of Orchard Knob, a small promontory on the level ground near Chattanooga. This was where the Army of the Cumberland was placed, between Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Missionary Ridge rising 500 feet, with the rebels firmly entrenched all the way to the crest. "Impossible" to gain the top, but as-

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saults would keep the Rebels busy and prevent them from joining the rest of Bragg's army when Sherman and Hooker struck.

To Hooker was given the task of taking Lookout Mountain, a comparatively easy thing to do, as he far outnumbered the enemy, but to the watchers below it was a spectacular feat. The mists obscured the top so that when the mists lifted and the watchers saw the Union flag flying on top, no wonder they felt that Joe Hooker was a fine soldier and dubbed the attack "the battle above the clouds." But that was just Joe Hooker's start. He still had to go down the eastern slope and clear the plain below to join Sherman.

Sherman struck at the same time on Missionary Ridge at the upper end, having moved his troops up stream and crossed the river by pontoons. Sherman struck; but he found that the Ridge came not, as they had thought, straight down to the river, but was composed of many hills and valleys, up and down which his men had to fight under constant fire from the Rebels. The fighting continued until late that night, little having been gained.

"The morning of the 25th opened clear and bright, and the whole field was in full view from the top of Orchard Knob. It remained so all day. Bragg's headquarters were in full view, and officers, presumably staff officers, could be seen coming and going constantly.

"The point of ground which Sherman had carried on the 24th was almost disconnected from the main ridge occupied by the enemy. A low pass, over which there is a wagon road crossing the hill, and near which there is a railroad tunnel, intervenes between the two hills. . . . Sherman was out as soon as it was light enough to see, and by sunrise his command was in motion. . . . The troops advanced rapidly and carried the extreme end of the rebel works. Morgan L. Smith advanced to a point which cut the enemy off from the railroad bridge by rail from Chickamauga Station, where the main depot was located. The enemy made brave and strenuous efforts to drive our troops from the position we had gained, but without success. The contest lasted for two hours. Sherman now threatened both Bragg's flank and his stores, and made it necessary for him to weaken other points of his line to strengthen his right. . . . Every Confederate gun that could be brought to bear upon the Union forces was concentrated upon him. J. E. Smith, with two brigades, charged up the west side of the ridge to support Corse's command, over open ground and in the face of a heavy fire of both artillery and musketry, and reached the very parapet of the enemy. He lay here for a time, but the enemy coming with a heavy force upon his right flank, he was compelled to fall back, followed by the foe. A few hundred yards brought Smith's troops into a wood, where they were speedily reformed, when they charged and drove the attacking party back to his intrenchment."*

Seeing the advance, repulse, and second advance of J. E. Smith, Grant directed Thomas to send a division to reinforce him. Baird's division was accordingly sent from the right of Orchard Knob. It had to march a considerable distance directly under the eyes of the enemy to reach its position. Bragg at once commenced massing in the same direction. This was what Grant wanted. But it was now late in the afternoon, and Grant had expected to see Hooker crossing the ridge near Rossville, thus compelling Bragg to mass in that direction also.

COLUMN SOUTH

"The enemy had evacuated Lookout Mountain during the night, as had been expected. In crossing the valley he burned the bridge over Chattanooga Creek, and did all he could to obstruct the roads behind him. Hooker was off bright and early, with no obstructions in his front but distance and the destruction above named. He was detained four hours crossing Chattanooga Creek, and thus was lost the immediate advantage expected. His reaching Bragg's flank and extending across it was to be the signal for Thomas's assault of the ridge. But Sherman's condition was getting so critical that the assault for his relief could not be delayed any longer."*

Thomas had been ordered to have his men ready to attack the entrenched Confederates at the base of the cliff, to occupy the entrenchments, and to await further orders. This was to be merely a "diversion" in the hope that Bragg would strengthen his center by drawing off some of the men in front of Sherman, who was definitely stalled in his push against Cleburne.

The Army of the Cumberland had been waiting all day, impatient and excited as they listened to the roar and crash of Sherman's struggle to the left. So, when the attack signal of six guns was heard, the line of 18,000 men moved forward as one.

The Confederates were strongly entrenched on the crest of the ridge in front, and had a second line half-way down and another at the base. The men of the Cumberland drove the troops in front of the lower line of rifle-pits so rapidly, and followed them so closely, that rebel and Union troops went over the first line of works almost at the same time. Many rebels were captured and sent to the rear under fire of their own friends higher up the hill. Those that were not captured retreated, and were pursued. The retreating hordes being between friends and pursuers caused the enemy to fire high to avoid killing their own men. In fact, on that occasion the Union soldier nearest the enemy was in the safest position. The first line was reached. Here they were supposed to stop and entrench but they could not stop. For weeks they had been burning under their defeat at Chickamauga. The officers felt as the men did, so with only time to catch their breath they surged upward as under one command. It was impossible to keep a line of battle, each man went his own way, up ravines, up roads, any way he could find, the banners at the front, sixty of them, never touching the ground, for as the bearer fell there was always someone to snatch it and carry it forward.

Grant, Thomas, and Granger, standing on Orchard Knob, watched. Granger, so excited he forgot he was a general of a corps, went to help the cannoniers in the pit just below; Thomas mused his beard until it was all askew; Grant chewed on his inevitable cigar. Grant asked, "Who told those men to go to the top?" Thomas replied he did not know. Granger did not know. Then the three watched.

On the troops scrambled, over boulders, over trees. Now they were past the second line of entrenchments. Bragg was rushing troops from his right to the center. Cheatham's division was being sent from Sherman's front. Artillery was blasting. Men were rolling rocks over the ridge. Up, up, up the men surged. Nothing could stop them, now so high and so close under the ridge the cannons couldn't be trained on them. And then over the crest, almost together, came Sheridan's and Wood's divisions, each and every man and officer trying to be the first man over the crest.

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"Wildly cheering, the men advanced along the ridge toward Bragg's headquarters, and soon drove the Confederates from this last position, capturing a number of prisoners, among them Breckenridge's and Bate's adjutant-generals, and the battery that had made such stout resistance on the crest; two guns that were named 'Lady Breckenridge' and 'Lady Buckner'. General Bragg himself having barely time to escape before his headquarters was taken."*



Bragg's army broke, suddenly. Men who had fought in many hard and desperate battles turned and fled, by companies and battalions. "Typical was the case of a Confederate officer who, scorning to run, stood with drawn sword, waiting to fight it out with the first Yankee who approached him. An Indiana private, bayoneted rifle in his grip, started toward him, and then amazingly, laid down his weapon and came on in a crouch, bare hands extended. There was a primeval menace in him, more terrifying than bayonet or musket, and the officer blinked at him for a moment and then fled."*

The Union forces, breathless, crossed the ridge and peered down the other side where they could see brigades of Confederates, completely and utterly demoralized, rushing down the hill. Then, breath restored, they cheered, tossed their caps in the air, slapped each other on the back, and were too excited and overcome with what they had accomplished to even think of pursuing the enemy. But one did, Sheridan, who quickly drew his division together and pushed forward until he reached the Chickamauga River at a point above where the enemy crossed. He met some resistance from troops occupying a second hill in the rear of Missionary Ridge, probably to cover the retreat of the main body and of the artillery and trains. It was now getting dark, but Sheridan, without halting on that account pushed his men forward up this second hill slowly and without attracting the attention of the men placed to defend it, while he sent detachments to the right and left to surround the position. The enemy discovered the movement before these dispositions were complete, and beat a hasty retreat, leaving artillery, wagon trains, and many prisoners behind. To Sheridan's prompt movement the Army of the Cumberland, and the nation, were indebted for the bulk of the capture of prisoners, artillery, and small-arms that day. Except for his prompt pursuit, so much in this way would not have been accomplished.

Benjamin F. Taylor, a newspaper reporter, gives us a flowery eye-witness account of the taking of Missionary Ridge.

"'Take the rifle-pit,' was the order, and it is as empty of enemies as the tombs of the prophets. Shall they turn their backs to the blast? Shall they sit down under the eaves that drip iron? Or shall they climb to the cloud of death above them, and pluck its lightnings as they would straws from a sheaf of wheat? And now the arc of fire on the crest grows fiercer and longer. The reconnoissance of Monday had failed to develop the heavy metal of the enemy. The dull fringe of the hill kindles with the flash of great guns. I count the fleeces of white smoke

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that dot the Ridge, as battery after battery opens upon our line, until from the ends of the growing arc they sweep down upon it in mighty X's of fire. I count till that devil's girdle numbers thirteen batteries, and my heart cries out; 'Great God, when shall the end be!' . . .

"At this moment the commanding General's aides are dashing out with an order; they radiate over the field to left, right and front: 'Take the Ridge if you can'—and so it went along the line. But the advance had already set forth without it. Stout-hearted Wood, the iron-gray veteran, is rallying on his men; stormy Turchin is delivering brave words in bad English; Sheridan—little 'Phil'—you can easily look down upon him without climbing a tree, and see one of the most gallant leaders of the age—is riding to and fro along the first line of rifle-pits, as calmly as a chess-player. An aide rides up with the order. 'Avery, that flask,' said the General. Quietly filling the pewter cup, Sheridan looks up at the battery that frowns above him, by Bragg's headquarters, shakes his cap amid that storm of everything that kills, when you could hardly hold your hand without catching a bullet in it, and with a 'how are you?' tosses off the cup. The blue battle-flag of the enemy fluttered a response to the cool salute, and the next instant the battery let fly its six guns showering Sheridan with earth. Alluding to that compliment with anything but a blank cartridge, the General said in his quiet way, 'I thought it d——d ungenerous!' . . . Wheeling toward the men, he cheered them to the charge, and made at the hill like a bold-riding hunter; they were out of the rifle-pits and into the tempest and struggling up the steep, before you could get breath to tell it, and so they were throughout the inspired line.

"And now you have before you one of the most startling episodes of the war; I cannot render it in words; dictionaries are beggarly things. But I may tell you they did not storm that mountain as you would think. They dash out a little way, and then slacken; they creep up, hand over hand, loading and firing, and wavering and halting, from the first line of works toward the second; they burst into a charge with a cheer and go over it. Sheets of flame baptize them; plunging shot tear away comrades on left and right; it is no longer shoulder to shoulder; it is GOD for us all? Under tree-trunks, among rocks, stumbling over the dead, struggling with the living; facing the steady fire of eight thousand infantry poured down upon their heads as if it were the old historic curse from heaven, they wrestle with the Ridge. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes go by like a reluctant century. The batteries roll like a drum; between the second and the last line of works is the torrid zone of the battle; the hill sways up like a wall before them at an angle of forty-five degrees, but our brave mountaineers are clambering steadily on—up—upward still! . . .

"And what do these men follow? If you look you shall see that the thirteen thousand are not a rushing herd of human creatures; that along the Gothic roof of the Ridge a row of inverted V's is slowly moving up almost in line, a mighty lettering on the hill's broad side. At the angles of those V's is something that glitters like a wing. Your heart gives a great bound when you think what it is—the *regimental flag*—and glancing along the front count fifteen of those colors that were borne at Pea Ridge, waved at Shiloh, glorified at Stone River, riddled at Chickamauga. . . . And up move the banners, now fluttering like a wounded bird, now faltering, now sinking out of sight . . . but the flag is immortal—thank God!—and up it comes

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again, and the V's move on. At the left of Wood, three regiments of Baird—Turchin, the Russian thunderbolt, is there—hurl themselves against a bold point strong with rebel works; for a long quarter of an hour three flags are perched and motionless on a plateau under the frown of the hill. Will they linger forever? I give a look at the sun behind me; it is not more than a hand's breadth from the edge of the mountain; its level rays bridge the valley from Chattanooga to the Ridge with beams of gold; it shines in the hostile faces; it brings out the Federal blue; it touches up the flags. Oh, for the voice that could bid that sun stand still! I turn to the battle again; those flags have taken flight. They are upward bound!

...

"The race of the flags is growing every moment more terrible. There at the right, in Colonel Sherman's brigade, a strange thing catches the eye; one of the inverted V's is turning right side up! The men struggling along the converging lines to overtake the flag have distanced it, and there the colors are, sinking down in the center between the rising flanks. The line wavers like a great billow, and up comes the banner again, as if it heaved on a surge's shoulder! The iron sledges beat on. Hearts, loyal and brave, are on the anvil all the way from base to summit of Mission Ridge, but those dreadful hammers never intermit. Swarms of bullets sweep the hill; you can count twenty-eight balls in one little tree. Things are growing desperate up aloft; the enemy tumble rocks upon the rising line; they light the fuses and roll shell down the steep; they load the guns with handfuls of cartridges in their haste; and as if there were powder in the word, they shout 'Chickamauga!' down upon the mountaineers. But it would not all do, and just as the sun, weary of the scene, was sinking out of sight, with magnificent bursts all along the line, exactly as you have seen the crested seas leap up at the breakwater, the advance surged over the crest, and in a minute those flags fluttered along the fringe where fifty guns were kenneled. GOD bless the flag!"*

The battle was over. Bragg had his center cut in two and so that night he assembled his broken army and took off for Georgia.

It was many years before the men of the Cumberland realized that the victory at Chattanooga was theirs to claim. They gave the credit to Grant. "It only needed a commander with common sense," they said, and for countless years at Union reunions the battle was fought again and again as to which division first reached the top.

Neither of the brothers participated in the battle, Will being home on leave and Ball still acting as orderly. One Company of the Anderson Cavalry, only, was active during the battle and this purely by chance as Lt. John F. Conaway describes.

"On November 18th, 1863, Company I, under Capt. W. W. DeWitt, left the camp of the Regiment on Worthington's plantation, near Pikeville, Tenn., in the Sequatchie Valley, to escort a paymaster to Chattanooga.

"The march over the mountains and down the Tennessee Valley was uneventful until we arrived on the banks of the river, opposite Tunnel Hill, about 10 P.M. on the 22d. Here we were suddenly brought in contact with the Army of the Tennessee under General Sherman, which was then moving through the woods eastward, preparatory to crossing the river early the next morning to attack Bragg's right wing, on Missionary Ridge.

COLUMN SOUTH

"All this was a great surprise to us. Cut off practically, as we had been at Pikeville, very little news of army movements in and about Chattanooga had reached us, but now we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of this grand marching column, slowly but surely making its way to the place of the crossing.

"It seemed to us that every precaution possible was being taken to keep the movement from the knowledge of the enemy. There was no talking among the men and very little noise of any kind. The officers were holding their swords in their hands, and the wheels of the batteries and wagons were bound with straw. We could distinctly see the rebels, sitting and lying around their camp fires, on the opposite side of the river.

"Sherman's army moved on as we were working our way toward Chattanooga, and at sunrise the next morning was seen by us marching up the slope of Missionary Ridge at its eastern extremity, the glint of the sunlight on their muskets resembling very much what the reflection from an immense looking-glass would be, sending its flashes into Chattanooga in regular but quick succession as the column moved, and the motion of the men as they marched altered the angle of its face.

"It was nearly midnight of the 22d when we crossed the Tennessee and reached General Thomas' headquarters. At daylight the next morning our duties began. Having good fresh horses, we were ordered at once, singly and in small detachments, as couriers and orderlies to all parts of the line, which on that day was formed across the valley in front of the town and facing Missionary Ridge. It seemed to us like a grand dress parade and review of the Army of the Cumberland. . . .

"The members of Company I, whose fortune it was by accident to take part in this battle, performed the duty assigned to them faithfully and intelligently. The Companies of the escort at headquarters, B, H and K, had suffered severely during the siege for want of subsistence, and they were practically dismounted, most of their horses having died of starvation. Then our troubles began. By order of General Thomas all our horses were turned over to the escort, and we started back to camp on foot. What a weary march of seventy-five miles that was, only those who participated can fully comprehend. We pressed into service an old wagon, on which we loaded our saddles and equipments, and drawn by a couple of played-out mules at first, and then by an old cow and ox picked up on the road, after about six days' march we again joined the Regiment at Pikeville."

Ball's letter to his sister Delia, dated November 24th, describes the battle from a spectator's view point.

My dear Sister;

I must say I have been rather negligent in writing lately, but we have such poor accommodations for writing; and I never like to write unless I can do it comfortably.

Your letters all come to hand in good time, that of the 15th inst. received today. Suppose my plan had been captured,* what of that? The Rebs can see the whole thing from the top of Lookout Mt. Davis and Longstreet themselves were up there the other day examining things. What a liar that old dutchman is.

In yours of the 8th inst. you supposed Will was with the regiment again, what do you think now? According to your account he completely surprised you all; how

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I should have liked to have been along. Had you any idea of his coming? I got a letter today from Em. Kirk and she had heard somehow that he was coming. I expect he is enjoying himself hugely.

We have had a delightful indian summer also, but for the last few days it has been damp, with but little rain.

Murdock* was here for the purpose of recovering the body of his son who was killed at Chickamauga.

You mention short rations and say that animals suffer the most or rather they cannot know the reason why, neither do we. We are again on very short rations when there is plenty to be had. We have had no meat issued to us now for two or three days, and there is plenty in the sergeant's tent. He says he is keeping it for men who have to go on detail away from town, but the rations were drawn for us, and he had no right to keep them from us. Its scandalous the way the men are treated. Our officers are like so many babies, no more fit for the position than a child. There are abundance of crackers in the sergeant's tent, but we get but nine small crackers a day, $\frac{3}{4}$ rations to be sure, but they have enough to give us more. If all was given us that was drawn for us we should have plenty but we are *cheated* out of it. If all were on short rations I would not say one word. The patience of all the boys is getting exhausted and curses loud and deep are heard constantly. There is miserable management, and the officers care not one fig. I pity them when the war is over, they will suffer for this. We went to the post commissary today to try and buy crackers but it was no go. That our horses are on such starvation allowance is also their fault. The horses now get three pints, shelled corn a day. A horse cannot stand it on that feed. My indignation is great on the subject. I wont treat the officers with common respect. They are a parcel of fools, and some of these days I will tell them so.

While I think of it I wish you would tell Willie that if he is going to bring a bundle and has the room I should like him to bring me a pair of boots, Dickerman style. But I dont want them horse leather $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick. They must be calf skin or none. I should like a penknife. I should like a good black felt hat but I guess you can leave that out. I expect, though, that when this reaches you probably he will be on his way out here as I learn that his furlough is only for twenty days and I suppose it will be rather difficult to get it extended.

The last three days have been eventful ones in this quarter, as you will soon learn before this reaches you.

Last Friday it was reported that the left wing would move out and attack the enemy by daybreak on Sat. morning. Morning came but with it, rain, and no attack came off. Sun. was a beautiful day but still no fighting; in the afternoon the 11th Army corps crossed to this side and marched through town and up to the front, showing for certain something was going on. Sunday Fort Wood was engaged shelling a rebel wagon train which was distinctly seen. Yesterday the fighting commenced. Our forces moved out, almost the whole length of the line and the fight commenced immediately with heavy musketry. They could be distinctly seen from the fortifications. Before night our men had charged their first line of works and taken them with 300 prisoners, who were marched through town to the provost Marshall's office yesterday P.M. Today there has been a heavy battle for

COLUMN SOUTH

the possession of Lookout Mt. Hookers men have been fighting hard all day. Charge after charge was made and we could distinctly hear them cheering. They took all the rebel rifle pits and now have the mountain up to the white house half way up. It has been very murky or we could have seen much of the battle. The musketry and cannonading has been incessant all day, and as the result I am happy to say, the Potomac boys have taken 2,000 prisoners and killed 500 of the enemy. Many more of the houses in town are being pressed for hospitals and the poor families turned out of doors with no place to go to. Today Sherman has made a successful crossing to this side above the town and his cavalry I understand is in the enemy's rear. Tomorrow there is to be an advance of the whole line and I predict that before night Missionary ridge will be in our possession. This whole movement is one of great magnitude. A large part of Sherman's forces that I saw crossing at Bridgeport are coming up in the rear of Lookout. So altogether in a very few days you will hear of great events. A bulletin is posted up this P.M. that the army of the Potomac is moving forward with 10 days rations and will not stop short of Richmond. Big thing all around.

The other night a piece of drift wood struck the boat of the rope ferry and the boat was dragged under water and all on her jumped into the river, several were drowned. Among them Oliver of our company who was crossing to this side at the time. His tent was just next to ours. All on our street are well.

Yesterday we were paid off. I was paid \$51.10. I will send home about \$35.00.

We have great trouble with our pontoon bridges. In the night the rebels float down large pieces of trees which crush through the bridges giving us much trouble. All the time I have been writing ever since its got dark, picket firing has been increased.

I have received the book sent me, Dickens' "Message from the Sea", but unfortunately I read it when I was home. However I can trade it for some other book. The papers also I receive in good time and am very thankful for them.

I have now written a long letter and I must close. Day before yesterday I wrote a letter to Mother. I still expect a letter from her. Love to all. Tell Will to stay as long as he can.

Your loving brother

Baldwin.

Nov. 25th P.M. Lookout Mountain is ours! Hookers men have done nobly. All honor to them. They have taken 2,000 prisoners and killed 500 of the enemy. Last night the side of the mountain facing this town was covered by our fires. All the evening heavy skirmishing was going on on the mountain. We could plainly see the flash of each musket. They had the appearance of fireflies. During the night the enemy evacuated. All is quiet on Lookout today. Sherman's men have crossed the river successfully yesterday above here and all the morning have been fighting the *other* side of Missionary Ridge. Reinforcements were sent him this morning but he sent them back saying he was driving the Rebs and the men might be used elsewhere. A constant shelling has been going on from Missionary Ridge by the Rebels. The flash can be seen from every gun from our camp. But little fighting is going on in our immediate front today. I think the Rebels will have to get out of this right smart. Hard fighting has been going on while we have been lying here

BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA

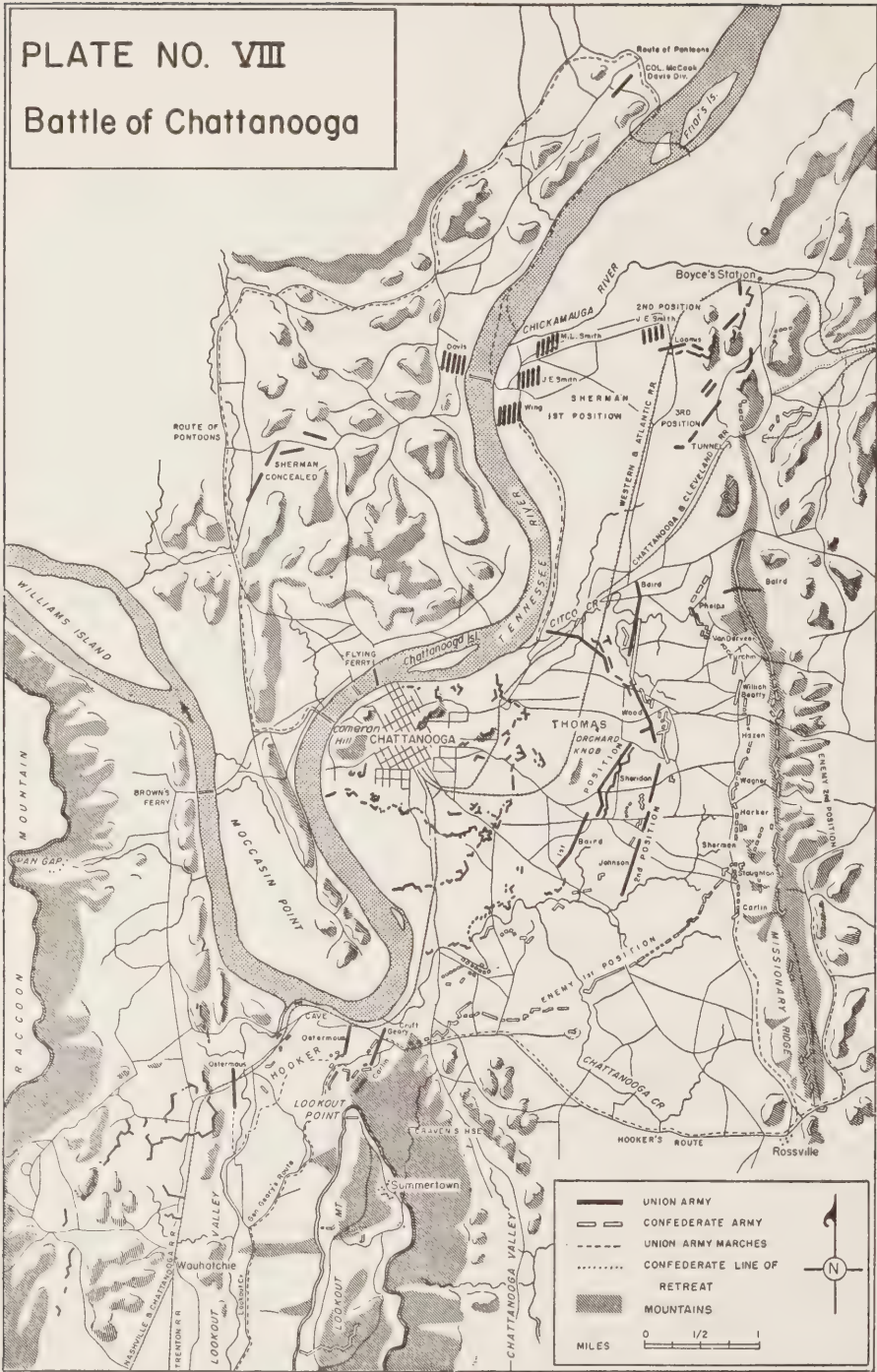
doing nothing. We are however ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice. Co. I of our regiment is here to escort the paymaster to the regiment. Orders came from headquarters to leave all their horses for our use and I believe they are to take ours. Not half will ever get to the regiment with the horses.

I saw Generals Grant and Hunter this morning. The former is a very ordinary looking man.

Friday, 27th Day before yesterday there was a big battle in sight of here. Our men charged up Missionary Ridge and captured all the guns, the whole thing could be seen. Sherman was fighting them in the rear of the Ridge. He had a hard fight and I understand his loss is heavy. The Rebels are completely discomfited and from what I can learn are in full retreat. It was an exciting day. All the commanding positions about town were covered with spectators. The whole movement has been a complete success. We have taken 47 pieces of cannon for certain and probably more and several thousand prisoners. Several brigades were ordered to the relief of Burnside. But we have the report that Longstreet is retreating from Burnside and that the order has been countermanded. Yesterday I was orderly at the signal station in Fort Wood and last night, just after dark, was sent over to the Ridge to another station. The hills were covered with our soldiers and the valley beyond was covered with thousands of fires. Last night there was a heavy frost. I slept in the Fort on the ground. As the dutchman says, "It is a *Grant* success." I still hear the sound of cannon in the distance. Would like a felt hat sent if possible. Tore my cap this morning.

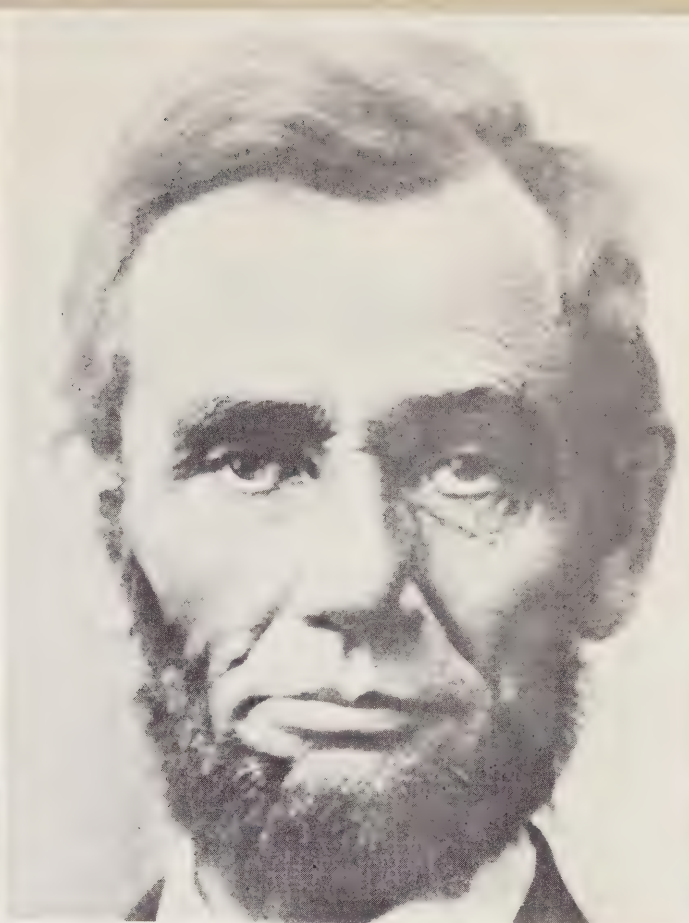
Estimated strength of the Union Army	60,000
Loss; Killed 752, wounded, 4,713,	
Missing or captured 350	Total 5,815
Estimated strength of the Confederate Army	64,165
Loss; Killed 361; wounded 2,180	
Missing or captured 4,146	Total 6,687

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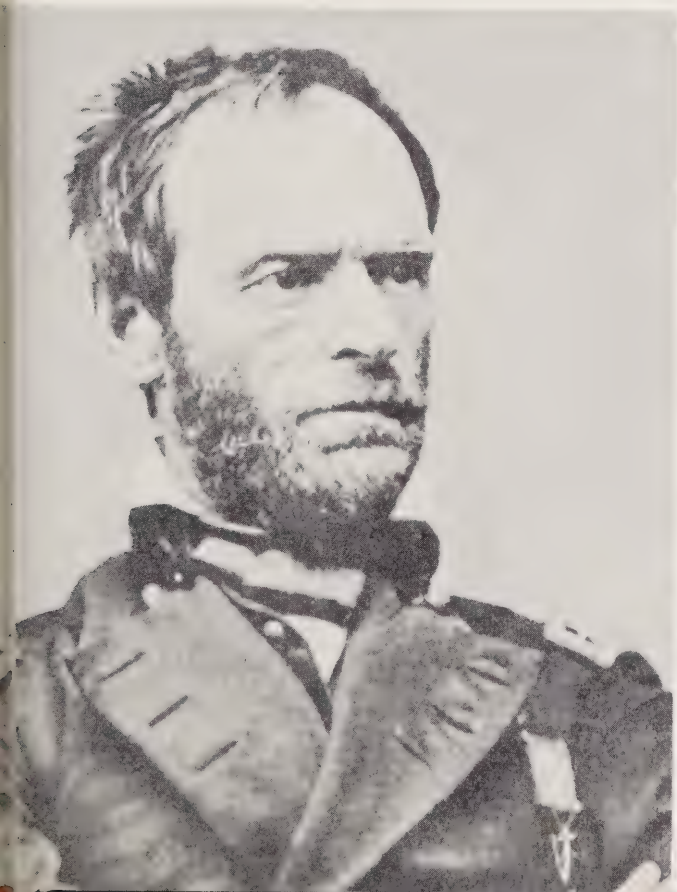
Major-General Henry W. Halleck, U.S.A.



President Abraham Lincoln

PLATE 5

General William Tecumseh Sherman, U.S.A.

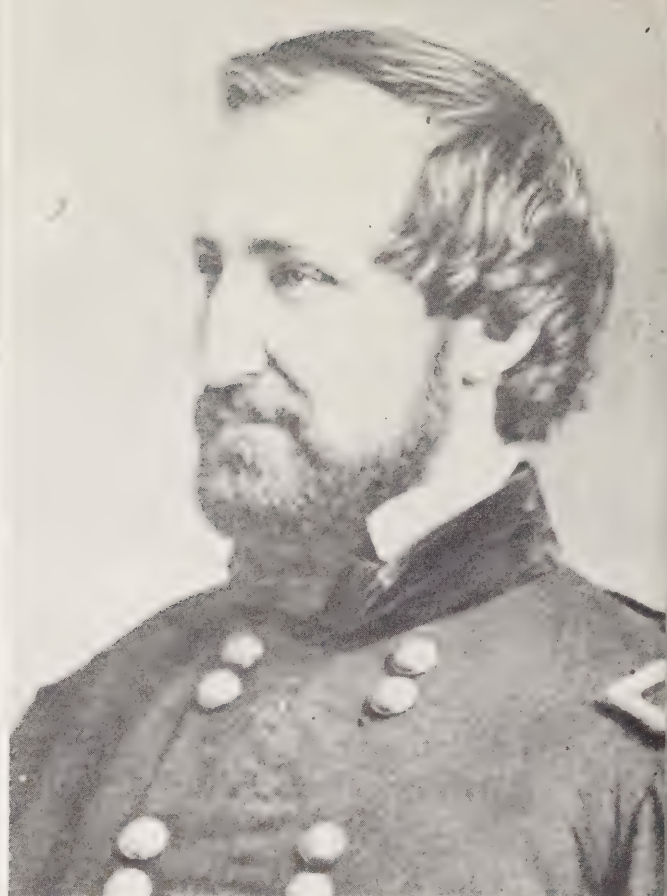


Lieutenant-General Ulysses S. Grant, U.S.A.





Major-General Philip Henry Sheridan, U.S.A.



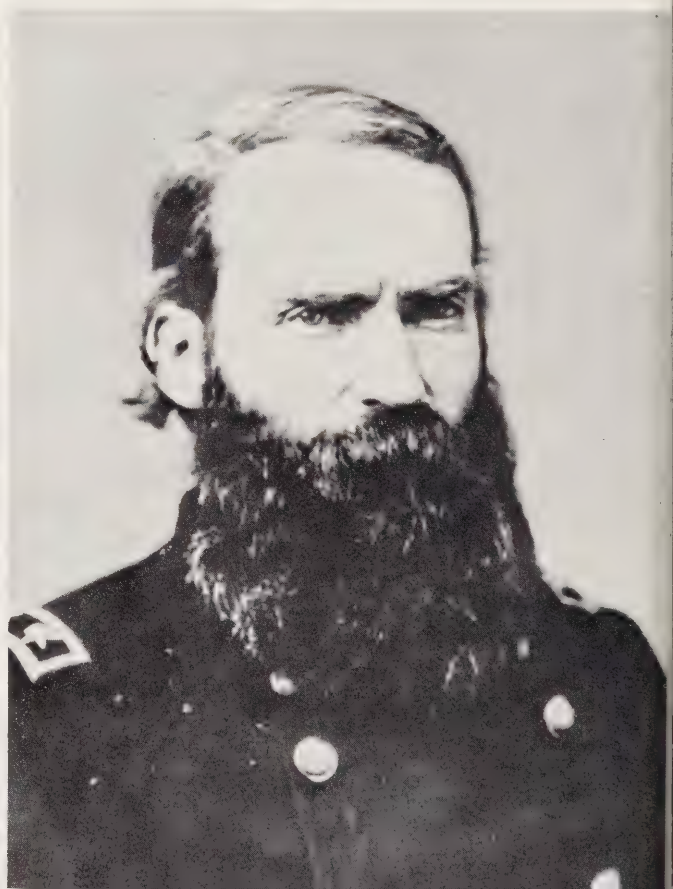
Major-General William Stark Rosecrans, U.S.A.

PLATE 6

Major-General George H. Thomas, U.S.A.



General David S. Stanley, U.S.A.



Palmer's Owls

1863-1864

Immediately following the victory of Missionary Ridge a large body of infantry was detached under Generals Sherman and Granger, and ordered to march to the relief of General Burnside at Knoxville. Longstreet had invested Knoxville, into which Burnside had withdrawn his little army, and which he had hastily fortified with earthworks. Repeated assaults had been made by the rebels, but had been uniformly repulsed. Burnside's troops had held their position successfully against Longstreet's force without, and the more dangerous enemy, starvation, within.

Generals Sherman and Granger marched their weary, footsore veterans from the field of Missionary Ridge up the eastern valley of the Tennessee, while the available cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland, sadly reduced in numbers by the siege of Chattanooga, in which nearly 10,000 horses and mules perished by starvation, were ordered to accompany them or join them at Knoxville. Three companies of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry had been retained at the headquarters of the army at Chattanooga.

On December 3d, by order of General Thomas, Colonel Palmer left the camp at Pikeville, Sequatchie Valley, for Knoxville. His command was composed of those of his own men who still had good horses, totaling only 175, and 100 men from the Tenth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry.

Lt. Colonel Lamborn of the Anderson Cavalry wrote: "On the evening of the 7th of December they reached Knoxville, being in advance of the troops sent to reinforce Burnside. The rebel troops under Longstreet had withdrawn two days before, and were at this time moving eastward, as it was believed, for Virginia, with their rear in the neighborhood of Strawberry Plains, sixteen miles northeast from Knoxville, on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad. Sherman's and Granger's commands were within a few miles of Knoxville, marching up, and it was expected that an active movement would be made to press heavily on Longstreet's army.

"Colonel Palmer had received orders to join General Shackleford at Strawberry Plains, when information was received at headquarters that the rebel Colonel Thomas with 250 Cherokee Indians and Confederate troops had come down from the mountains of North Carolina and entered the town of Sevierville, 28 miles east of Knoxville, captured the loyal home guards who were there and robbed the citizens of considerable property. A large proportion of the population of Sevier County were known to be thoroughly loyal to the Union, and had contributed a goodly number of efficient soldiers to our army. General Burnside desiring to protect the loyal citizens from rebel depredation, ordered Colonel Palmer to march at once in pursuit of Thomas and his rebel Indians and to recover the stolen property.

"In the afternoon of December 8th the command moved out toward Sevierville. Learning that the rebels had retreated with their spoils to Gatlinburg*, a little

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hamlet on the Pigeon River, at the very foot of the Great Smoky range of mountains and at the head of a long narrow defile easily defended, Colonel Palmer deemed it best to march across Cove Mountain by a bridle trail, and if possible strike the enemy unexpectedly in the rear. With this object the command crossed into Weir's Cove, and on the evening of the 9th had reached a point whence a narrow and exceedingly difficult bridle path led over a lofty spur of the Smoky Mountains, some 18 miles directly to the rear of Gatlinburg. Another road ran directly to the front of the position in which the rebels were encamped. The people everywhere evinced the greatest delight to meet our cavalry, and attested the sincerity of their loyalty by feeding our men and horses and guiding the command through the difficult and unknown mountain paths.

"Colonel Palmer divided the command into two divisions. The larger one he led across the mountains. The other, under charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn, took the direct route to Gatlinburg. Both detachments made a night march, and at day break the next morning simultaneously attacked the enemy in their camp at the foot of the main range of mountains."

Corp. William Spang of Company E describes the march across the mountain, led by Col. Palmer.

"We then prepared to cross Cove Mountain, in order to save a circuitous march of forty miles or more. We watered our horses and tightened their girths, and the order was then given by Capt. Chas. M. Betts that in case we wore our overcoats to be sure and have our equipments strapped outside and to be ready for any emergency, as we might be surprised at any moment. The order was then given to advance, and about 6 P.M. we began ascending the mountain, Col. Wm J. Palmer leading the main body.

"We found it to be one of the most toilsome journeys that was ever undertaken by any body of cavalymen, as we were obliged to lead our horses, single file, up the terribly rocky and steep trail, horses falling, and men stumbling and swearing the entire length of the line. We were dripping with perspiration through constant walking, not daring to discard our overcoats for fear of delay or surprise. Such was the intense darkness of the forest that we were not able to see our hands before our faces. After marching about eight hours, having lost the trail twice, we indeed felt ourselves a forlorn hope. At last we arrived on a fair level about 1 A.M., gathered the stragglers and took a rest for a few minutes. We pressed onward along the crest for a number of miles, and long before the break of day began the descent.

"The mountaineer scouts lighted their long pine torches and led the column down the trail single file. The men bumped against the horses and the horses bumped against the men. As we moved down the wild mountain trail I thought the column resembled an immense serpent, with every vertebra in its back in violent action, winding its way into the darkness of the forest.

"I was very thirsty, as my canteen had been emptied two hours before, and my horse kept licking my frosty saber hilt at every opportunity as he bumped against my back. However, after an unusually long, toilsome and continuous march, we succeeded in getting to the base of the mountain. Immediately we noticed a very beautiful stream of spring water rushing from the mountain base. We hurriedly half

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watered our famished and hungry horses, then mounted and assembled for the combat.

"The order was given to charge. We drove the spurs into our horses and rushed forward for a quarter mile, surprised the Indian pickets along the ridge, and then wheeled to the left, and into the meadows. Just in our front and on the hill-side, about seventy yards beyond, was the Indian camp, and between it and ourselves was a deep creek, about thirty feet wide, and back of the Indian settlement was an immense forest.

"The first battalion, counted into sets of four, dismounted, and under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Lamborn, advanced under a fierce fire. The Indian war whoop resounded throughout the forest as they gave us several volleys, wounding Capt. Chas. M. Betts and Capt. George S. Clark. We then charged along the meadow, waded through the creek, breast deep, climbed up the hills and into the Indian camp.

"There were the blazing fires and the corn cakes baking, just ready to eat; so we gobbled them from out the frying pan, and finding no Indians in the huts, we started out and fought them until we had driven them away into the dense forest and we could no longer hear their war whoop.

"After about four hours' fighting we returned and went into their tents. We found bags of dried apples, salt, blankets and sheepskins. John Benner, of our company, beat the tattoo on their drums, then took out his camp knife and cut out the heads. In their surprise and hurry they left behind about fifteen horses tied to the stakes. I destroyed, by striking against the trees, twenty rifles, as they were no possible use to us, and then we set fire to the Indian camp and left the place with the boys shouting the war whoop."

Col. Lamborn continues:

"Our troops burned the rebel camp, destroyed the captured arms, ammunition and supplies, and returned the horses which were found in the camp to the citizens from whom they were stolen. The unexpected boldness and celerity of this attack on the rebel Indians in one of their own strongholds in the mountains proved very serviceable in protecting the border counties of East Tennessee from further depredation, and so thoroughly was this band disheartened and routed that the North Carolina Indians did not venture again, during the Civil War, to make predatory incursions into these Union districts.

"Finding further pursuit of the scattered rebels useless, Colonel Palmer marched the command across the country to Dandridge, on the French Broad River, in order to communicate with General Parke and to secure supplies for men and horses. For subsisting the command the rich plantations along that river furnished abundance of corn, wheat and bacon.

"The pursuit of Longstreet had not been pressed with much vigor. General Sherman, finding Knoxville relieved from siege, returned with his troops to Chattanooga, and the remaining infantry forces under Granger and Foster, the latter having relieved Burnside of his command, were camped within a few miles of Knoxville. Longstreet moved slowly and leisurely to Rogersville and Russellville, and fed his large body of well-mounted cavalry on the rich corn fields of the Holston and French Broad valleys. . . .

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"After the advance of our infantry had been stayed by a lack of supplies and perhaps by the mistaken belief that Longstreet was slowly retreating, the struggle in East Tennessee for two months became virtually a fight for corn and bacon between the cavalry forces of the opposing armies. For two weeks Colonel Palmer with his command scouted through the country along the Holston and between Dandridge and Russellville, sometimes advancing under cover of night to the immediate vicinity of large bodies of the enemy, capturing provisions, stock and various supplies, and getting much valuable information which was duly forwarded to headquarters at Knoxville. Scarcely a day passed without a skirmish with the enemy, and the safety of the command made it necessary to practically 'camp in the saddle,' to march rapidly and long distances, and rarely to rest two nights successively in the same place. Extreme watchfulness was required to prevent a surprise, since this small body of men was a long distance from any support and in the immediate vicinity of bodies of rebel cavalry many times superior in numbers. On the night of the 22d of December, 1863, the command made a rapid march ten miles above Dandridge, and seized twenty-six head of stock and thirteen horses, with five of the rebel soldiers who were guarding them, almost from the picket line of a brigade of rebel cavalry encamped on the French Broad River, and successfully carried them off, in spite of a lively pursuit to Flat Gap, beyond which General Sturgis' command was encamped.

"On the 24th of December a detachment of the Fifteenth was the advance of a movement by two brigades of Federal cavalry against a rebel force reported at Dandridge. The rebels, after a sharp skirmish, were badly worsted, and were in full retreat when they were reinforced by a brigade from Morristown that arrived in season to turn the tide of battle, and our troops were forced to withdraw from the field, bearing with them most of their killed and wounded.

"In this engagement a brilliant dash was made by Colonel Palmer and ninety men on the rear of a portion of one of the rebel regiments, which was speedily demoralized, but on the return from the charge a heavy fire was unexpectedly opened from another body of dismounted rebels, by which ten of our men had their horses shot under them, and they fell prisoners into the enemy's hands. Among these was Capt. Washington Airey, of Company L, a gallant and exemplary officer, who remained a prisoner for some months, and was finally released only to die a lingering death from a terrible disease engendered by the hardships of his imprisonment in Charleston, Florence and other points. The total loss of all troops in this skirmish was 75 killed, wounded and prisoners. We took 25 prisoners.

"The bulk of our cavalry forces encamped about Newmarket,* and the regiment was again sent to scout along the flanks of the rebel cavalry near Morristown. On the 29th of December, a sharp engagement occurred at Mossy Creek.* The rebels made the attack, and after six hours of changing fortune they were finally handsomely and decidedly repulsed and pursued for four miles in rapid retreat. The enemy numbered about 5,000 cavalry; our own forces were perhaps equal in number. The Fifteenth Penna. was engaged throughout, and made two fine charges, gaining and holding an important position on the field. For these services of the command Colonel Palmer was handsomely complimented by General Sturgis, the Commander of the cavalry. Five men of the Regiment were wounded, and First Lieut. Harvey S. Lingle, a fine officer and acting Adjutant, was killed."

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William M. Palmer, a private in Company L, was wounded during the engagement at Mossy Creek and wrote later of his experiences.

... "In the engagement I saw a mounted color-bearer carrying the headquarters' flag, a yellow ensign, with a large white star in the center, representing the Lone Star Division of Texas. He was some distance in advance, and I was desirous of picking him off, if possible, and to capture the colors. I took a steady aim, fired, and am sure I hit him. He at once dropped the colors and turned his horse back into their lines. I was also some distance ahead of the company, so eager was I to capture the rebel colors.

"About that time I was wounded. The horse on which I rode was a spirited animal that I had captured in the fight with the Cherokee Indians, and I had a great deal of trouble to manage him. Just as I received my wound the Regiment made a charge on the enemy, leaving me in the rear. I still rode my horse, badly wounded as I was. I noticed near me Charles E. Scheide, and informed him that I was wounded. He at once assisted me to get to the old church in the town of Newmarket, East Tennessee, which was being used as a Union hospital. We had to go some three-quarters of a mile to reach it. My horse was very much excited and gave me trouble. I had ridden about a half a mile when, from loss of blood and pain, my hip being shattered by the large ball that struck me, I was unable to ride any farther. Fortunately, one of our ambulances came in sight from the battlefield, filled with wounded. . . . I was then lifted from my horse to the ambulance, and with the rest of the wounded was taken to the hospital. In a short time the wounded from the various commands kept coming in and took up every available place in the church. I was placed on the floor near the pulpit steps.

"In a short time Adjutant Lingle was brought in, wounded through the body. He was laid alongside of me. He was a brave and efficient officer and one of the most lovable comrades in the Regiment. Elias Deeter, Company L, was among the number of wounded brought in, he having received a wound in the left hip. Dr. Alexander, Regimental Surgeon, was on hand to attend to those requiring his services. He examined my wound, ran a probe in it to find the ball, but was unable to locate it. The ball had struck me near the spine, run around and fractured the left iliac bone and lodged in my groin. . . . The doctor not finding the ball, I was afraid that mortification might set in and eventually kill me. I said to the doctor, 'Would it not have been better if that rebel who shot me had had more powder in his cartridge and shot it clean through?' 'Oh no!' he replied, 'it might have been worse for you. General Scott, up to the time of his death, had a ball in his shoulder that he received in the War of 1812.' . . . All night long the surgeons were kept busy, amputating limbs and dressing wounds. About 4 A.M. Dr. Alexander visited Adjutant Lingle, who seemed to be unconscious. He shook him, whereupon he opened his eyes, but remained silent. When the doctor asked him if he was aware that he could not live much longer, he undertook to reply, but in a few minutes he calmly passed away.

January 1864

"I laid alongside of him for some two hours before he was removed for burial in the cemetery adjoining the church. General Foster, commanding the forces in East Tennessee, ordered all the sick and wounded to be removed to Knoxville

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when his command took up their march to that place. Unfortunately, owing to there not being sufficient ambulances to take us, Elias Deeter and myself, with two other soldiers, were left to fall into the hands of the enemy.

"About two hours after General Foster's command had left, General Longstreet's command marched into Newmarket and encamped outside of the town. Not being able to get away, we had to make the best of it alone. There was no one to help us, and we were quite helpless. The fire in the stove had gone out, the weather was cold, and during the night we had a severe snowstorm. The two large doors of the church blew open, and the snow drifted in and piled up in different parts of the room. We had to endure this until the next morning, when about 10 A.M. the sexton of the church came in for a chair that he had loaned the doctor, not knowing that anyone had been left there overnight. 'My God!' he exclaimed, when he saw us. 'Is it possible that you have been here all this time during the terrible storm we had last night, with no fire and nothing to eat?' He quickly built a fire and said, 'Now, I will see about getting you soldiers something to eat.' He being a Union man, soon had other Union citizens interested, who came to our aid. It was not long before a good breakfast was brought in for each of us, which was the first meal we had eaten since the day before. A citizen, a Union doctor, attended to dressing our wounds. Medicines were scarce and hard to get, so we were informed. All the attention that could possibly be given us we received, and we certainly were very profuse in our thanks to those that aided us.

"Some of Longstreet's men paid us a visit one day. They were quite sanguine about their success. Some had enlisted for eight years, or during the war. It was not long before it was reported to General Longstreet that we were Yankee soldiers. He sent a guard to take us as prisoners of war and guard us. There was not much guarding to do. None of us was able to stand, let alone try to make our escape. A rebel surgeon called one day to look at us, and told us he would give us the necessary attention, but that was the last we saw of him. If it had not been for the citizens and doctor, I don't know what we would have done.

"We remained at Newmarket until the 18th day of January, 1864, when we were all ordered to be sent to Morristown, Tenn., eighteen miles east of Newmarket. Mr. and Mrs. Moffit, the most prominent and wealthy family in Newmarket, had been very kind to us, and when they learned that we had been ordered away, came to bid us good-by. When we were put in the ambulance, Mrs. Moffit told the driver that she wished him to stop at her house, as he had to pass it en route. She wished to give us some luncheon to take with us, as we had a long and rough ride before us to Morristown. A rebel surgeon, I think the same one who promised to give us medical attention, was standing by Mrs. Moffit when she told the driver to stop at her house. The driver stopped at the house, and the same rebel surgeon was in front of the residence. He asked the driver why he stopped, who informed him that Mrs. Moffit desired to give us some lunch to take with us. The surgeon, in a very rough manner, told the driver to go on, which he did.

"Deeter and I were in one ambulance, lying on our backs. We could see out of the back of the wagon. We had gone but a short distance when I saw a colored man running in the road, carrying a package in his hand, and trying to attract our attention. I informed the driver, who stopped, and the colored man came up and

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said Mrs. Moffit sent 'dis lunch for de soldiers.' We returned our thanks, and divided with the driver. After some four hours' tedious driving we arrived at Morristown. Deeter not being able to wear his boots, which had been put in with him when we left Newmarket, when we were carried out to the hospital, the driver, taking a fancy to them, appropriated them for himself. Deeter was minus boots until we arrived at the hospital in Baltimore some three months after. . . ."

Colonel Lamborn continues:

"The Cavalry Commander, General Sturgis, finding that the men of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania could render most valuable service in the way of harassing the detached portions of the enemy and in gathering the much-needed information of their movements, again ordered Colonel Palmer to move down in the vicinity of Dandridge, and from that point to scout the country and to watch the enemy and make report. The especially dangerous and fatiguing military duty of scouting had now become a specialty with this command.

"Few officers of the army, as later campaigns fully displayed, possessed higher qualities for the command of troops in dangerous and difficult expeditions than Colonel Palmer, and no regiment in the service could boast of men better suited for active, intelligent, dashing scouts than the Anderson Cavalry. For two weeks they scouted the whole country, on the enemy's flank, pouncing down upon them at the most unexpected and unguarded moments, marching day and night and picking up prisoners and gathering stock almost within the limits of the rebel encampments. 'Palmer's Owls' became the synonym for the Regiment among the loyal citizens of that country.

"During all this time men as well as horses must be fed, and through the good management of Lieutenant Hinchman, the Regimental Commissary, who watchfully foresaw every need and profited by every advantage, grist mills were seized and set to work night and day, with our own men for millers; and good stores of bacon and beef which the rebel plantations supplied were gathered in, and our men and horses were provided with subsistence from the country fought over throughout the whole of this winter campaign. For two months nothing but limited quantities of sugar and coffee were drawn from the Government, the country itself supplying all other needs."

Sergeant E. W. Anderson of Company M. tells of their next engagement.

"On or about the 12th of January, 1864, Gen. Robert B. Vance left Asheville, N.C., in command of a Confederate brigade of about 700 men, consisting of cavalry and infantry, crossed over the Smoky Mts. into East Tennessee, and made a descent on Sevierville where he captured a wagon train and its escort, out from Knoxville, Tenn., for forage. They started back with the prisoners, a number of citizens who had been evading Confederate service, and all the horses they could capture in that vicinity.

"Our Regiment, with part of the Tenth Ohio, was encamped on the night of the 13th inst. at Jim Evan's plantation, seventeen miles distant, on the French Broad River.

"Early in the evening 'boots and saddles' sounded, and we started on our way to Sevierville, reaching that place at the first light of dawn. The advance squad, under Sergeant Lyon, succeeded in capturing two citizens and two Confed-

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erate officers at Mr. McNutt's plantation, thus preventing them from giving knowledge of our pursuit. Here we fed our horses, breakfasted and then passed along up the Smoky Mountains, following the water of Pigeon Creek. The citizens in this vicinity, loyal Unionists, had stopped the progress of the Confederates by felling heavy timber across the narrow gorges, and were greatly elated when they discovered that we were in hot pursuit of 'our mutual foe.'

"We followed on in this manner, and soon the advance guard was able to see the rear of the Confederates passing over the distant hills. Only a short time elapsed before the whole Confederate command passed in view of the advance guard. The Colonel gave orders that at the first favorable opportunity the attack would be made. Ere long the smoke could be seen arising from the valley across Crosby's Creek, proclaiming that the Confederates were going into camp.

"General Vance had decided, when he left Sevierville, to take the captured wagons to Longstreet, but believing that he was not pursued, changed his orders, ordering the wagons to proceed up Crosby's Creek, on the road to Asheville, from whence he came. The teams, being tired and worn out, had straggled over a distance of three miles, and some of them had gone about a mile and a half down Crosby's Creek before they received the orders to change for Asheville. Feeling certain that he was not pursued, he ordered his men into camp.

"All this time our command was standing on the rise of the descent to Crosby's Creek watching all these maneuvers. The Confederate vedette had gone down to the reserve for his dinner, leaving no one on the lookout. We could plainly see the wagons coming up the stream, and those in front going into camp, when the order for the charge was given. With a yell such as the mountains have never heard before or since, our command fell upon the Confederates in the center, forcing them up and down the stream in direst confusion, with little or no resistance.

"The fight, to the best of my recollection, lasted but five minutes, several of the Confederates being killed and wounded; but a great surprise was in store for us. With a little squad of men we were moving among the wounded and dead, and I was taking a revolver from the pocket of a Confederate officer, when one of the men called my attention to General Vance and a squad of men, consisting of two aides and two orderlies, advancing toward us. I was soon in the saddle and demanded their surrender.

"We brought the orderlies and officers down, turning them over to Colonel Palmer, where General Vance made a formal surrender to him, and then and there gave his parole. During this expedition we captured about 200 horses, 104 prisoners, including the General in command, two of his aides and six commissioned officers. We also recaptured all the wagons and prisoners taken from the Union army, including the captured citizens, and also a new ambulance and all its equipments, which we used afterward in our own Regiment. . . . Under orders from Colonel Palmer we then proceeded to Maj. Pinkto Toomy's residence, in Sevierville, the Major having been captured at early dawn at McNutt's place. We remained two days at Sevierville, but on the third evening, just at dusk, I was ordered with a detail to proceed with all the Confederate commissioned officers who had given their parole to the commanding officer at Dandridge, twenty-six miles away."

Again Lamborn.

PALMER'S OWLS

"For this gallant and brilliant achievement, so complete in its results and accomplished without the loss of a man, General Sturgis especially recommended Colonel Palmer to General Foster, and this officer, appreciating the valuable services of the Regiment and the sterling qualities of its Commander, at once telegraphed General Grant nominating Colonel Palmer for promotion to the rank of Brigadier General. This nomination was forwarded to Washington, with highly flattering endorsements, and Colonel Palmer was soon after nominated by the President to the new rank; but his confirmation by the Senate did not occur until the next session, and after another nomination accompanied by urgent recommendations based upon greater services.

"Colonel Palmer returned with his command to the neighborhood of Dandridge, but as the main body of our cavalry had fallen back to Knoxville, from the front of Longstreet, on the Holston, and 8,000 of the rebel cavalry had been thrown into the corn fields of the French Broad, the position became too exposed, and it was deemed advisable to draw back toward Sevierville.

"In the meantime our cavalry, under Sturgis, having crossed to the south side of the river at Knoxville, moved slowly up with the main body, and sent Col. Jim Brownlow† with the First Tennessee Cavalry to join Colonel Palmer and to act under his orders. On January 22, Col. Palmer, strengthened by Brownlow's regiment, moved up for a reconnaissance against the enemy, above Dandridge. Having learned that they had sent out heavy foraging parties to Indian Creek, he pushed up about ten miles, and in a sharp running fight of five miles captured three officers and sixty-eight enlisted men, with seventeen wagons and ninety mules, having killed two rebels and wounded one, suffering a loss of one man of the First East Tennessee regiment, wounded.

"Three days later the main body of the cavalry had come up to Sevierville, and the command was again joined with them. . . .

"On the 27th a small party of our scouts discovered a division of the enemy a few miles out on the Newport road, and from the information they obtained and the admirable knowledge of the country shown by Col. Palmer, McCook's division of cavalry was enabled to gain a brilliant victory, routing Morgan's rebel division and capturing two pieces of artillery and eighty prisoners. The following day another engagement was fought near Fair Garden, East Tennessee, without decisive results.

"This was the last battle of this campaign. The forage of the country within our lines being now almost exhausted and the infantry being still retained quietly in winter quarters at Knoxville, it was decided to withdraw all our cavalry to Marysville* and the valley of the Little Tennessee, and the following day the movement was begun. Longstreet was thus left in quiet possession of the corn fields of the upper French Broad and Watauga, and the 10,000 cavalry under his command remained there until spring opened, and the main body withdrew to Virginia and rejoined General Lee, from whose army they had been sent the preceding autumn to reinforce Bragg at Chattanooga.

"Colonel Palmer's command had been ordered back to Chattanooga by General Thomas some time before the final withdrawal of our cavalry was decided

†Son of Parson Brownlow

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upon, but General Foster was unwilling to let him go. But now that the entire campaign was closed, the command moved back, by slow marches, by way of the corn fields of the Hiawassee and Tennessee, and on the 11th of February, 1864, arrived at Chattanooga, reported to General Thomas and were rejoined by the rest of the Regiment, which had been left in Sequatchie Valley.

"This winter campaign of seventy days had been one of severe service. The main body of the command, in addition to the daily scouts, had marched and countermarched about 1,000 miles. They had taken part in six severe engagements of the cavalry forces, and had themselves captured 194 rebel prisoners, including one Brigadier General, three Captains and three Lieutenants, seventeen wagons and mules, 250 stand of arms and 150 cavalry horses and equipments complete, and had recaptured from the enemy twenty-three U.S. soldiers and nineteen U.S. army wagons and mules. The losses of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry had been one officer killed, two wounded and one captured; nine enlisted men wounded and ten captured.

"When it is remembered that there were but 175 men of this Regiment all told in this campaign, and with the detachment of the 10th Ohio, whose losses were eight men wounded, the total force under Colonel Palmer during most of the time numbered less than 300 men, the record of their services will stand a fair comparison with any other body of men in the army. They deserved and received the highest praises for their efficiency from every Commander under whom it was their fortune to serve."

CHAPTER XIII

All's Quiet On The Tennesse

1863-1864

Neither Will nor Ball were in the detachment sent to the relief of Knoxville. Ball was on orderly duty in Chattanooga and Will was still on leave in Philadelphia.

Will had received a 10-day extension to his furlough and so had a jolly time with his family, his friends, and his Julia. The fun he had would seem rather dull to us now, for his mornings were spent largely in going "to town," probably to see his friends, for the only things he bought, according to his diary, were a "piece of music for sister Julia and a haversack", and a small photograph called "La Petite Nonchalant". This last for sister Julia, also. His afternoons and evenings were spent with his Julia, having "tea", and one gala day he took her riding. To Church three times on Sundays!

On November 30th, he left to join his regiment. In 1960 a flight from Philadelphia to Chattanooga would only take a couple of hours, and perhaps by the time you read this you will be there in a couple of minutes in your own little rocket. But from Will's diary, things were a bit different in 1863.

November 1863

Monday, 30. Home in the A.M. At 10 o'clock Sergt. Hammill reported to me. Packed up, got my dinner, and bidding mother and the folks a tearful "Goodbye" went with father to the P.R.R. depot. Messers Keeley, Patteson and Ramsey were at the Depot to bid me good bye. Mr. Patteson gave me a small package for Ned. *Sergt. Hammill did not report.* Took a sleeping car for Pittsburg. Checked my valise and a carpet bag for Wash Knight through. Got supper at Altoona where I telegraphed to Lieut. Remont to *rearrest Hammill*. Copy. "Arrest Hammill. Did not report at Depot. Good bye." Cost 43c.

December, 1863

Tuesday, 1. Reached Pittsburg at 2 A.M. Changed cars and went on. Took breakfast at Alliance, Ohio, where I met Nesbit Turnbull on the train bound for Chicago. He went as far as Crestline with me and we had a pleasant chat and smoke together. Reached Crestline at 11:30 A.M. Changed cars and went on. Took dinner at the Fontaine house, Bellefontaine. Reached Indianapolis at 9 P.M. Changed cars and went on to Louisville. Took a sleeping car and had a good night's rest.

Wednesday, 2. Reached Louisville at 5½ A.M., two and a half hours behind time. Yesterday's train from Nashville had just arrived having met an accident on the road. No train hence will leave today. Took breakfast at the Galt House. There being no room vacant at the Galt House I took a room at the National Hotel. Wrote some letters, took a bath etc. After tea called on Mrs. Prettyman who took

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me right up to her own comfortable quarters. On arriving at the Hotel found a letter from Sergt. Hammill stating that he was in the city at the Louisville Hotel. Shortly after, he called and I went out and got transportation for myself and him to Nashville.

Thursday, 3d. At 7 A.M. started with Hammill for Nashville. The cars were very much crowded in consequence of no train having gone down yesterday. Took dinner at Cave City. Reached Nashville at 4½ P.M. Went around to Sam Knight's store, found the brothers well and delivered Julia's letter to them. In the evening went out and got transportation for self and Hammill hence to Bridgeport. Hammill appears to be very sick tonight, so that I must lay over tomorrow, and have him examined by a Surgeon, and if too sick have him placed in a hospital. Am sorry to have to lay over, as I wanted to go right through. Slept with Sam Knight.

Friday, 4. Clear and pleasant. At 9 A.M. had Hammill examined by Dr. Foye at No. 19 and admitted to Hosp. No. 8. Spent the morning at the store after registering my name at the Capitol. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Cameron where I met Gen. Wm. S. Smith and wife. Gen. Smith is now Chief of Cavalry in the Grand Division of the Mississippi. It was he who planned the Grierson raid* last Spring. He told me he was going to make a tour of the front soon, and thinks of taking our Regt. along with him. He appears to be a man of action, capable and brave. Had a conversation after dinner with Mrs. C. in regard to Miss Nellie Chase. Saw Chas. M. Keyser in the afternoon. In the evening took Hammill to the Hospital and had him admitted. Then called on Capt. Thompson at the City Hotel, but he was not in. Wrote a letter to Julia before retiring. May God cheer her!

Saturday, 5. At 7:30 A.M. took the cars for Bridgeport. Raining when we started. Clear at 1 P.M. Started with Messers Reese and Elliott, sutlers, and James Grier. Dined at Tullahoma. Arrived at Stevenson, Ala. at 6½ P.M. In company with Mr. Elliott I laid over till next day with Mr. Montgomery, sutler. Will start in the morning for Bridgeport and thence by boat to Chattanooga.

Sunday, 6. Clear and pleasant. In the A.M. got aboard the train for Bridgeport, but just as it was starting I found that I had left my papers in Mr. Montgomery's tent and had to get off, staid with him till evening. At 6.30 P.M. got aboard the freight train for B. where I arrived at 7.45, distance only 10 miles. Found the boat for Kelley's Ferry loading with forage, and had to wait at the landing till after midnight.

Monday, 7. At 1½ A.M. got aboard the boat and started for Kelley's Ferry. Laid down in the "Shebang" and had a good sleep. Arrived at Kelley's Ferry a little after daylight. At Bridgeport met Lieut. Bracker of Gen. Thomas' Staff and with him was Judge Fitch, formerly of Gen. Rosecrans Staff, and author of the "Annals of the Army of the Cumberland." On arriving at Kelly's Ferry Bracker went on to Chattanooga with Colonel Parsons, while I waited there with Judge Fitch who introduced me to Dr. Morton, Surg. U.S. Vols. with whom we dined at 2.15 P.M. Started on foot for Chattanooga where we arrived, after a very pleasant walk, at 5.30 P.M. I went up to Capt. Garner's quarters at the Escort Camp with whom I will stay till I can get a horse to take me out to our Camp in Sequatchie Valley, near Pikeville. Col. Palmer is now away with 125 men, on an expedition to and beyond Knoxville, with designs on Gen. Longstreet's train. Saw brother Ball,

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Ned Patteson and Alex. Ramsey, all well, glad to see them, and had a good old talk together.

Tuesday, 8. Rainy and disagreeable day. Spent part of the day at different times with Ball and his mess. After dinner went to report at the Post Provost Marshall's office where I got a pass "through the city." Also called at the Christian Commission Rooms and saw Rev. E. P. Smith,* Mr. Robinson and Mrs. Dickinson.

Wednesday, 9. In the A.M. per request from her, called on Mrs. Hanis at the Christ. Com. Rooms; had pleasant conversation with her. She wants me to use my influence in getting a furlough for Birnbaum. Got shaved and called at Dept. Head Qrs. and saw Major McMichael and Lt. Porter, also Joe Donnelly. In the evening had a good old sing with Patteson and Ramsey in their new house, which they had just put up.

Thursday, 10. Fine day. At 9½ A.M. started with a large party to visit the Battlefield of Chickamauga. The cavalcade was composed of Major Generals U. S. Grant, Comdg. the Grand Division of the Mississippi, George H. Thomas, Comdg. Dept. of the Cumberland; Palmer, Comdg. 14th Army Corps; Brig. Generals Meigs, Johnson, Smith, Whipple and Brannon, together with a number of distinguished officers, staff and otherwise, and Capt. Wagner and Lt. Field of our Regiment. We visited only the scene of action on the left and did not go down as far as Widow Glenn's. Saw the spot where Gen. Thomas fought on Saturday, Sept. 19th and where behind breastworks of logs, he repulsed ten or twelve consecutive assaults of the enemy; also the spot where he made that world renowned heroic stand on the afternoon of Sunday the 20th. Saw the bleaching bones of five of our unburied soldiers left there on the ground by the rebels. There is a brigade of our men there now which has thus far buried more than 400 of similar cases. Saw great trees cut in two by cannon balls and shells; acres of underbrush, every twig of which attests the fiery ordeal through which the two armies passed. Plucked a couple of pine burrs and a rock cactus from the field. Saw near Chattanooga, a thousand graves which were dug just before the battle of Chattanooga of the 23d. Arrived back at camp at 6 P.M.

Friday, 11. Clear. After dinner called on Mr. House, del'd Sam Knight's letter to him. called on Mr. Crutchfield, not at home, left Mr. Cameron's letter for him. Called at Mr. Kuhn's, called at C.C. Rooms to bid them goodbye. At 3 P.M. got a pass from Lt. Col. Wiles and started with Lieut. Fobes for Sequatchie Valley, on a horse which Birnbaum rode down, he having been detailed at Head Qrs. as a clerk. Crossed the Tenn. River on the ferryboat, a pendulum ferry. Took the valley road and made 7½ miles that evening. Stopped at the house of Mr. Vandergriff, where there was a dead mule rotting between two houses.

Saturday, 12. Rainy. Started at 8 A.M. Stopped at 12 M. to lunch. Today made 24½ miles, stopping with Mr. Elias Hickman, with whom Lt. Fobes was acquainted. Had a good nights rest.

Sunday, 13. Rainy. Started at 8 A.M. Took the Quarll's Trace, westward. Two miles from Hickman's struck the mountain which is 7 m. across from foot to foot. Passing into Sequatchie Valley, 2½ m. from the mountain reached Pikeville. Continued north and 7 m. from P. reached camp in Cedar Grove at 3 P.M. Found most of the Regiment still away with Col. Palmer. Hinchman left our tent

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very nicely arranged, with a good fireplace in the back, quite comfortable. Found Capts. DeWitt and Kramer, Lieuts. Kirk, Lloyd and Logan and Dr. Say in camp with about 125 men.

Will continues:

"The victory at Chattanooga had relieved us from sending forage, rations and cattle to that place, as it opened up the railroad and made our work much lighter. Now we had only to do a little picketing, and about once a week send a detail to Bridgeport for supplies. The men rather liked that duty, although the trip took about a week and the roads were bad, for when the rations were drawn it was always found that the amount received was greater than what the requisitions called for, and the excess was divided among the train guards. The country was filled with deserters from the Tennessee and Kentucky regiments in the Confederate service. They gave no trouble. They only wanted to get home and be good citizens.

"Now that our work was lighter our thoughts turned to pleasure, and a party was given, December 14th, by some of our officers at Squire Tullas' house. The preliminaries were easily arranged. A call was made on some lady in the neighborhood, no letter of introduction being necessary, and the invitation given was always accepted. The soldier always offered a horse to ride, as the lady's horse had generally been stolen. The music was furnished by two colored men, who accompanied the violin with singing. The principal tune was "Sallie Gal," but no one ever got the words.

"About 11 o'clock come supper—ham, chicken, wild turkey, venison and pure coffee; then on again with the dance. Plain cotillions were all they knew, with plenty of 'jigs' in them, and lots of exercise. Toward daylight, or, as one young lady expressed it, 'The night's near dead, I can see the mountain,' the party broke up, the girls were taken to their homes and we went to camp.

"Along in December, Col. Tom Harrison, a cousin of our late President, joined us with his regiment, the Thirty-ninth Indiana, and took command. He was an easy-going, splendid fellow, and we liked him for a commanding officer, as he never ordered us about.

"The Indianians soon had the party fever, and on December 24th got up one at Colonel Bridgemen's in Pikeville. It had some singular features. As they had very few ladies and a great many soldiers, the chances for a dance were sold at one dollar each, and the purchaser was given a ticket with the number of the dance he bought. From the number of tickets sold, it would have taken two days to have filled all engagements. The party was a success only from a financial standpoint. A small party of the Fifteenth, not exactly satisfied with their chances for a dance, smuggled some of the nicest of the girls away and finished the party at Judge Frazier's in Pikeville.

"Relaxation of discipline and not sufficient work to keep the men busy soon breeds trouble. In every regiment there is a certain proportion of poor soldiers who continue to get out of all hard campaigning, and many others are mischievous just for the sake of the fun they get out of it. The orders were strict that no apple whiskey or peach brandy should be sold to the men, but these would not always be carried out. At one time one of our men arranged with a mountaineer to trade

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his revolver for a canteen of peach brandy, and appointed a certain place outside the camp to make the exchange on the following day. When they met, the soldier, to show the citizen that his revolver was good, fired several shots. At this signal his messmates appeared on the scene, fully armed, and arrested both. They started to take them to camp, but the citizen begged so hard to get off, on account of his family, that he was allowed to go, but the brandy was confiscated.

"On January 4, 1864, with sixty-five men, we joined an expedition, under Colonel Harrison, to Sparta, and arrived there at daylight the next morning, in bitter cold weather. The purpose of the expedition was to break up a bad gang of guerrillas and bushwhackers, under Champ Ferguson, in that neighborhood. The job was quite well done, two of the marauders being killed, several wounded and sixteen captured. On the 6th, our detachment, under Captain DeWitt, returned to Cedar Grove, but the writer was detailed at Sparta until the 12th as Provost Marshall. I administered the oath of Allegiance to a number of citizens. 'I, Jno Smith, before Almighty God, do solemnly swear to bear true and faithful allegiance to the Government and Constitution of the United States of America, and do hereby renounce all allegiance and fealty to any other government or pretended government within the same. So help me God.'

"On the way back we saw deer and wild turkeys, and supped on venison and turkey that night. A settler on the mountain said that in two years he had shot thirty deer and 300 turkeys.

"I reached camp at Cedar Grove on Wednesday the 13th at 10 A.M. and found letters from J.K. and Sis. Capt. DeWitt* had gone to Chattanooga under arrest."*

The rest of January is a complete blank in Will's diary, so Ball, through his letters home, tells of his rather quiet and unexciting life in Chattanooga.

Chattanooga, Dec. 14th, 1863

Dear Auntie;

I have almost given up the idea of ever getting another letter from you. Perhaps you have not received my letters, and think that I have neglected you. However, I will wait a little longer before giving up.

You have already heard no doubt that Willie has been home on a leave of absence of twenty days which he fortunately got extended ten days more. He arrived back here a week ago today, and had a splendid time, as you may well imagine he would after an absence from home of fifteen months. He looks much better than when he left here, and is quite well now. He left Friday the 11th to join the regiment which is now in Sequatchie Valley. . . .

There are three companies that remain here, and are now since Rosecrans' removal attached to Gen. Thomas' headquarters. We were not very well pleased with Rosecrans' displacement, as he enjoyed the perfect confidence of all. Gen. Thomas, however, is a brick.

You have heard the report that during the battle Gen. Rosecrans was asleep in Chattanooga. This is an infamous lie, for I was with him all the time and on Sunday the 20th of September I was orderly to him. I carried a despatch to Gen. McCook about a 1/2 hour before the center gave way and if Rosecrans had remained three minutes longer where he was, we should all have been captured,

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so close were we to the enemy. Gen. Morton who was with Rosey was shot in the hand, our 1st Lieutenant was cut slightly in the head with a piece of shell and the Capt. had his horse shot and two or three of the men were wounded. I could almost have cried when our men gave way before a superior force. The army immediately fell back to Chattanooga and commenced fortifying. Gen. Rosecrans personally superintended operations, being constantly among the men, cheering and encouraging them and in three or four days he had a formidable line of works thrown up, which the rebels did not dare attack. Till the last few days the whole rebel army lay only about a mile distant from our works, their camps could be plainly seen. . . .

Four of us lately have built us a little hut and have built a fireplace and chimney and altogether have it very comfortable. We went out with the wagon to the foot of Missionary Ridge and tore down the *winter* quarters of the Rebels which they had put up with considerable labor and built ourselves comfortable shanties. We cannot tell how long we shall remain here but probably all winter. Still I cannot believe the army here will remain quiet many months. It may seem singular to you that the army cannot move on and follow up their success. If they could the war would soon end. But the men must be fed, and here lies the difficulty. It is no small matter to provision an army of 100,000 men. Bad roads and the difficulty of obtaining forage for the mules all conspire to render it a matter of much difficulty.

I cannot but believe that the war will be over by this time next year, and then I tell you we will go home rejoicing, no mistake.

Christmas is now approaching, but Christmas in the army is rather different from what it is at home. We will feast on our hard tack and bacon, and not enough of that. This will be my second Christmas away from home.

Give my love to all and keep much for yourself,

Your affectionate Nephew

Baldwin.

On December 16th he says: "We have got some more horses in today. They are miserable beasts. I still have none however. Read the President's message* day before yesterday. It is short and to the point. Old Abe has issued a proclamation pardoning all rebels with some exceptions." And on December 25th his comments are short and to the point. "Christmas. Garner left today on leave of absence. May he never come back!"

Chattanooga, Jan. 4, 1864

My dear Sister;

I have not received a letter now from you for some time. I think a letter or two has been miscarried. . . .

My box arrived here safely by the 28th, rather late for Christmas but, however one day is as good as another. We were fortunate in getting it at all. The contents were all in good condition. My hat does not just suit me. I wanted it black with a higher crown and wider brim. However, I am making it answer. Willie brought me a fork and spoon, same kind you sent. The cloth gloves are just the thing. The catsup was fine and is no more. The soup, I understand is from the boys. Give them my thanks, it is the best soup I have ever tasted. Ned had a can from the same

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barrel. I wish you had sent me thread and also some envelopes, the latter here are forty cents a pack.

We have had a very cold spell, New Year's evening it commenced to rain and then blew a perfect hurricane most all night and it was bitter cold and freezing hard. The 2d and 3d of January were bitter cold, and everything in our cabin froze hard, meat, bottles of ink, ketchup and toes, all were frozen hard and solid equal to anything in the North. Yesterday boys were having excellent skating on the ponds, the ice being about three inches thick. Think of that down in the sunny south. It is a mistake; we are in the arctic region.

Today it is raining, and freezing as it falls, covering everything with a coat of ice, looking wintry enough.

Yesterday I was out getting wood. We brought in five wagon loads. For some time I have had an awful rip of a horse to take care of. I rode him out yesterday to get wood and he fell down with me on the ice, and was so weak he could hardly get up. Coming back I took saddle and bridle off and turned him loose and reported the beast as played out which he certainly was. It was a disgrace to have such a horse and I made up my mind I was not going to keep him any longer. So much for that good job.

For about two weeks past there has been a man in the office of the provost Marshall who claims to be a spy with important information. He says he came from Gen. Banks. He has been kept here till information about him would arrive from Washington. He is a remarkably intelligent and well educated man. Can speak several languages and in fact knows most everything. He says he has been in all the principal cities in the South since the war began except Savannah. He is a very mysterious man. Some think he is a rebel spy. He has left here for Washington under the care of Capt. (?) and Serg. DuBree of our regiment.

Many of the regiments in this department are enlisting for another three years. I think when we are done with the rebels, we will take a turn with the French in Mexico. I see they are blockading some Mexican ports. Napoleon† is very obliging to American vessels, however, allowing them to enter the ports and coal. How very condescending. He knows he is working too near us and is trying to shut our eye up.

We now have about enough to eat in the way of pork. Today we are drawing flour. The river is very high now and boats go up to Knoxville or near there.

A couple of days ago I received a Harper's Weekly and some daily papers. There is a paper printed here called the Chattanooga Gazette. . . . I will be on guard tonight and a dismal night it will be. Give my regards to Charles Leland and Bro. and all enquiring friends.

Your affectionate Brother

Baldwin.

P.S. I almost forgot to mention my boots. They just fit me exactly. They could not fit me better if they had been made to order. P.S. I have received yours of the 20th and 25th, 1863 and Sabie's of the 27th and the Inquirer also.

I wish you all a happy New Year.

†Napoleon III of France

COLUMN SOUTH

Chattanooga, Jan. 9, 1864

My dear Brothers,

Your letter has come to hand all right. Sabie's letter, I mean. Ramsey and Cummings are out after wood. We use up eight or ten wagon loads a day, the wagons go out almost every day, to the woods at the foot of Missionary Ridge.

We have unusually cold weather here for this climate for about two weeks past. There has been good skating here for several days. A citizen told me the other day, this was the coldest weather within the memory of the oldest *inhabitant*. I think you must be having a very cold winter north. If it is so cold here in the so called sunny South, what must it be with you. This is the first day we have seen the sun for many days, but it has no effect on the $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of snow which is on the ground.

About the prettiest sight I ever saw was Lookout mountain at sunrise this morning The mountain is covered with snow and shone like silver.

Gen. Thomas has issued an order relating to the murder by guerrillas of three soldiers in Lincoln County, this State. They were taken prisoners, drawn up in line and deliberately shot down. Three were killed and two or three who were not hit ran off with their hands tied behind them. One of them, a Lieut. Porter, jumped over a precipice into the river and succeeded in loosing his hands and swimming to the other side and escaping. Thomas, in his order, says the property of every citizen within 10 miles around where this occurred shall be assessed, and the citizens shall be made to raise \$30,000 to be distributed to the three families of the murdered men. \$10,000 each. And then he says that protection will be afforded to anyone who will kill any of these guerrillas. So you see he is in earnest about the matter.

Day before yesterday I was out after wood, on the wood committee as we term it. During the day a fine sleet had fallen and this freezing on the already frozen roads made it very slippery for the mules so coming back at every hill all hands would have to push the wagons by main force up the hill, the mules continually falling.

That was a handsome present you got from Clark & Co., Sabie. So you propose buying a watch, do you? That is the best use you could put it to, better, I believe than saving it. You ought to get a very fine watch at \$25.00, the wholesale price. I would not be without a watch here for \$100, if I could not get another. My watch I got at Cincinnati is an excellent one. It is a Geneva, Swiss watch.

Our cat is coming on finely. She is very playful and lively, cutting up high shines. If I was coming home now I should bring her along, she is a little beauty.

We have issued to us every day a loaf of soft bread. We are better fed now than formerly.

When I was out with Gen. Jeff Davis, we stopped two days at the town of Washington and I slept in an empty corn crib in which was a large litter of little pups. Every night a half dozen or so would crawl in under my blankets, thinking, no doubt, they were finely fixed. They bothered me considerably and I used to throw them about with a loose hand.

We spread our bread with bacon grease instead of butter, which with the addition of a little pepper and salt is very good.

ALL'S QUIET ON THE TENNESSE

Please say to Mother, "Are you ever going to write to Ball?" Stable call has just sounded and I must close. I want you all to write as often as you can. I look anxiously for letters at every mail.

I am, my dear Brother,

Your affectionate Brother,

Ball.

Chattanooga, Feb. 16, 1864

My dear Sister,

Yours of the 9th inst. was received yesterday. I was glad to see that my picture arrived all right. Did you notice in the background the Tennessee river winding along 1800 ft. below the rock, and the woods below which is a part of the ground Hooker's men fought over. It is quite dim but still it can be seen. The third party is a man by the name of Jack Brown of our company.

Col. Palmer has arrived here with his war worn men. You ought to see them once, you would think they had seen service. They started out from Sequatchie with 10 days rations, expecting to be back in that time and have been out 70 days, and drawn but five days rations more in all that time. They were out in all that cold weather without tents of any kind and without even a change of clothing. But they have won for themselves and the regiment a big name, especially in the Knoxville department, where they go by the name of the "Night Hawks" because they were out all the time, night and day, harrassing the enemy, fighting them wherever found and capturing prisoners and wagon trains. They were several times surrounded, but in the night, Palmer would take them out right through the rebels without they knowing it. It was one of our sergeants with a few men that captured Gen. Vance and party.

As an instance of their operations I will relate this. A union citizen who lived three miles *inside* the rebel lines, came one night to Col. Palmer and told him there were three rebels at his house who were going to run off his cattle in the morning, and if he would send a few men he would guide them through the lines and the rebels would be captured. Corp. Bowen was immediately despatched with 10 men and passed through the lines safely and soon arrived at the house when six men dismounted, three going behind and three in front. As soon as they got to the garden fence the dogs began to bark and they made a rush, burst open the doors and captured the men. One, a sergeant, raised a pistol but our men were on to him before he could fire. They started back with the prisoners and their horses, when suddenly they were commanded to "halt." Bowen says he thought it was all up with him. He thought the rebels had intercepted him. But it proved to be Col. Palmer, who with a few men, had started out thinking they would probably need help if captured.

At another time they were lying in a woods looking at a brigade of rebel cavalry crossing the French Broad River, only a short distance from them. At another time at night they were close to a large rebel encampment, so close they could hear them calling the rolls. That's the way they had it, the whole trip. Palmer has received great praise from Gen. Sturgis and Foster. They worked in company with a small detachment of the 10th Ohio Cav. On their arrival here Col. Palmer made

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quite a speech to them all. He said as for his own men they had done no more than what he expected from such men, and that the 10th Ohio had also behaved well and he thanked them for it.

The boys are fairly in love with Palmer, and will follow him anywhere. This time last year they would as leave shot him as not.

Palmer has been to see Gen. Thomas, who I understand has telegraphed to Washington, asking as a favor to him that the regiment be received as veterans.* By right we should have served two years. But an effort will be made to make this an exception. Neither Patteson nor Ramsey have signed yet. Ramsey I know will not. He is clerk at the military prison, in charge of the Provost Marshall, and is trying to recruit enough men from the rebel deserters who come in daily, to give him a lieutenancy in the 10th Tenn. Cav. now raising at Nashville. I think he will succeed. A movement is now going on against Dalton to relieve Knoxville.

Give my love to the family and remember me to all enquiring friends.

Your affectionate Brother,

Baldwin.

Spring and Summer

1864

Knoxville having been relieved, the rest of the winter of 1864 was spent by the Army of the Cumberland in Middle and East Tennessee engaged in minor military operations: repairing railroads, building bridges, stockades, fortifications, and store-houses, transporting supplies and restoring the appointments lost at Chickamauga. Its attitude was mainly defensive while accumulating supplies and making preparations generally for an aggressive campaign into Georgia from Chattanooga as a base.

General Joseph E. Johnston[†] had replaced Bragg as commander of the Confederate Army of the Tennessee and had concentrated his army at Dalton, Georgia, about twenty-five miles south of Chattanooga. In February Grant directed General Thomas to move on Dalton, the object being, in the main, to protect Sherman's advance on Meridian, an important Confederate railroad center and arsenal. The object of the Meridian expedition was to strike the roads inland and so to paralyze the rebel forces that the equivalent of a corps of 20,000 men could be taken from the defense of the Mississippi River and be used in the coming Georgia campaign. By this move on Dalton Grant hoped to prevent reinforcements being sent Polk to assist in resisting the advance of Sherman.

On the very day that Sherman's forces entered Meridian, February 22d, "all the forces that could be safely withdrawn from Chattanooga and the line of communications, were put in motion towards Dalton. Johnston's advanced troops were at Tunnel Hill, while his other forces were holding positions of great strength south of that point. As General Palmer, commanding the Fourteenth corps, approached Tunnel Hill, the enemy retired to Buzzard's Roost, an almost impregnable natural position, commanding the railroad. On the 25th, Davis' division, supported by Johnson's made an unsuccessful effort against the enemy. At this juncture General Thomas joined his troops and at once became convinced that the enemy's forces outnumbered his own, and besides were posted so as to more than double their strength in defense. By this time the impracticability of supplying his troops was fully developed; he therefore advised their immediate withdrawal. General Grant, however, not having heard of the issue of Sherman's campaign, counseled the maintenance of the attitude that indicated an advance to the heart of the South until General Sherman could be heard from, and suggested measures for holding the position before Buzzard's Roost. Deeming further menace impracticable, Thomas retired his forces to their former positions (in Chattanooga). . . . It should be observed that while General Thomas had but four divisions of infantry and a small cavalry force with which to advance against General Johnston. the latter had nearly as large a force at Dalton, the last of February, as he had in

[†]See OPPOSING GENERALS

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May when General Sherman advanced against him with more than one hundred thousand men."* The rest of the early spring was spent in preparing for the advance on Atlanta..

Meantime the Anderson Cavalry was resting after its severe campaign in East Tennessee and was used only in a few short scouting parties. One of their forays was described by N. Messer of Company D.

"A heavy snow had fallen, and was in fine condition for snow-balling. Some evil or other spirit suggested a sham battle. Soon the voice of Col. Betts was heard, like that of Marco Bozzaris,* cheering and calling the boys from their tents. Two battalions was quickly formed, one of which was led by the Colonel himself. The crystal spheres flew thick and fast. The battle waxed hot, metaphorically. The contending forces swayed back and forth between the rows of tents, the Colonel's tall form ever in the front in the thickest of the fight. But alas, he is too venturesome and the enemy lay hands on him and are about to carry him victoriously from the field. Some of the brave spirits of the 1st Battalion rush forward and seize the form of the Colonel as he was being whisked away. Then comes a 'veritable tug' of war, and it seemed as if the gallant Colonel might be torn asunder. The glorious 15th was happily spared so disastrous a consequence, but a new dress coat of his was ripped to the very collar, and some of the boys sought to diminish the ratio between his length and belt by padding him well about the loins with snow."



And now back to Ball's diary. He was still in Chattanooga on orderly duty and rapidly becoming sick and tired of it.

Saturday, 27. Fine day. We have news from the front. Gen. King's body is in town. He was killed at Tunnel Hill. Gen. Jeff. Davis is missing. Gen. Whipple says there will be a battle today. Gen. King is not killed and Gen. Davis is safe! Gen. Thomas arrived back this afternoon. He says he has accomplished all that they went out for, viz. to prevent Johnston sending reinforcements to Gen. Polk. Sherman is after Bishop Polk. The first number of the Chattanooga Gazette came out today, giving an account of the late movement and a list of the killed and wounded.

Sunday, 28. Fine day. Went to a nigger meeting this P.M. It is the first I have attended. Weather very murky. Wash. Knight has gone to Whitesides. Bob Crumpton got back from home this morning.

Wednesday, March 2d. Beautiful day, but quite windy. Bob Sowersby fell down the well last night and fortunately escaped with only a few scratches. He fell about 20 ft. Somebody had removed the rail. Today the regiment started for the valley again. All the dismounted men go to Washington, Tenn. There is to be an election in a few days and our boys go to protect the citizens from the violence of prominent rebels. Col. Palmer started for Philada. today on leave of absence. He will probably make an effort to recruit the regiment. On duty today.

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The story of Bob Sowersby and the well was told by his tent mate, Serg. Blackmar of Co. K, and is as follows:

"When we went into Chattanooga there was a well right near the camp, and an old lady there said, 'Gentlemen, whatever you do, please do not get anything dirty in that well.' Of course the reply was 'Certainly not, Madam.' So we put stakes up around it, and the whole three companies were on guard constantly over that well. You can form your own opinion whether anything went into it or not. . . . One night it was raining terribly, and Bob Sowersby was on guard, and was very sick with a disease that used to trouble a good many of us, and rushed down to this well and stooped down upon the crosspiece that we had placed there, and it was not there, and Bob went down the well. It was in a horrible condition, and he would never have gotten out, but being an old sailor he got a little footing and dug his claws into the side of the well, and three times fell back into that horrible stuff. Finally he rolled out on the bank and fainted dead away. When he came to, he crawled up to his tent where his messmates were. They were all sleeping peacefully in the middle of the night, and somebody yelled, 'Phew, put him out,' and began to throw boots at him."

Thursday, 3. Very fine day. Frost and ice last night. Ned will probably be relieved at the Provost Marshall's and I will take his place. Went out to the regiment this P.M. Got some cans of catables from home; came in Will's box. My letter to the colonel was received by him. He discountenanced the whole proceeding strongly.

Friday, 4. Cloudy and cool. Will was in to see me today. Day before yesterday was out to the regiment. We have the report that the big cavalry raid through Mississippi has been repulsed. It is probably a canurd.

(Ball probably meant "canard" or hoax, which it was not! Gen. Sherman in his campaign to Meridian had wished to destroy General Forrest† who, with a force of only 2,500, was busy threatening Memphis and the river above, and was harassing the routes of the Union supplies to Middle Tennessee. General Sherman, therefore ordered General W. Sooy Smith, chief-of-cavalry on General Grant's staff, with a force of 7,000 men to start from Collierville on the first of February and to join him at Meridian as near the 10th as possible. He was to destroy public property and supplies on the way and to tear up the Mobile and Ohio Railroad from Okolona south.

General Smith, far from following Sherman's orders, did not start until February 11th and was completely routed by General Forrest and his inferior force at West Point, 30 miles south of Okolona on February 21st.)

Monday, 7. Cloudy. Our boys here are amusing themselves playing ball. Got two letters from home. A female in man's attire was arrested by one of the detectives and taken before the Provost Marshall. She turned out to be a regularly authorized surgeon. Very blustery this P.M. Sprinkling tonight.

Wednesday, 9. Very murky today. Walked out to the regiment and Will, Charles Hinchman and I rode up to Lookout Point and had our pictures taken. I am doing camp duty now.

Thursday, 10. Fine day. Quite warm. The regiment today got back from the

†See OPPOSING GENERALS

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valley and Washington. The provost marshal of Washington was murdered by Champ Ferguson.

Sunday, 13. Fine day, very windy. Went to church this morning. Gen. Grant has been made a Lieut. General, his commission being presented him by President Lincoln. Shinely got back this morning, Col. Ludoski, wounded at Tunnel Hill, was buried this P.M. from the officers hospital. Sergt. Sullivan has been relieved from duty at head quarters. Sergt. Coleman takes his place. Expecting new pants every day. Got a letter from Sis yesterday. A box left for me from home the 4th inst.

(On March 9th, 1864, Grant was appointed Lieut-General by President Lincoln and was placed in full command of all the Union armies. This was the first time since 1779 that such a rank had been given a military leader and was also the beginning of our modern Command system.)

Thursday, 17. About 40 of our regiment have just gone out to establish a courier line from Hooker's head quarters to Rossville. The photographer on Lookout fell over the rock and was killed.

Friday, 18. Fine day. Report says that Rosecrans is to again take command here. On guard tonight. Two freight trains were captured yesterday between here and Nashville. Water works are being built to supply the fort and town.

Tuesday, 22. Was on guard last night. It commenced to snow about 2 A.M. and continued snowing hard till 3 P.M., making a foot of snow on the level. There was at least 1½ feet on our cabin. The entire army are playing in the snow all day. In our camp about every ½ hour a glass is broken. A list of deserters from our regiment has been published. Ramsey and Ned are down and many others who neither deserted nor have they been a day off duty without good reason. It is a scandalous thing, and will be inquired into.

Wednesday, 23. Fine day overhead. The snow is melting fast. Water froze last night. Am on duty at Lt. Col. Eaton's in place of Neiman who is sick.

Thursday, 24. Cool today. Bill was here today and says he knows nothing of that list of deserters.

Saturday, 26. Fine day. Warm and pleasant. Howard of our regiment furnished a substitute. He is here today. Kerr of our regiment is in the military prison here for charges preferred against him. Am reading "Rose Clark" by Fannie Fern. Roads drying up fast. Ramsay gave me one of his photographs.

Sunday, 27. Off duty today. My feet are quite sore. No work is done at Col. Eaton's on Sunday, so I came back at 10 A.M. This morning I saw the stick of wood which had been bored into and powder inserted and the holes plugged up, intending to blow up the steamboat boiler, but the attempt was discovered in time.

Monday, 28. Raining hard most all day. Wind S.E. Gen. Sherman arrived in town early this morning. He rode past our camp this P.M. accompanied by Gen. Thomas. My feet very sore so I have to keep quiet. Got a letter from Sis and sent one to Father. Very windy tonight.

Tuesday, 29. On duty today. Cloudy and windy and cold. We have news that Champ Ferguson* has been at last killed. Some of Col. Stokes men dispersed his gang, captured many and shot all they captured. Rec'd a letter from Julie and one from Lizzie Child.

April 1864

Friday, 1. Rainy. Ned inserted in the Chattanooga Gazette a notice that a

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cricket match would be played this P.M. Of course it is a hoax. In spite of the weather quite a number of officers and men were on hand, completely fooled.

Monday, 4. Rained all last night and this morning. On duty today. It is now said that Champ Ferguson was not killed. Was across the river this morning on the boat.

Tuesday, 5. Cloudy and cold. Out grazing morning and afternoon. While coming in a shot was fired at us, the ball whizzing close to us. Ned found his horse last night.

Saturday, 9. Out grazing this A.M. Cloudy and cool. Will dropped in to see us. Col. Palmer has 75 recruits. Blowing up cold and raining. Wash Knight was in town today and said he has made 15,000 dollars since he has been at Whitesides.

Sunday, 10. Fine day. Went to the nigger meeting this P.M. and heard an eloquent address by an intelligent darkey to the darkey young men, urging them to enlist in the 44th Colored reg. now forming here. The darks commenced leaving the church pretty fast and some of the soldiers locked the door. The speaker was several times applauded by white soldiers.

Monday, 11. Fine day. On duty. Gen. Thomas sent out ordering 150 men of our reg. on a scout, but only 35 who were not on duty went under Capt. Betts. Bill did not go. They took several secret scouts with them.

Wednesday, 13. Beautiful day. Our cat has kittens today. Practice with artillery is going on every day. Two large targets are erected, one on Orchard Knob, which they fire at with the big guns at Fort Wood.

Thursday, 14. Quite cool and windy. Quite a fire occurred this morning on Main St. It broke out in the building next the prison. By throwing water on the roof of the prison the building was saved. The fire raged furiously and was spreading fast, when we commenced tearing down three or four small buildings thus making a gap and stopping the further advance of the fire. Three or four large brick buildings were burnt. No government property of value was destroyed. Gen. Thomas, Whipple, Palmer and Steadman. Palmer took a very active part in tearing down the houses. The river is falling.

Tuesday, 19. Cloudy and quite cold. Wind north. On duty. Col. Eaton has gone with Gen. Thomas to Cleveland 30 miles distant in the Dummy. He is expected back tonight. I sent my watch home Sunday by Parker. The rebels have captured Fort Pillow and massacred the garrison of negroes with their white officers. We will see what the government will do in the matter.

(Fort Pillow was a station north of Memphis for the protection of the navigation on the Mississippi River. The garrison consisted of a regiment of colored infantry and a detachment of Tennessee cavalry, amounting to approximately 557 men and officers.

On April 12th General Forrest on his return from his raid on Paducah, on the Ohio River, attacked the garrison and completely wiped it out, killing, wounding, and capturing over 400. The North contended it was a massacre, reporting that the Confederates entered the fort shouting, "No quarter," and began an "indiscriminate slaughter."

General Forrest, in his report, claims the great loss of life was due to the refusal to surrender of Major Lionel F. Booth, the commander of the garrison; that many were drowned endeavoring to escape by rushing into the river; that his

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forces had been able to surround the garrison and had therefore fired on them at close range.

The President and Cabinet discussed the matter at length but never came to a definite conclusion as the Battle of the Wilderness soon over-shadowed that of Fort Pillow.

Since, due to the death of Major Booth during the battle, there was no official report on Union losses, it may still be said to be a moot question as to just what happened that bloody day at Fort Pillow.)

Wednesday, 20. Fine day. Went out grazing. Willie spent most of the afternoon with us. We are to get horses from the 92d Illinois mounted infantry in a day or two. Beautiful moonlight. The river is falling fast. We are to be paid four months pay soon.

Friday, 22. Beautiful day. Went to the regiment this P.M. They are encamped in a beautiful spot at the foot of Mission Ridge and are doing picket duty in the Gap thro. the Ridge. Bill is living in a house with Col. Lamborn. Took supper with him. Got the countersign and got back to town at 11 P.M., it being beautiful moonlight.

Wednesday, 27. Fine day, very warm. On duty. Col. Mackay is acting during Eaton's absence. Our companies are collecting relics to send to the Fair at Philada.

Sunday, 1. Fine day. Quite busy at Col. Eaton's office. He is giving his final orders before moving. He expects to move in two or three days. Gens. Sherman and Kilpatrick arrived here day before yesterday. Kilpatrick has already gone to the front and had a cavalry fight. Sherman is a very careless looking man. I had the honor of a salute from him yesterday.

Monday, 2. Blustering. This is the greatest day for rumours I ever knew in regard to the disposition to be made of this escort. Capt. Wagner took command of the escort April 30th over Garner, and now his company have tonight orders to be ready to move to the regiment tomorrow. Singular. Hooker's corps are moving towards the front today. Two or three regiments of darkies have arrived here. A great move will soon take place. Gen. Thomas is probably only waiting orders from Grant.

Tuesday, 3. Fine day. The weather seems now to be settled. Co. B left for the regiment today. Tomorrow Cos. H & K get to the front. The orderlies are to be left back. We all drew new horse equipment today.

Wednesday, 4. We got horses from the regiment today, but I did not draw one, my mare is better. The escort started this A.M. I stay back with Ned and Al on duty. Went over to Eaton's office and finding Pierce already off with the Colonel I asked to be relieved. It being my day off and I was asked to carry despatches I refused making considerable trouble in the office. We have Wiser's tent.

Thursday, 5. On duty. Capt. Hartz yesterday applied for four orderlies which he has got from the 5th Ky. Cav. I asked to be relieved, but he put me off and I am still there. Bill was in to see me tonight. He expects the regiment to leave for Nashville tomorrow. Large numbers of troops are constantly moving past the head quarters for some days. And almost all the generals in the country have stopped here, McPherson among them. The 15th, 16th and 17th corps arrived in the cars and marched here last night. Twelve car loads came with 16 locomotives. We must

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have 100,000 men down here. All the generals have left town and it is as quiet as Sunday. Shot a cat last night as I lay in bed.

The "quiet" mentioned by Ball was the beginning of the campaign to occupy Atlanta. Only a portion of Co's H & K of the 15th went on this campaign,* their horses and equipment having been worn out during the East Tennessee expedition.

The Atlanta campaign began on May 5th with the bitter fight around Tunnel Hill and Buzzard's Roost. From that date on it was a slow retreat for Johnston, the Confederate commander, with Sherman endeavoring to outflank him and never quite succeeding.

On May 6th the Anderson Cavalry left for Nashville and their trip is described by Serg. Jos. R. Lonabaugh of Company G. Ball was once again left behind in Chattanooga.

"About the time General Sherman started on his march from Chattanooga to Atlanta our Regiment was ordered from its camp at Rossville, Ga., back to Nashville, for a remount. The winter campaign had been very destructive to our horses, and what good ones we had left were taken from us and given to one of the regiments which was just starting on the campaign. About noon the Regiment was assembled and marched into Chattanooga, about six miles, and after the usual wait, got on freight cars and started for Nashville.

"Along about 10 o'clock that night, when a few miles from Scottsboro, Ala., we were fired on by a party of guerillas, who stood not ten feet from the railroad track. Our engineer and fireman were seriously wounded, but the men were all lying down at that time and escaped. Two trains followed us, and on both either the engineer or fireman was shot. One of the trains was filled with Confederate prisoners. They were probably packed closer in their cars than we were, and many of them were standing, so that they got the full effect of the shots. What a pleasure it was to stand alongside their train and listen to them curse and damn their own men. The burden of their abuse was that 'such conduct was not war' and that 'no soldier would engage in it.' 'If they wanted to fight honorably, why didn't they join the army at the front?' All this was nuts for us, and we fully agreed with them. Before the war ended Jeff Davis did, too, and issued an order against such bands.

"As both our engineer and fireman were shot, volunteers for their places were called for, and John Kreider, John Strebiger and Corp. Harry Paschall, of Company F, took their places, and ran the locomotive the rest of the way, arriving at Nashville about 2 P.M., on May 8th, when the Regiment was marched to the old No. 14 Hospital, and bivouacked in the yard all night.

"After making our camp we remained there about three months. Our campaign in East Tennessee had been a hard one, and the rest we had there, with the freedom from drills during the earlier part of our stay, was appreciated by the men. It was at this time that we had our first taste of 'bounty jumpers,' a class of men who enlisted for the bounty paid, and then deserted after receiving the first installment of it. All the officers received notices from the recruiting officers that certain men, whose names and descriptions were given, had joined their companies, but very few ever reached us. They had managed to slip off, and repeated the operation on some other enlisting officer. But not all were of this class, and some of those recruits who reached us made excellent soldiers. . . . At this camp, too, we were

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joined by our imported fencing master, Colonel Emil de Salignac, who remained with us till the close of the war. He was a good teacher and a splendid swordsman, but the boys did not like French names, and he was known as 'Dig-a-Shay,' it being the Americanized version of the command he often gave in drill—'degagez' meaning to disengage the sword blades.

"In July we received the first instalment of our horses, and at once commenced picket duty on all the roads leading south. The day of rest and recreation had passed, but a good deal of fun was extracted out of the workadays which followed."

On May 13th Ball wrote the following letter to his mother:

My dear Mother;

I must write you once in a while even when I know I will get no answer. So I write for old acquaintance sake, as we have known each other for a long while.

I heard today that the regiment was doing provost duty in Nashville and that Willie has been promoted to Captain of Co. A., Capt. Betts to Major, and Sergt. Lord to Adjutant. So you see Will is going ahead.

You see I am still in the rear, but I hope in a very few days to be relieved from duty here, when I will immediately go to the front. I don't feel right at all here while the army is on the move. Our telegraph line now reaches to Dalton. Capt. Hartz told me yesterday that he would try to relieve me in a few days.

Head Quarters today is at Sugar Valley, about 15 miles below Dalton. The enemy were made to leave Buzzard Roost or Gap by a flank movement. An attempt was made to take it by assault but failed with the loss of many men, the rebels rolling large rocks down the precipices on to our men. We also have a report this P.M. that Grant is in Richmond but such news is too good to be true. We have enough men down in the front to eat up the Rebs. I think our army will in a very few days be in Atlanta. There are only a few regiments remaining here in town. It is said today that Wheeler is scouting about in the vicinity of Cleveland. I would not be surprised to see him in sight of this town any day. There is no mistake but that Johnston's Army is in a bad fix, as McPherson's Corps is in their rear, but before this reaches you, you will hear all about it.

So Sabie thinks I am old bachelor. Well, I am certainly getting that way. Father is certainly right in asking for an increase in Sabie's wages. If Sabie were here he would, I think, have no difficulty in getting \$75 or \$100 a month as clerk in some quartermaster's office. There is a man in the Provost Marshall's office whose time is near out, and who is offered \$100 or \$125 a month as clerk as soon as he is mustered out. Most all the clerks in the quartermaster's offices are citizens.

Our mess, Cummings and Ned P. still stay in the old camp and five of us get our meals cooked by an old woman who lives nearby. We draw our rations and give them to her to fix, and we eat at a table and on china plates with cups and saucers like Christians. Today we applied to the Sanitary Commission for some vegetables and got a bushel of potatoes, as much sour kroust as we want, and plenty of onions. Butter and hams etc. we can buy at the Commissary.

Do you ever hear anything of the Downings? I am afraid I will miss being paid off this time as I hear they have been paying off the troops in the front, and, as I

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was not there to sign the rolls I suppose I will get nothing this time.

Your affectionate son,

Baldwin.

P.S. Sat. 14th. This morning's Chattanooga's Gazette has the report that Gen. Lee has surrendered with 40,000 troops to Grant. This may be a big thing but I can't see it yet. Butler must certainly embarrass Lee very much by being in his rear and cutting his communications.

Ball was quite right in not seeing it yet, for Lee had *not* surrendered with 40,000 troops. These rumors refer to the Battles of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania in which the Army of the Potomac under command of Gen. Meade, with Grant doing the actual planning, was trying to push Lee and his army back beyond Richmond. There really was no victory for either side, although there were times when each army might have routed the other. If any victory could be claimed it should have gone to Lee who held off Grant and his superior numbers for six weeks or more, slowly withdrawing, but never beaten.

And Butler, far from "embarrassing" Lee, had failed utterly in his endeavor to cut the railroads below Richmond and had managed to get his force of 30,000 bottled up on a peninsula, known as Bermuda Hundred, on the James River some thirty miles below Richmond.

Monday, 16. Fine day. Went out grazing and visiting all day. We have most glorious news, if true, that Johnston sent to Sherman asking him on what terms he might surrender. Our army has surrounded the rebels, it is said, completely. The cavalry has captured 7 trains of cars in the rebel's rear.

(This was the fight at Resaca, where Johnston was forced to retire to Calhoun,* Adairsville and Cassville.*)

Tuesday, 17. A slight shower this morning. The news, if true, is glorious. Lee has evacuated Richmond and is on the retreat to Lynchburg. Lee is completely outgeneraled this time. The war is almost over, without doubt. Am expecting daily to be relieved from duty here to go to the front. Received my watch today by Frank Quins. Took a despatch up Lookout and stopped at Fosters. Thunder showers all day.

The "glorious news" in Ball's diary was actually the battle at "Bloody Angle" near Spotsylvania, where Grant's and Lee's armies met in a bayonet-to-bayonet contest in pouring rain in deep mud and where the Union army gained but a square mile of muddy ground with great loss of life on both sides.

Wednesday, 18. Cloudy, cool and pleasant. 750 prisoners came in last night including 25 officers. I hear that Johnston with his army has cut his way through and escaped. There is no other news. Was out grazing.

Thursday, 19. Fine day. On duty. Nothing to do. Capt. Hartz is on a grand spree.

Friday, 20. Very warm. No news of importance. Sherman is marching right down after Johnston.

Tuesday, 24. Very showery all day. Went up on Lookout and visited Rock City and Miss Foster. We hear this morning that our army has advanced. Each man allowed only a blanket and with 20 days rations, also got a report that Grant and Butler are in a critical position, but it's all nonsense. The black troops are busy throwing up works around the town to resist rebel cavalry. An attack may take

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place at any time. We will hear some big news in a day or two. Captain Edwards has his family, wife and daughter staying at Foster's.

Thursday, 26. Newman and I went to Chickamauga Creek fishing. Had the usual luck and a very heavy shower. The country looks beautiful. A large wagon train was attacked by Wheeler and destroyed.

Wednesday, 1. Fine day, very warm. Went out grazing to Mrs. Watkins about three miles out. She used to live in Philada. Had quite a talk with her. She had picked for us a plate of strawberries. While out there I traded horses with a surgeon. I got a very hardy little horse.

Monday, 6. On duty. The nigger shanty next our office was burnt down by order of Gen. Steadman, small pox being about.

Wednesday, 8. Cloudy all day with a little rain. On duty. Capt. Hartz is sick. He was on a spree yesterday. No news of any importance.

Thursday, 9. Cloudy and a little sprinkling. This is just the seventh day of wet weather. P.M. went out to Watkins. Picked some mulberries and grazed my horse. Col. Watkin's cavalry went past, off on a scout. The 8th Kansas also went by for the front.

Sunday, 12. Cloudy, just sprinkling. Rode all around town with Capt. Hartz. Wash Knight made his appearance here yesterday. He is waiting for goods from Nashville which he will take up in East Tennessee. Last night Aleck, Wash and I went to the minstrels.

Monday, 13. Cloudy with just a sprinkling of rain. Ned and I took dinner with Wash at the Crutchfield House. No news whatever from the front. Bill has his leave of absence for 20 days.

On May 11th, Will, in Nashville with the Regiment, received his commission as Captain in Co. A and received pay of \$764 to the 10th. On the 17th Capt. Mather and Will gave a supper to the officers in the Regiment and on the very next day while on pistol target practice with Col. Lamborn he proceeded to shoot himself in the foot! He was hurried to Mrs. Dunlap's house and was well cared for by a Mrs. Cameron. One June 13th he received a leave of absence and on the following day left for home, arriving there on June 16th. That evening his beloved Julia Knight came to see him, which naturally called for an exclamation point in his diary.

The days following were filled with visits from friends and his Julia, which he enjoyed in spite of his wound and a "bile under my arm". Even sister Julia came home and the family in the little house on Filbert St. must have had a gay time. Frank Remont, Rud Watson, Geo. McElroy, and Will Stroud were among the visitors.

Two days from his diary follow:

Sunday, 26. Went to Great Sanitary Fair at 8 A.M. Splendid. Fine exhibition of Fine Arts. Wounded soldiers admitted free. Saw Union Ave; Horticultural Hall; Arms and Trophies; Divan Del. & N.J. Depts; Scholl Dept. and N.J. Curiosity Shop. Met Miss Fen Smith, Woodward, Brady, Geo. Bonsil and Rev. & Mrs. Hazelhurst; also Miss McElroy, Miss Jacobs, Lizzie Childs. Met Mr. Leland in the evening, also Capt. Clarke.

Monday, July 27th. Today went on duty in General Court Martial, having reported for duty last Friday. Sam'l Knight got home on the 15th, on which day

SPRING AND SUMMER

I took a drive with Julia K. to Kirk's where we took tea. On Saturday I went up to Steamboat to see sister Julia. Spent the evening home. Yesterday went to Church in the A.M. Took tea at Knights and went to the Church of the Covenant with Julia. Heard Rev. Jno. S. Reed. On the 11th went on duty at the Sanitary Fair Grounds at Logan Square, under Col. H. A. Funk to organize convalescents of the "Emergency." Organized one company, 2,000 men in all, and sent them to Washington. Was relieved from duty on the 20th and on the 21st was detailed by Gen. Couch as an additional member of the Court Martial.

The "emergency" noted in Will's diary was caused by the advance on Washington by Gen. Jubal Early, with a small force of some 15 thousand men, early in July. He crossed the Potomac, routing a small Federal force and arrived just north of Washington on July 11th, creating a veritable panic in that city. Clerks, convalescent soldiers, men from the quartermaster's corps, and militia were hurriedly sent to the fortifications. Grant, realizing the danger, sent the VI Army Corps from the Army of the Potomac just in time to make Early withdraw to the Shenandoah Valley, the "foodbag" of Lee's Army.

The following are bits from letters written by "Sis" to Ball regarding the Sanitary Fair and other activities of the family while Will was home on leave.

"But I've never told you about the fair. Oh I do wish you could have seen it. Never was such magnificence in this good country before. Soldiers were let in free. Willy stared when he went, and they told him to put up his purse. I've no doubt it made him grin; it did me. . . . It was queer to see the horse-shoes come out ready made from that machine. They put a straight bar in one end and out it popped the other end made. I was in a museum on duty and had a most delightful time. You never saw so many pretty girls in your life before. Lizzie Child was there looking as blooming as a rosebud. I told so many tales of wonder about our curiosities that I can hardly help going on now. We had among other things an old Bible called the Breeches Bible because it said they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches instead of aprons. It was nearly 300 years old. You'd have screamed if you could have seen one old maid to whom I showed that verse. She rolled up her eyes in virgin modesty, tried to blush, looked out of the corner of her eye at some soldiers that were standing near and rushed out of the room. One man said it was no wonder the women had worn the breeches ever since Eve set them the example—and so forth. We had some really curious things; a piece of Rose Standish's, Capt. Miles Standish's wife's wedding dress, a table cloth off which Washington and Lafayette dined, Capt. Paul Jones' telescope with his name upon the case, written by himself. The first flag ever woven here with only 12 stars upon it, Chinese pillows and Brahman beads, and every description of fire arms and swords; one of the muskets must have weighed 25 lbs.; it was ponderous. Another thing that nearly killed some soldiers was the full dress of a Feejee Islander, consisting of an immense headdress of dried straw. They made some immensely jocose remarks about it and laughed till they were quite faint. I believe they thought it was economical to say the least of it. Just think of the Picture Gallery extending from one end of Logan Square to the other, from East and West; you know that's more than a square long. There were over 1100 pictures, some magnificent ones too. . . . The horse shoe ribbons are white and blue for Grant and Meade. I didn't know it at first and wore 2 red ones—McClellan! Imagine it—me! Everybody wore

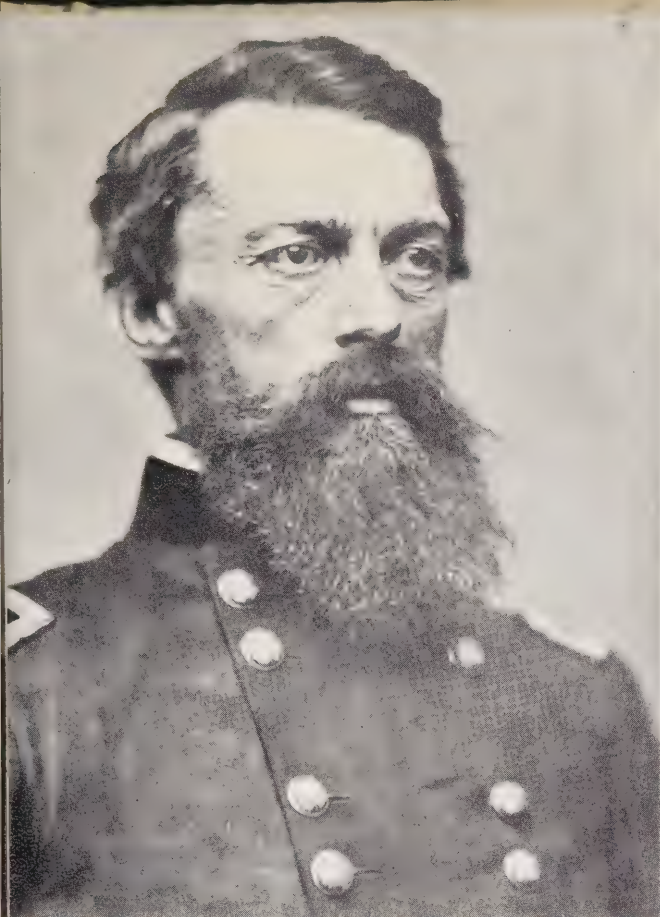
COLUMN SOUTH

the horse shoes for a while. The Fair buildings are still standing, but will soon be demolished."

August 1864

. . . "Lizzie inquired after you. Their parlor is full of abolitionists pictures, Garrison*, Wendell Phillips*, Lucretia Mott*, and numberless slave people, not to speak of old John Brown who sits up there as large as life under his lace fly cover. What an ugly old creature he was, to be sure, poor old fanatic. His hair stands up straight on his fierce forehead and his beard hangs down from his chin that is probably fiercer still, if one could only see it. He's a most determined looking man. I told you, didn't I, that in our Museum at the Fair, we had the chair the old man sat in during his trial. An old leather covered affair, and you'd have grinned to see the country people come in, stare at it with veneration, and then sit down in it. They always went away with the air of having done a very good thing, performed an important duty and looked relieved. . . . Will is the luckiest individual this side of 19th St. His second leave of absence expired Wednesday and Surgeon Neill ordered him to Cincinnati, but Charley Clarke got him an appointment on the Court Martial, of which he is Judge Advocate; so here he is until his foot is well. Isn't he fortunate? He can be relieved whenever he desires, I believe which will probably be in 2 or 3 weeks. He said today that he thought he could almost put a boot on his lame foot. He has given up his crutches altogether and gets along finely with a cane. The poor dear is around in Vine St. where he nearly lives, the rascal. Don't you be such a goosey, my dear B., as to get yourself hooked in so entirely. It's really distressing to see. Samuel Knight took tea with us last Monday evening and Julia was with him. We passed a very pleasant evening, singing, etc. He is a very pleasant young man.

Yesterday, Willy went up to Mr. Hazlehurst's at Madame's invitation to pass the day with them. I sent up a hat to Jule by him, and do you think the scamp left it in the car, and it has travelled on to Pittsburg. Isn't it enough to make a 'man strike his father,' as Mother says? I don't expect ever to see it again, as by this time it is probably adorning the grimy pate of some Pittsburgian damsel, and may be in church in that smoky town this very blessed minute for all I know, and such is life. . . . I've just been reading an account of a man who was emaciated and ill for years and finally a gypsy agreed to cure him for \$100. She fed him on ham and bread for days and finally gave him no water; then when he was frantic for it, took him tied to a brook, and laid him close to it, wet his lips with water and out trooped five green lizards from his mouth and entered the stream. One of these noble and venturesome beasts is to be sent to Professor Agassiz and the others have been distributed among the savants of Europe. The man soon increased in weight from 73 to 160 pounds and has been no more troubled by lizards. What do you think of that for a tale of the past? I, for my part, don't believe it quite yet, do you? All I have to say to you is; don't infest places where lizards do abound and don't sleep with your mouth open, whatever you do, or next thing, you may have a gypsy attacking you with a ham or two, to say nothing of salt junk, jowls, etc. . . . Just at this present moment there is ire in the paternal voice and eye. The juniors, headed of course, by Sabe, who is the Lucifer of this small circle of cherubim, have been raising old Harry in the parlor. First Will, who is, I suppose,



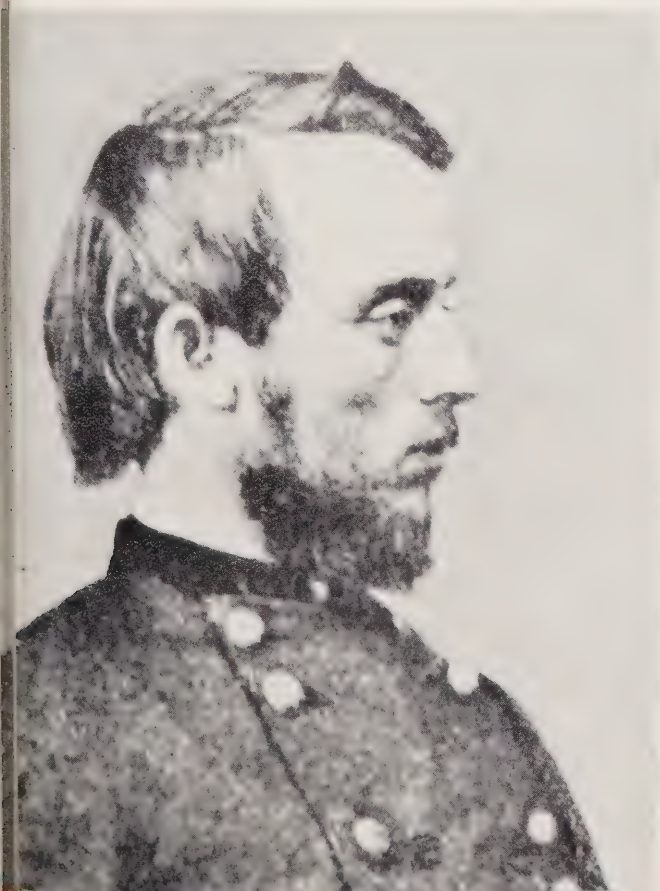
Brigadier-General George Stoneman, U.S.A.



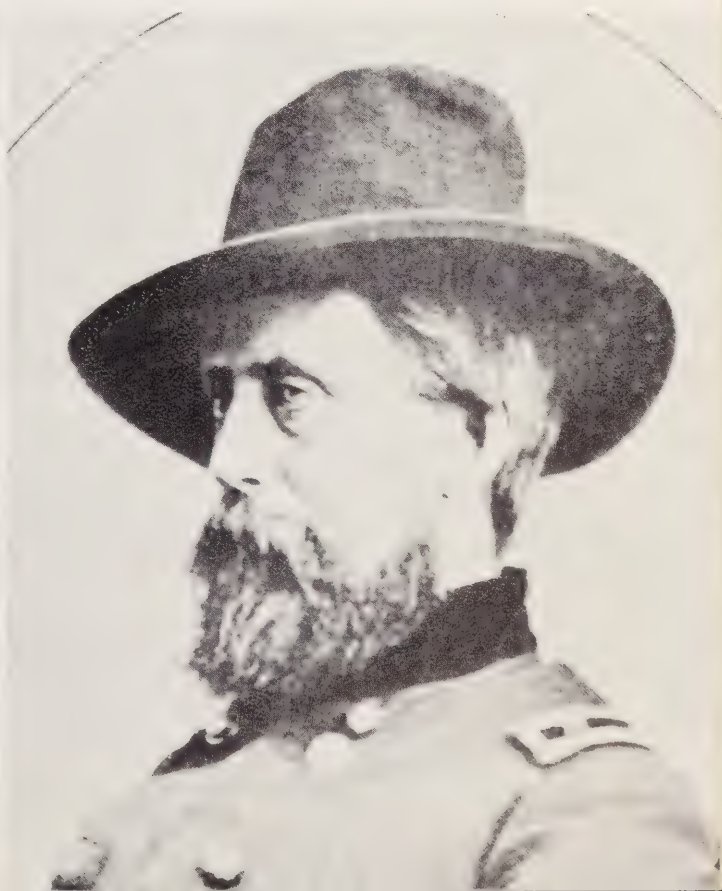
Major-General James Harrison Wilson, U.S.A.

PLATE 7

General J. M. Corse, U.S.A.

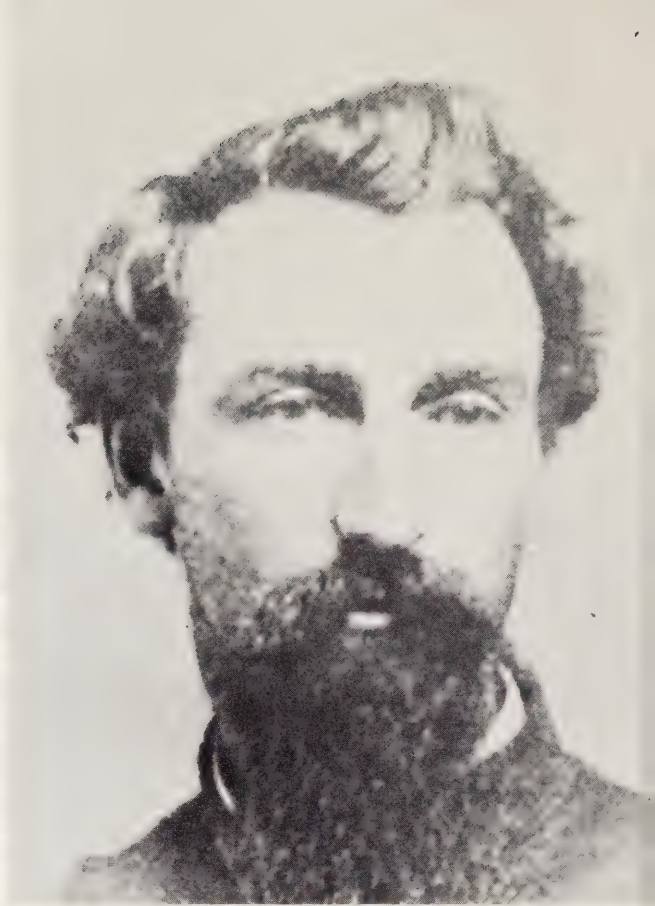


General Jefferson C. Davis, U.S.A.





Group of Field and Staff (15th Pa. Cavalry)

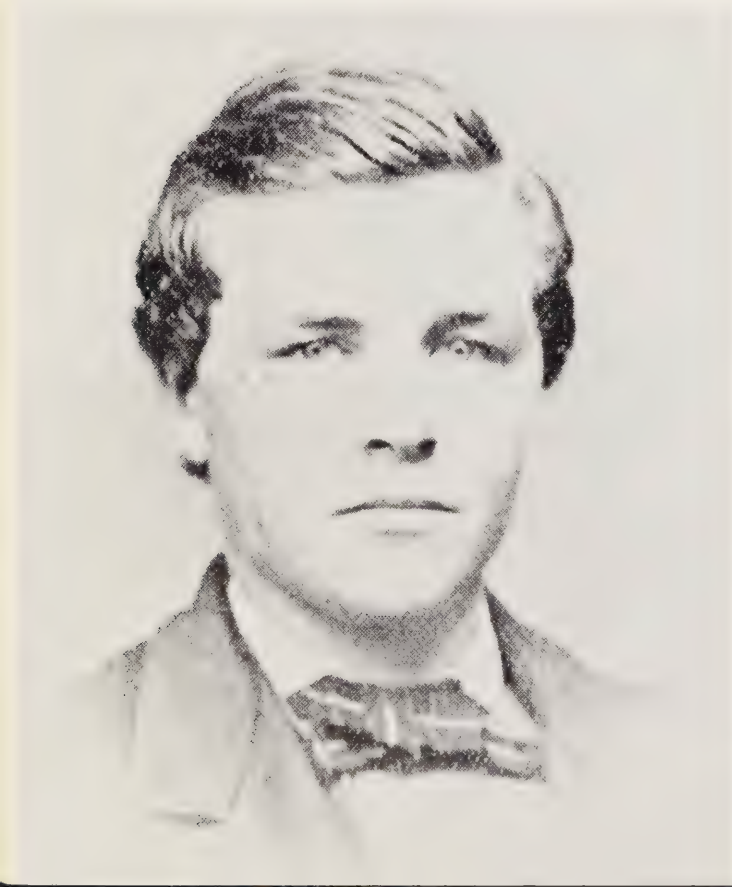


First-Lieutenant Harvey Lingle, U.S.A.

PLATE 8

Sergeant Arthur P. Lyon, U.S.A.

Major Frank B. Ward, U.S.A.



SPRING AND SUMMER

in the dumps on account of a reason I shall tell you of directly, was consoling himself by singing 'My Country 'tis of Thee' when suddenly three voices struck in, in every imaginable key. The effect was appalling. I was in my room and thought at first the Johnnies were upon us root and branch. Just as I was about to jump out of the back window with my best hat and new collar, I recognized some familiar tone in the uproar and rushed downstairs to find Father dealing death to the whippable urchins while Sabe stood by haranguing him in the highest style of oratory. That rascal doesn't regard man much, I can tell you, nor woman either. He gives Father such impertinence as makes my hair stand on end. By this time order is restored in Babel. Sabe is innocently making up his private accounts. Will is reading the Herald and getting very indignant over its columns, and Orrie is cooling off in the bath tub. Such is the position of affairs now. . . . Last Friday afternoon I was stretching my weary limbs upon 'my own delightful bed' and with my hair streaming was called upon by Father to come immediately down to see a lady. Horrified, I began to dress, indulging in all sorts of unpleasant remarks about the unwelcome visitor, but I was implored to come down just as I was, did it, with fear and trembling, and was received by Julia. She had received my letter saying Will was going today and forthwith came in to see him off. But the great Court Martial did not dissolve as he expected and he is here probably for two weeks more. A lucky dog, isn't he? He wears his boot now and limps very little. He has had his Chickamauga bludgeon that Mr. Parker brought last Spring polished and beautifully fixed as a cane with his name upon it. It is really a very handsome cane. This morning Sam Knight and his sisters Julia and Lily set off for a journey to Niagara, Saratoga, West Point, etc. This will be a delightful trip. It leaves Will like Othello, without any 'occupation.' Still the poor deserted fellow keeps up his spirits and looks quite bright. Still, I suppose it is as the song says,

'A cheerful look and a broken heart.' "

At long last Will began to write more regularly in his diary, perhaps because his Julia had departed and he was lonely and forlorn.

Saturday, 13. Very warm. To Court Martial in the A.M. At 2 P.M. left Vine St. Wharf with Sister Delia for Atlantic City to stay till Monday. Arrived there after a very dusty ride at 4.15 and stopped at the Surf House. After supper took a walk with Sis on the beach in the moonlight. A fine stiff breeze was blowing and was very pleasant although very destructive to linen. On the way here the ride over the salt marshes was very pleasant, free from dust and breezy. After our walk we sat awhile in my room, and then adjourned to the parlor which was very brilliant and where we listened to some very good music by the band. "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," was very good. Retired at 10 o'clock.

Sunday, 14. The proprietor of the hotel promised last night to have me awakened at 4½ this A.M. but failed to fulfil his promise and so I missed my "buff" bath in the ocean. I wish J.K. was here with us, we could have a delightful time. I was wishing it last night as we walked on the beach in the bright moonlight. Took a bath at 11 A.M. Thunder shower at 1 P.M. After dinner took a walk and wrote to J.K. Before supper took a walk on the beach with Sis. After supper sat on the porch enjoying the breeze till bed time. Met Mrs. Burroughs, one of Sis's old friends.

COLUMN SOUTH

How Sis saw the trip to Atlantic City, as told to Ball:

Last Saturday afternoon Willy and I set off in the two o'clock train for Atlantic City. It was a broiling day and we sat in a melting state in the city cars and then stood on the deck of the ferry boat to be ready to rush the moment it touched the opposite shore to get the shady side of the car. Who would be standing beside us, stewing just like ordinary folk, but Dr. Wurts and his aristocratic sister. The Doctor's hair was about $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch long all over his head and his face is so thin you can't see him in front, have to take a side view. We succeeded in getting *inside* seats. A man sat beside me with his hopeful curly head of 5 years in front of him and Will sank down by a long man in a linen duster, who looked as if he had been looking in at the back door of Inferno and had been rescued in a half-cooked condition by his guardian angel. In front of W. sat an enormous man who held three baskets on his knees, besides two newspapers, ten peaches and his wife's bonnet. As he had, in addition to these tortures, to fan that lovely lady, who looked as if she sold catfish before breakfast, his lot was unenviable. We stayed in the depot for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour after the time of starting and then whistled off. People composed themselves to enjoyment, but Oh, weren't they disappointed? First poured in the dust, then the



cinders. I peeped out of one corner of my eye and saw the curly-headed darling in dire dismay trying to pull a huge cinder out of his bonny blue e'e. His Auntie tried, his papa tried, but without success, and that cinder was succeeded by another cinder and that cinder by another cinder and so on (as the rule in the Arithmetic says) till nothing remained of his face but the end of a poor little innocent nose and a cavernous mouth, with screams issuing from it. But by degrees the cavern became filled with what looked like gunpowder and the yells ceased, the child was shaken, brushed and scrubbed by his devoted Auntie, had her handkerchief tied over his face and composed himself to slumber. Then his papa, a sandy-haired man with a feeble beard, fell asleep also and leaned on my shoulder, which was dirt color. Will and I tried to converse across the passage, but soon our mouths were full and we set our teeth and were silent. Of course the landscape wasn't of a nature to awaken the most enthusiastic admiration. As we got down among the pine-woods they were on fire in many places, making a great smoke. Once in a while we could see the bushes blazing away, and you know how *red* fire looks in the day time. Still the thermometer being at 97 in the shade, we had no eye even for burning pines. But by and by a change came over the spirit of our dreams—we rode out over the salt marshes and the air came in cool and refreshing. Off to our left we saw the sails dancing about and by and by, the sea itself. Then we were happy. Too soon the cars deposited us at the door of our hotel, the Surf House, and in five minutes I was in my room undergoing a thorough purification, which was very necessary. The valise didn't come for a couple of hours, so I was in a pretty state. After I was refreshed with a couple of pitchers of water, I had the satisfaction of

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prowling around my room, all that time, with my hair cocked up on top of my head, had no comb or brush, you know. When at last I did get my finery, a happy creature was I. The hotel is well situated on the beach, has a fine view. After tea, W. and I walked ever so far about the town, in sand up to our ankles, and then down to the beach where, as it was moonlight, we had a delightful walk. The wind blew a perfect gale and all of the feminine promenaders went under full sail, I can tell you, scudding over bare poles in some instances (I was one of these last). When finally we retired to our rooms, I was charmed to find a pitcher of ice-water in mine, which made us happy as lords. Sunday morning W. intended to take a bath at ½ past 4 and told a waiter to wake him. I heard his sable majesty thumping at the Capt's door, but no reply. Again at 5, the same knocking with the same result. And at 8 I went out to breakfast and behold W. in high dudgeon because he hadn't had his bath, didn't hear the Tunker. It was a warm day but a lovely breeze swept through the house and there was a splendid surf. I enjoyed the day very much and on Monday morning girded on my armor and we were off in the 7 o'clock train. Had just such another dusty hot ride and was glad to be home.

Will continues.

Monday, 15. Took a buff bath at 4½ A.M. At 7 o'clock took the train for Phila. where we arrived at 9½, after a very dusty ride. Sent Sis home and went to Court Martial chambers. There being no further business before the Court, we adjourned *Sine die*. This was very unexpected and upsets all my plans. But I must see J.K. before I leave. Wrote to her this afternoon. Home in the afternoon. In the eve. called on Mrs. Knight and saw Innes who had just returned from Covington where he left the party. He thinks they will arrive in New York on Wednesday evening. I think I will go there and meet them. Called for Sis at Julia Park's.

Tuesday, 16. Warm. In the A.M. started out to make some purchases. Called at Mellor's; Lizzie Child's where I took dinner; Rud Watson "out of town." Home in the evening. Took a Sulphur bath in the A.M. the last one. They have done me a great deal of good. Will leave for New York tomorrow where I will meet J.K. Wash Knight just from Nashville and Mary called at our house in the evening. Dr. Neill not in today.

Wednesday, 17. Warm. Called on Dr. Neill again today to report. Not in. Sister Julia arrived home today. She has finished her season at Mr. Hazlehurst's. At 2 P.M. left Phila. with Wash Knight for New York via Camden and Amboy. Saw a double rainbow, perfect arches, very beautiful, while nearing New York Bay in the steamer. Had a fine rain in the afternoon. Arrived in New York at 7 P.M. Took a hack and after driving all around for one hour found Seymour, and by great good fortune found the Knights had just got there a little before us. It was a delightful meeting on all sides and a great surprise. Was introduced to Mrs. Seymour and Mr. Seymour's friend Lieut. Galoin of the N.Y.S.M. Spent a very pleasant evening there, and as they were boarding we went to the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Thursday, 18. At 8½ A.M. called at Seymours and the whole party started in two carriages to view Central Park. Julia K. and I had a one seated two horse carriage and Seymour sat with the driver. After a very pleasant drive we got back at 12 M. Got lunch at 12½ and at 1 started for the boat for Philada where we arrived at 7 P.M. Took tea at Knights and spent my last evening with Julia K. for I leave for Nashville tomorrow. We enjoyed our evening very much.

COLUMN SOUTH

Friday, 19. Left home at 10 A.M. after bidding the family good bye; and went around to Knights to bid Julia and the family goodbye. . . . and we should trust Him entirely. Left Philada. at 11.30 A.M. Mr. J. Izard MacEuen went as far as Harrisburg with me. Took dinner at Downingtown and supper at Altoona. Arrived in Pittsburg at 12.30 A.M. next day. From Philada met the acquaintance of a Mr. Somers from New Orleans who was going to Carlisle to visit his family.

Saturday, 20. Left Pittsburg at 1 A.M. via the Steubenville route for Cincinnati, no sleeping cars. Arrived at Columbus at 12 M where I took dinner and the train for Zenia. Valladigham and Fernando Wood† went on the train as far as Zenia. Reached Cincinnati at 6 P.M. and stopped at the Burnet House. C. is as dirty as Pittsburg, cause, bituminous coal, otherwise I imagine it is a pretty city. It is surrounded, inland, by hills. Staid in C. till 12 M. on Sunday.

Sunday, 21. Wrote to Julia K. in the morning. It is very pleasant when separated from those we love to be able to commune with them thus. Left C. at 12 M. on the mail boat (Robert Anderson) for Louisville, and had a fair opportunity of seeing Sunday life on board a Western steamer. Blind fiddles, brass bands, juggling and cards till 9 P.M. when berths were made up in the cabin, but as I had a stateroom I was by myself. Arrived at L. at 12 P.M. after a very beautiful ride down the Ohio River, 150 miles. Slept till 5 A.M. Went up to the Galt House and took breakfast and started at 7 A.M. of

Monday, 22. for Nashville Tenn. Gen. Slocum was aboard the train, and passed through to N. safely. On Saturday the Guerillas burnt the station at Woodburn and endeavored to throw a train off the track. Arrived here at 5 P.M. Went up to the store of Charles Kirk & Co. and found Charlie Grier and Mr. C. there, surprised to see me. Took tea with Mr. C. and met Gen. Smith (W. S.) who is sick. Mrs. Dunlap and family glad to see me. Called on Mr. Cornelius and spent with Charlie the evening with the Misses Bell and Chamberlin at No. 8 Hospital on Church St. Made a very pleasant visit. Miss C. is very pleasant and I think a fine young lady, so is Miss Bell. Slept with Grier.

Tuesday, 23. Clear and warm. It has been wet here for three weeks. Took breakfast at a restaurant with Mr. Cameron. Charlie Grier did not leave for Phila. this A.M. as he expected. He made a startling revelation to me last night which pained me very much, not for one reason, but for many, for many will suffer exceedingly, more than I can tell. Poor Charlie feels miserable about it. Met our Chief Bugler, LeCaron, this A.M. who was married here recently, to a Miss Nannie Melvin. Went up to the Capitol and got a pass. In the afternoon met Alex. Ramsey from Chattanooga. He will go to Chatt. with me tomorrow afternoon. He took supper with me at the "St. Nicholas". In the evening called on Mrs. Earnest (late Nellie Chase) wife of Lieut. Earnest, Mustering Officer for U.S.C.T. Met Miss Lizzie Foye, sister of Dr. Foye of the 20th Corps. Spent a very lively evening.

Wednesday, 24. Clear and very warm. In the A.M. went up to the Capitol with Mr. Cameron and gave evidence before the Mil. Comm. in regard to Mr. C.'s property in Chattanooga. Called on the Misses Bell and Chamberlin and spent a very pleasant hour. Before dinner wrote to Julia K. Took dinner with Mr. Cameron and Alex at Donegan's and at 2.15 P.M. with Alex Ramsey started in the

†An active and persistent peace politician from N. Y.

SPRING AND SUMMER

train for Chattanooga. I got a seat at Murfreesboro. Took supper at Wattrace, cost \$1.00. Managed to sleep a little at night.

Thursday, 25. Arrived in Chattanooga at 7 A.M. Took breakfast at the office of the Military Prison where Alex and Ned Patteson are clerks. I was very glad to see Ned again. After breakfast went up on the hill and found Ball in his little house.* He is very well and cheerful. Took dinner with him. Called on Lieut. Wm. Porter, A.A.A.G. This noon Ball was relieved from duty at the Chief Qm's office and ordered to report to his regiment. Took supper with Ned P. In the evening we had a good old sing together, like old times very much.

Friday, 26. In the A.M. started for Cleveland to join the Regt. but missed the train. Slept till dinner time. Read in afternoon. In the evening Alex Ramsey went on a "tear" at the P.M.G.'s office. In the evening wrote a letter to my dear Julia K.

Saturday, 27. In the A.M. I received a letter from my dear Julia K., the first since I left home. The weather is very warm and I kept quiet all day. No train out to Cleveland today. In the evening I called twice on Maj. Mow, A.A.G., on Gen. Steedman's Staff to ascertain the whereabouts of my Regt. which is serving in the District of Etowah, but the Maj. was out each time.

Sunday, 28. Clear and cooler. Last night was magnificent for sleeping. This A.M. called on Maj. Mow and ascertained that my Regt. was at Dalton, Ga. or would be there tonight, having rec'd orders to march from Columbus yesterday A.M. Started at 6:10 P.M. for Dalton on top of a box car. Reached Dalton at 11 P.M. The Regt. had not arrived. Took up quarters with Capt. Thompson who is commanding a detachment of the Regt. here.

Monday, 29. Clear and warm. Not well today, severe headache. Slept all the A.M. At 5 P.M. rec'd a telegram from Capt. Cist, A.A.G.† directing me to report to Col. Palmer at Columbus as the Regt. was still there. Not well enough to start today.

Tuesday, 30. Clear and warm but a little cooler than yesterday. Night before last someone stole my cash book while in my haversack at the Depot, also segars and photographs for E. Milligan. At 1 P.M. started to take the cars for Chattanooga per Capt. Cist's order, but while at the telegraph office a despatch came from Col. Palmer for Capt. Thompson stating that he would leave Columbus that A.M. for Dalton so I did not take the train but returned to quarters. Last night I had a violent headache but am better today.

Wednesday, 31. Pleasant and clear. At 3 P.M. Col. Palmer arrived with Co. I, Capt. Remont. The balance of the Regt. has taken another road for Calhoun, Ga. and it will meet us there on Friday. Frank Remont looks well and is in fine spirits. Had a good long talk with him and Col. Palmer in the evening. Frank slept with me at night. During the afternoon took a walk with Col. P. to town. Met Col. Leopold,* 2nd Missouri Vols. who repulsed Gen. Wheeler a couple of weeks ago, also Lieut. Kunst, A.A.Qm. Wrote to J. K. this A.M.

†Author of "The Army of the Cumberland"

Dull Days For An Orderly

1864

While Will was having his good times in Philadelphia with his J.K. and his family and the Regiment was in Nashville, Ball was still in Chattanooga, hot, bothered, and sick and tired of being an orderly. His diary beginning in June follows.

Wednesday, 15. Fine day. Got an order from Mr. Read for vegetables at Sanitary gardens and got the vegetables today. Plenty of spinach, mustard, radishes, lettuce and onions.

Price, of our company, arrived from the front this A.M. They say it is very muddy down there. The other day as soon as the railroad was opened to the front Gen. Sherman ordered the engineer of one of the locomotives to run his engine out to the skirmish line and told him to blow the whistle like hell, in defiance of the rebels.

("On the 11th of June the Etowah bridge was done; the railroad was repaired up to our very skirmish-line, close to the base of Kenesaw, and a loaded train of cars came to Big Shanty. The locomotive, detached, was run forward to a water-tank within the range of the enemy's guns on Kenesaw, whence the enemy opened fire on the locomotive; but the engineer was not afraid, went on to the tank, got water, and returned safely to his train, answering the guns with the screams of his engine, heightened by the cheers and shouts of our men." From Sherman's *Memoirs*.)

Sunday, 19th. Cloudy and showery. Cleared off in the afternoon. Went grazing in the morning and up on Lookout P.M. The 4th Ky. Mt. infantry have arrived from Nashville. I hear tonight that Hooker has lost a leg. Almost two entire regiments have been captured by our cavalry with all the officers. They arrived here and today are sent to Nashville.

The above refers to the capture of the entire 40th Alabama and men from the 31st Alabama by Walcutt's brigade of Gen. M. L. Smith's Division. This action took place near Noonday Creek and Lost Mt. during Johnston's slow retreat towards Atlanta.

Tuesday, 21. Cloudy and sprinkling. Changed our place of eating to a better one. Gen. Steadman, it is said, came near being captured on a train between Dalton and Resaca.

Wednesday, 22. Only fourteen months now. Considerable trouble is being experienced on the railroad from guerillas. Communication is interrupted almost every day and trains destroyed.

Saturday, 25. The weather has been very hot now for several days. Thermometer shows 110 in the shade. Quite a fight occurred at Lafayette yesterday. The rebels attacked Col. Watkins command and the 4th Ky. Mounted Infantry coming up, they were repulsed. Lafayette is only 25 miles from here.

DULL DAYS FOR AN ORDERLY

(Mounted infantry under Colonels Watkins and Croxton defeated a Confederate force under General Pillow, which had advanced to Lafayette in an effort to cut the railroad.)

Chattanooga, June 30th.

My Dear Sister;

Your letter of the 13th inst. I received some days ago. We have been having now about two weeks of the most intolerable hot weather, I believe the hottest I ever saw. One day the thermometer was 110° in the house, in the shade, and the two or three days following it was still warmer, the glass must have shown at least 120 degrees. I have been looking for a letter from home now every mail for the last four days, but nary letter.

How very kind and unselfish in Watson to pay so much attention to my venerable sister; he is a good boy, and deserves much credit. Please give him my very highest regards. . . . My new nag wears first rate, but is most intolerably rough riding. I am trying to make another trade and being with the quartermaster facilitates matters giving me better chances.

There is going to be a big time among the officers on Lookout on the 4th. Some cannon are to be hauled up and considerable noises will be made again from the Point as of old.

Old Mr. Foster on the mountain is a staunch Union man. After the battle of Chickamauga, when our men fell back, Gen. Wheeler with some of his cavalry stopped at his house and took supper. He made up his mind that they would carry him off, but they paid for their meal and said nothing. He never goes out alone, without taking with him his double barreled gun, and he says every tree that can conceal a man is watched closely. Hardly any of the citizens are to be trusted, and it would be a very easy thing for one citizen to shoot another.

We are boarding now at another place, a white woman's. She sets an excellent table. Today we had for dinner, peas and string beans, ham, *two slices*. Two or three times lately we have had squash, and sometimes apple dumplings, and all we pay is our rations and \$3.00 per month each. She has a son, a fisherman, who every two days brings down the river from 60 to 100 lbs. of fresh fish, some very large ones. He caught an eel the other day four feet long and as thick as a man's arm. She sells them for 25 cts. a lb.

Some time ago I sent home in a letter, a card photograph of Libby Prison, Richmond, which was excellent, but I have never heard if you got it. Those photos of Mother and you I have not seen yet but am expecting them daily. Don't cheat a poor soldier of his pictures. Would you believe it, I wear paper collars most every day. One will last me four or five days, when they get dirty I turn the other side out, and it is as good as new. I pay 55 cts. for ten.

Last Sunday I went to Rock City.* It is composed of the most immense rocks with a space between them that you can jump across. From the top to the ground is 30 or 40 feet. There is a ladder, by which you can descend in between the rocks to the bottom. It is like being in a cave, there is just room enough to walk in between them. It is quite cool down there.

Sherman made some assaults on the rebel works at Lost Mountain, and met each time with a repulse, losing many. Hooker is reported mortally wounded. The

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news is very meagre. We hear nothing. Trains of cars are almost daily attacked by guerrillas, causing considerable damage.

Wash Knight is often here on business. His place of business is at Whitesides a few miles from here on the railroad.

One of our boys told me a story of Grant, which he heard himself. It was at the time of the taking of Mission Ridge. Gen. Grant with Gen. Thomas, Sherman and a host of other celebrities went into Thomas' quarters here in town and took dinner. Grant was out in about ten minutes, while the other officers took about an hour. He was just coming out of the house, when a first Lieut. approached him, telling him that he was in charge of some machinery which he wanted transportation for to some point, and complaining of the trouble he was having with it. Grant at last got him off, when Neiman heard him, Grant, say, "There's more whiskey than machinery there."

Gen. Steedman this moment rode up to the office and inquired where Capt. Hartz's quarters were. One of the orderlies outside said, "this way Colonel" and the General said, "I'm no colonel sir," to the great amusement of several of us who heard it. It is now almost dark and I must stop. Send in a letter one of those little horse shoes made at the Sanitary Fair.

Give my regards to Watson and all enquiring friends.

Ever your affectionate Brother

Baldwin.

The "assaults" mentioned in Ball's letter were the struggles made by Sherman's army for Kenesaw Mountain, about 20 miles northeast of Atlanta. The Confederates had entrenched themselves near the crest of the mountain and the several direct assaults which Sherman ordered were repulsed with great loss on the Union side and with no gain. The first assault was made on June 22d, and the second on June 27th. Sherman, realizing at last that it was impossible to take the mountain by direct assault began the usual method of endeavoring to outflank the enemy, only to have Johnston withdraw across the Chattahoochee River, where he entrenched around Atlanta. Johnston's constant withdrawals were highly displeasing to his President, Jeff Davis, and he was requested to hand over his command to General Hood. Hood had a crippled arm from the battle at Gettysburg and had lost a leg at Chickamauga, but, "if not too smart," was a hard fighter. So hard-hitting Joe Johnston went into retirement on July 17th.

Saturday, 2. A man who left the front yesterday informs me that Hooker is not wounded as he saw him only a short time ago. Today is hotter than ever. Our army has been for the last 4 days confronting the rebel line which is only 200 or 300 yds distant. If a man puts his head over the works a moment he is shot by sharpshooters. This is the 62d day of the campaign, and almost every day our men have been under fire, the rebel lines being only 200 or 300 yds apart.

Monday, 4. Fine day. Very warm. Relieved from duty at noon. P.M. went to dinner given by the officers of the military prison. It was well got up and we spent a pleasant evening. At night we went to the show. Billy Sweatman and his sister, Belle Louise. A salute was fired at sunrise from a 100 pounder gun on top of Cameron Hill. There is a big time on Lookout amongst the officers. A ball takes place tonight. A few fireworks were used. Our army is changing its base of supplies, to

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what place I cannot say. There is a report that Sherman and Johnston are racing for Atlanta. I think, however, the rebels have left Kenesaw Mt. A big move is no doubt going on.

Wednesday, 6. Fine day. Capt. Hartz is delirious. He came down to the office this A.M. not knowing what he was doing. They had to tie him up this morning to keep him quiet. 1,000 prisoners came in today, and 5,000 more are on their way here. This must have been quite an engagement.

Sunday, 10. Fine day, but very hot. Prisoners still continue to come in. Capt. Hartz is much better. He has had a bad case of Delirium Tremens.

Monday, 11. Very warm. Had a heavy shower this P.M. Warry Caldwell is in from the front. Lieut. Field came from Nashville to relieve Taylor. It is said the regiment will go north of the Ohio to collect horses. Cool this evening.

Tuesday, 12. Fine day. On duty. It is said Atlanta is certainly in our possession today. Capt. Hartz has been relieved. O. K. Smith is acting in his place.

Friday, 15. Fine day. Very hot as usual. Much excitement at Mrs. Knares. She has received an order from Gen. Steadman to be ready to leave for Nashville tomorrow. Strong efforts are being made to allow her to remain in town, without success so far. She offered \$100 to Geo. Rider if he would fix it all right for her. He told her to keep dark and he would. Went up on Lookout this P.M. to Fosters.

Sunday, 17. Fine day. They say a recruiting office is open here in town for men from cavalry regiments who have served two years to form a corps to guard wagon trains to Idaho Territory. It takes one year to make the trip there and back. I will inquire into the matter tomorrow. Some of our boys think of going into it.

Monday, 18. The Idaho expedition turns out to be a hoax. Have made out my own muster and pay rolls. Took them to Lieut. Burt and he has signed them and sent them to Maj. McMichael. Got a big letter from Sis with the Sanitary horse shoes.

Friday, 22. Fine day. Took a trip up Lookout. Atlanta is at last taken. We have it officially. A Chattanooga Gazette is out.

(False rumors were received almost daily, quite naturally due to the lack of modern communication.

Thomas had by this time moved his army, the Cumberland, across Peachtree Creek, about five miles from the center of Atlanta, while Gen. McPherson and his Army of the Tennessee was moving to the east on a supposedly out-flanking movement. About July 20th Hood struck hard at Thomas, but Thomas, the old Rock of Chickamauga, held and with his guns soon drove Hood back. McPherson, perhaps thinking that Hood had his hands filled with staving off Thomas, moved incautiously toward Atlanta and in some way exposed his left flank. This Hood saw and on July 22d struck McPherson such a hard blow that it threatened to force the whole Union line back across the Chattahoochee.

McPherson, on hearing the news of the break through, galloped off to the front, but was met by some skirmishers who had broken through the lines and was killed as he swerved his horse to retreat. General Logan, nicknamed "Black Jack" perhaps because of his flowing black hair and mustache, took command and beat

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off all the assaults which, seemingly, came from all directions. By evening all was well with the Union army. McPherson, a favorite of Sherman's, was young and brilliant, an honor man at West Point, and his loss was felt keenly by Sherman. The command of the Army of the Tennessee then went to General Oliver Otis Howard, and by the first of August Sherman and his armies were besieging Atlanta.)

Chattanooga, July 28th

My Dear Sister Julie;

I think I owe you a letter and this afternoon having but little to do, I have made up my mind to pen you a few lines, although I have really nothing to write about.

I am still on duty at the Chief Q.M. office here. I heard yesterday that the regiment had obtained horses and would leave Nashville for Chattanooga today.

If Willie has not succeeded in getting an extension of time, he is now on his way back. Your time of service, I understand, is most out, while I have thirteen months longer.

I am boarding now at a private house, and am living quite well, feasting on fresh tomatoes, potatoes, chicken, eggs etc. in abundance.

Gen. McPherson, you have already heard, was killed in sight of Atlanta. His body arrived here from the front last Saturday night, and Sunday noon was escorted from his former head quarters to the depot, en route for Nashville. It was a sorrowful procession, so many good men are falling. But it is a melancholy satisfaction to know that the enemy are also losing some of their best men.

It is reported that the Rebel general Hardee is killed, and that his body is in our hands. You would naturally suppose that we here would get considerable news from the front every day, particularly as we have railroad communication with the front daily. But we hear no more than you do. How everything is kept so quiet is hard to say.

A general clearing out of rebel citizens with their families has lately taken place. They are all sent north of the Ohio. This leaves very few citizens remaining.

I was up at the ruins of Craven's old house* about two thirds of the way up Lookout. At the time Hooker stormed the mountain the house was demolished, but the old Rebel's fine peach and apple orchards are still remaining and loaded with fruit. It is so difficult of access and so few know of the orchard being there, that the fruit is but little disturbed. I brought down with me over 1/2 bu. good cooking apples, and have been feasting on apple dumplings and pies. Who would have thunk it, living thus in Chattanooga where a few short months ago the Rebs had us cooped up close and we were in a starving condition.

Day before yesterday 1100 Rebel prisoners arrived here, a dirty set indeed. It is really a sight to see so many greybacks huddled together on the ground.

I wish you were all here spending the summer. This may seem a queer wish here in this climate. But you should go up on the top of the mountain, 2,000 feet above the Tennessee River, where it is cool and pleasant, and has formerly been a place of great resort for the ff's and is now occupied by sick and wounded officers. All of the hotels and private houses in Summertown are used as hospitals. Mother and Sis, I know, would get well right away and have the most beautiful complexions in the world.

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You don't know with what impatience I am looking for that long promised photograph of your dear self. I am expecting it daily. Love to all, Write soon.

Ever your affectionate Brother Baldwin.

Sunday, 31. Very hot this A.M. Last night was at the show La Belle Louise, benefit. Had a very heavy rain this noon with high wind blowing down tents etc. I traded horses again yesterday at Lt. Drake's corral. Have now an easy riding horse and a stylish one.

August 1864

Monday, 1. About 500 rebel prisoners came in today. Very warm this morning. Had a severe and heavy rain storm this evening with vivid lightening. Got a letter from Sis today. Gen. Grant is moving again. No news from our front.

Tuesday, 2. Fine day, very warm. Bill has obtained a position on the court martial at Philada. Off duty. We have news that the Rebs have burnt a large part of Chambersburg.

(This is one of the true rumors. Chambersburg was set on fire by a cavalry expedition under General McCausland in retaliation for the burning of houses by General Hunter of the Union army in the Shenandoah Valley.)

My dear Sister;

Two of your letters of the 17th and 25th are before me. What a splendid place that is you visited in Chester Co. Why, it must be something extra, and the young ladies too, they must be something wonderful. Julie's time is most out now, I suppose. Do you really think she is glad of it? Willie is certainly very fortunate in getting on the court martial. I suppose he will not be along now till sometime in Sept. The horse shoes arrived all right and one of them now adorns my watch chain.

You ask if I am having a comfortable time. I think I am, on duty every other day and the day I am off have my horse and a pass through the lines, good for 30 days, renewable when it runs out. I think that is having a pretty good time. The weather is so hot I don't ride out much unless in the evening.

I have at last got a good horse, seven years old and full of life and quite stylish, with good action, color brown, size medium. He has splendid limbs and can run like a deer.

Tell it not in Gath, but I have been speculating lately. There is a little steamer that runs up the river 60 or 70 miles and buys up produce of all kinds and brings it to this place where it meets a ready sale. The captain, a citizen, will give almost anything for salt, which he uses for trading, giving about a pound of salt for a chicken. I get an order from some officer on the commissary for a barrel of salt, weighing about 350 lbs. I pay one cent a lb. for it and sell it to the Captain of the boat for \$20.00 I have sold two barrels now and cleared \$33.00 in three weeks, which keeps me in spending money you see.

I believe I have written you about my landlady, Mrs. Nare, being ordered north along with the rest of the disloyal population of this place, that she very suddenly was taken very sick, and her departure was delayed. Her husband has now a situation on one of the government boats on this river and gets \$150 per month as pilot I believe, so I guess the family will not leave. Mrs. Nare is fast recovering. She owns considerable property and I think has saved it from "confiscation", as

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most all pronounce it. She says she has been well brought up and that her father owned a hundred niggers. Yet she can neither read nor write. She said this morning that no one could make her believe a nigger was human. I saw a catfish, caught in the river here the other day, 4½ ft. in length, really a monster.

Tell Will Capt. Rockhill was in town yesterday and that he has resigned. Give my respects to all enquiring friends. Love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

Baldwin.

Enclosed you will find a pressed wild passion flower. It was beautiful when picked, being a deep purple, also a twig of the sensitive plant. I secured the leaves from closing by picking very quick and putting in my diary.

Tuesday, 9. Fine day. One slight shower. Received two letters, one from Sis and one from Julie. Sent one to Julie. Willie was to have left home last Monday. Expect him here every day. We have the report that Stoneman's cavalry have rescued our new prisoners at Augusta, Ga.

(An entirely false report! Generals Stoneman and McCook, who had been busily destroying railroads leading from Macon to Augusta were both on the same date, July 27th, badly licked by the Confederate cavalry under Generals Wheeler and Iverson. McCook, returning to Atlanta having burned trains and destroyed some bridges, and with 400 prisoners, was met by Wheeler and lost not only the 400 prisoners but many of his own men. Stoneman fared worse, being captured by Iverson along with 500 of his men. Stoneman remained a prisoner for three months.)

Friday, 12. Fine day. Had a shower as usual this P.M. Went out to Willoughby's two miles beyond Rossville. Drew a pair of cavalry pants from C. K. Smith. Got my photo taken. No news.

Sunday, 14. Got a letter from Sis and wrote one to her. Considerable excitement in town today. The rebels said to be approaching the town in considerable force. They have torn up the tracks to Resacca and are said to be at Dalton. Gen. Steedman is taking active measures to defend the town. Took a ride to the south of the town this evening. All commanding eminences are lined with men eagerly looking for the first appearances of the enemy. Had a shower as usual today.

(Hood, after whipping the cavalry of McCook and Stoneman, detached all the cavalry troops that he could spare from the defense of Atlanta and sent them under the command of Wheeler against Sherman's railroad to Nashville. General Wheeler with a force of 4,500 recaptured Dalton and Resacca; burned the bridge over the Etowah, captured 300 mules, and 1,000 horses. In all he destroyed about 85 miles of railroad before being forced to retire to East Tennessee.)

Chattanooga, August 14.

My dear Sister;

Yours of the 2nd inst. I received three days ago, and this morning I received that of the 8th inst. It is very hot today and looks like a shower. We still continue to be visited by heavy showers every day; so far we have had rain every day this month.

Sabie I learn, appears to be as great a rascal as ever, if not worse.

You ask about my landlady. She has no doubt, before our army entered this

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country, been a violent rebel. She talks a great deal, claiming to be the strongest kind of a union person. She is up now, and getting about. Her husband has a situation now on one of the government steamers, of first mate, with pay of \$120 per month, so she flatters herself she will be allowed to remain. But the poor woman is again in trouble. Day before yesterday, the mother of Melinda, a little girl of 10 yrs. of age, that Mrs. Nare has been keeping now for the last six years, came and forcibly carried the girl away, and Mrs. Nare is going almost crazy over it. Melinda will not claim her mother and hid up in the loft, but she was dragged from her hiding place, when she clung to the old woman, shrieking, so as to be heard over the neighborhood. But the woman had an officer to back her, and she succeeded in getting her away. One of the boarders followed her down to Main St. and Melinda succeeded in giving him her rings to give to Mrs. Nare till she came back. She is a very interesting child, pretty, intelligent, and the smartest girl, and I would not be surprised to see her come walking in at any time.

My horse I like very much, he is no common animal. I gave him a fair trial running day before yesterday, and he goes right ahead of every horse I have tried him with. I have just loaned him to Le Carron, Chf. bugler, to go to Capt. Wagner's company up the river. We expect the Regt. here next Tuesday or Wednesday.

I was looking for Willie here today, when I rec'd your letter. So I shall not look for him now for about two weeks.

I understand the Colonel made a fighting speech to the Regiment just before they left Nashville. He is certainly going to put the boys through the mill this fall.

You hope Grant will compel Lee to recall his forces. I hope he will not recall them. I want them to stay where they are. It's a pity the people of Pennsylvania can't attend to a few rebels.

\$6.50 for a vest I think very reasonable. I certainly expected it would cost near 10.00. I have been in the service now over two years, five days over. I enlisted on the 9th of Aug. '62, but our time does not commence til date of muster as a regiment which is the 22nd of August. I can hardly realize that I have been from home nearly 17 months. Still, when I look back and see what we have gone through since then, the march down here, the battle of Chickamauga and the battles of Lookout Mt. and Mission Ridge.

Wash Knight has left here for Phila. I gave him two pkgs of letters to take home. In one package I enclosed a "Christian Observer" published in Richmond, Va. by that old renegade Converse. I obtained the paper at Mr. Foster's on the mountain. I enclose a twig of fern, pressed, and a twig of an unknown plant from the top of Lookout Mt. Patteson's foot has got quite well.

Love to all, your affectionate Brother,

Baldwin.

P.M. I was just reading that letter from that brave old man, Ishmael Day, who shot the rebel for pulling down the flag. If there is a subscription on foot for his relief, put me down for two dollars. You have the money home. You must say that charity begins at home, but if such acts as these old men perform are not encouraged, the Rebels will soon have our homes.

Aug. 15. Considerable excitement in town yesterday P.M. Wheeler is reported

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advancing on this place with 20,000 men. He has torn up the railroad at Resacca and is said to be at Dalton. Gen. Steedman is taking active measures for the defense. All the troops are out under arms and the pickets strengthened. Last evening muskets were being issued to all citizens who volunteered for the emergency. I apprehend no trouble, however.

Monday, 15. Very warm and a shower as usual. The regiment has arrived and camped up the river. Saw Frank Remont this evening. He has a commission as Capt. of Company I and was mustered in tonight.

Tuesday, 16. The 14th niggers who left the other day after the Rebs, got into a fight and dispersed the cavalry. Went out to the regiment, 5 miles up the river. The officers all camp right out on the ground under shelter tents. The officers are most all much dissatisfied with the colonel. Had a shower as usual. Took a soldiers dinner with Frank.

Wednesday, 17. On duty. Took another trip up on the mountain and stopped at Foster's. The regiment passed through town at noon and camped just outside the pickets to await any movement of the Rebels, who are reported in this vicinity.

Thursday, 18. Fine day. I had just come off duty last evening when a squad of 20 men of our regiment passed my quarters on a scout. I joined them and we took off to the left about 6 miles along the foot of Mission Ridge, went on top and then down and returned at 2 A.M. It was a most splendid moonlight. We stopped at several houses but could get no information of any Rebels being about. We scouted around there pretty well and came back satisfied that there were no Rebs this side of the Ridge, and frightening citizens who were waked by their dogs barking and thought we were Rebs. One man, a keeper of a goat corral near the Ridge, was so scared he could hardly speak. Two other squads rode out scouting in different directions. I hear today that Rebels are still hovering about in scouting parties. The regiment will probably go out after them.

Friday, 19. Railroad and telegraphic communication is again opened to the front. Had a very heavy shower last night. The regiment left here for Graysville yesterday. Got a letter from Father today, dated the 10th. He says Willie will probably leave home about the 20th of this month. His foot is quite well. I think strongly of asking to be relieved from duty here in town.

Monday, 22. One year more to serve from today. Went out this P.M. over the river after peaches. Had a delightful ride through the bushes. Stopped at a fine house away the other side of the river where lives a Mrs. Williams. She sent her nigger girl out to pick us some good peaches. She professes union sentiments. Her husband is in the Rebel army. Coming back we got over a ½ bu. of peaches.

Thursday, 25. Fine day. Very hot. Willie arrived here this morning. Am relieved from duty at C. K. Smith's and ordered to report to my regiment without delay. Will not go back to Captain Sellers if possible. We spent the evening at the prison office. Was offered a position as clerk at the prison office and will accept it if I can get a detail.

Chattanooga, September 3, 1864

My dear Sister:

I received your letter by Willie, who arrived here the morning of the 25th ult.

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The same morning I was relieved from duty at Chf. Quartermaster's office and ordered to report to my regiment. The regiment you know had started for the front and got as far as Dalton, when a portion started North East after Wheeler and went as far as Columbus, Tenn. when they turned back for Dalton. Willie got his transportation but missed the train. In the meantime I also obtained transportation for myself and horse to Cleveland, intending to stay with the regiment till they arrived at Gen. Thomas' Hd. Quarters, where they are ordered to report. I expected to have started next morning and had everything packed up, when Saturday night Ramsey told me Capt. Adams told him to get another clerk and that I might stay. I didn't much like the idea, as you well know my sentiments but I talked it over with Will and at last concluded to stay, as clerks get now \$40. per month and will probably get \$53.50 soon.

Willie left Sunday evening riding off on top of the cars, and I have been here ever since. Capt. Adams sent in a request to Hd. Quarters to have me detailed and Capt. Cash sent back that he would detail no more men from the 15th Penna. Cav., so my clerkship was knocked in the head. I immediately went up to Col. Stanley, commanding the Post, to ascertain when any cavalry on cattleguard were going to the front. He could not tell but told me to stop again today, which I did. He asked me a few questions. I told him I was lying here doing nothing, and wished to get away as I had my horse and arms. He then said, smiling, he had better get me with some of his men scouting around this country. I told him that was just what I wanted. He asked me where I was staying; I told him at his office, and he told me to report now and then to him and so the case stands. When I shall get off, I cannot say.

Yesterday we received the glorious news that Atlanta was taken for certain this time and it is reported 13,000 prisoners were taken. The first train from Nashville for two or three days came in last night. Wheeler is operating heavily on the road. General Rousseau came out of Nashville and engaged him but was obliged to fall back. Gen. Steedman is also after him from this side, and the two forces together will probably drive him off. Twenty miles of the road is said to be torn up.

I have missed being paid off again. This time I have now coming to me about \$130. Next pay day it will amount to \$162. It is in safe hands, however. Ned Patterson is not well by any means. He has just got his detail on a certificate of disability, from field service, from the surgeon. He just told me he believed he would die if he staid here. He will try for a furlough or a discharge. Don't say anything about this to any of his folks. I don't know what the Prison office will do without him, as he does pretty much all the work, and keeps everything straight, in fact, "runs the shebang." He is a good fellow and a tip-top business man.

Do all you can to have old Abe elected, as his election will end the war sooner than anything else, depend on it, the Rebels are only waiting the issue, Col. Jaques' visit and Jeff Davis' braggadocia to the contrary notwithstanding. Jeff only made those assertions to help depress the northern people, which they are well calculated to do.* Stick to it, and the war will yet be over, by next summer.

Love to all. Kiss Father and Mother and all around for me.

Your affectionate Brother,

Baldwin.

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(The "glorious news" in the above letter was this time true. Atlanta had been occupied by General Sherman's forces on July 2d. For weeks Sherman had been extending his lines east and south so as to cut the railroads and communications which supplied Hood's army in Atlanta. This he finally succeeded in doing, but Hood evacuated Atlanta and slipped off to join General Hardee in the vicinity of Jonesboro, thus eluding Sherman who had hoped to capture Hood's entire army. Jonesboro was chosen by the Confederates in order to protect Andersonville*, which at this time contained some 34,000 prisoners. Hood said he would have moved north, otherwise, to Marietta in order to cut the Union communications, but the fear of the 34,000 liberated prisoners at this time prevented such action on his part!)

Tuesday, 6. Fine day. Very hot. Reported to Col. Stanley and got an order to report to Lt. Torrence to proceed with him to Resacca with the cattle guard. Went out to Rossville this P.M. to find out when Lt. Torrence would start. He starts in the morning, and I expect to leave with him. Ned Patteson will probably get his discharge.

Wednesday, 7. Fine day. Quite hot. Col. Stone, inspector of Hospital convalescent camps etc. is going to have Ramsey detailed as clerk with him, giving Ramsey \$60. extra per month. Started from Chattanooga today at 1 P.M. On arriving at the gap at Rossville found the cattle guard had gone on. Started alone after them through a lonely country, overtook them about 6 m. from the Ridge, going into camp. There is over 900 head of cattle. Put up my tent snug and am now writing by the light of my camp fire.

Thursday, 8. Cloudy all day. Arrived at Ringold about 10 A.M. Grazed the cattle and drew 3 days rations. Went into camp about 4 P.M. about 1 mile from Tunnel Hill. Sleeping on the porch of a deserted house and eating beans, corn and potatoes from the garden.

Friday, 9. Off at 5½ A.M. and passing through a rough country. I am traveling today alone in the advance. Am writing now sitting in the doorway of a very nice 1 story frame house. An old darky woman lives on the property and says her master moved away when the war began. When I stopped at the house I did not know anyone lived there and picked enough corn for my horse and was going to shoot some chickens when I discovered the old darky. She began crying, when I quieted her telling her I would not take her chickens.

Saturday, 10. Fine day. Quite warm. Up before daylight and off for Resacca where we arrived about noon. Went over the battlefield and in the Rebel works which are very strong. Our lines of works are quite close to theirs. Stopped at a house that had several bullet holes through the front door going through the back. I reported to the commander of the Post, who gave me a pass right through to Atlanta and said it would be a little dangerous to proceed alone, but that I could probably find company. So I left for Calhoun, five miles distant, where I proposed to stay over night and proceed to Kingston next day. Crossed the Oastananla at Resacca and was soon at Calhoun, where I was told that my regiment was camped near town. I didn't believe it, but sure enough soon found them. I reported to the Colonel who said I would be assigned to A Company.

Hood's Advance

October 1864

"The possession of Atlanta was not a solution of the great western problem. This city gave name to a campaign; but it was not General Sherman's chief objective in that campaign. His paramount objective from May to September, 1864, was the Confederate Army of the Tennessee; and while that army maintained its organization, the prescribed object of his advance from Chattanooga with a hundred thousand men was unattained. Atlanta as a railroad centre and a place for the manufacture of war material was of great value to the South. But it was not a strategic point of the first importance, since it was easily turned by Sherman, and soon afterwards by Hood. It was so far from General Sherman's base of supplies, that no plan for aggression southward from that city could be formed that did not involve the abandonment of his northern source of supply. The problems demanding solution after he had gained Atlanta were far more intricate than the one which was partially solved by its capture.

"The fact that their largest western army could not hold this city was exceedingly depressing to the Southern people, and the production of this effect was after all the greatest result of the Atlanta campaign. The country was of no value to the National cause except for the movement of armies, and its loss opened to the enemy the way for offensive operations. Hood, having no city to defend and no railroad to guard, was free to move in any direction that promised success. The Atlanta campaign threw upon the Confederate authorities the alternative of submission to the National Government, or the concentration of their western forces to turn back the invading armies from Atlanta and restore hopes to their troops and their people. . . .

"While therefore Generals Grant and Sherman were looking for a definite objective south of Atlanta for the armies that were resting in that city in September, Mr. Davis and his western generals were busy in forming a plan which should unite for its execution all their available forces immediately east and west of the Mississippi River, and in the utmost stretch of hope they promised to the Southern people the restoration of the earlier military status in the West. The first step in the execution of this plan was to force Sherman and his armies out of Georgia by the movement of Hood's army upon their communications, and then provision was to be made for resulting contingencies by the transfer of the trans-Mississippi troops to Tennessee. It was expected that a bold movement to the North would inspire the army, whose morale had been impaired by protracted and unsuccessful defense; that deserters would be restored to their colors, and recruits gathered in large numbers, for a grand effort to regain lost territory, and in the end, establish the cause itself. To carry out this plan the trans-Mississippi troops were to be joined with Hood's army, and to give unity and appropriate expression to the projected operations, General Beauregard, who had previously urged the abandon-

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ment of the great Southern cities, including Richmond, that a vast army might be concentrated for an advance to the North, was given the command of the military departments between the Allegheny Mountains and the Mississippi River. These troops had been previously ordered to cross the great river, but had been prevented by General Canby. The new plan proposed a repetition of the effort to transfer them, not as before to defend Southern cities and productive territory, but to capture Northern cities and gather supplies from Northern soil. Prospectively Hood's army was to become bolder as it grew stronger in its northward march . . .

"While Generals Grant and Sherman were busy with the problem of a campaign beyond Atlanta, General Hood gave Sherman other employment by putting on trial the second grand Confederate scheme, of throwing our armies back to the Ohio River.

"Late in September, reports reached Atlanta that Hood's army was in motion. It was supposed, at first, that Hood was marching into Northern Alabama, the first steps in his circuit around Atlanta indicating such a destination. But it was soon apparent that he was moving upon Sherman's communications in Georgia."*

On October 2nd Hood, now beyond the Chattahoochee, made his first blow against Sherman's communications by sending French's division to take the garrison at Allatoona.

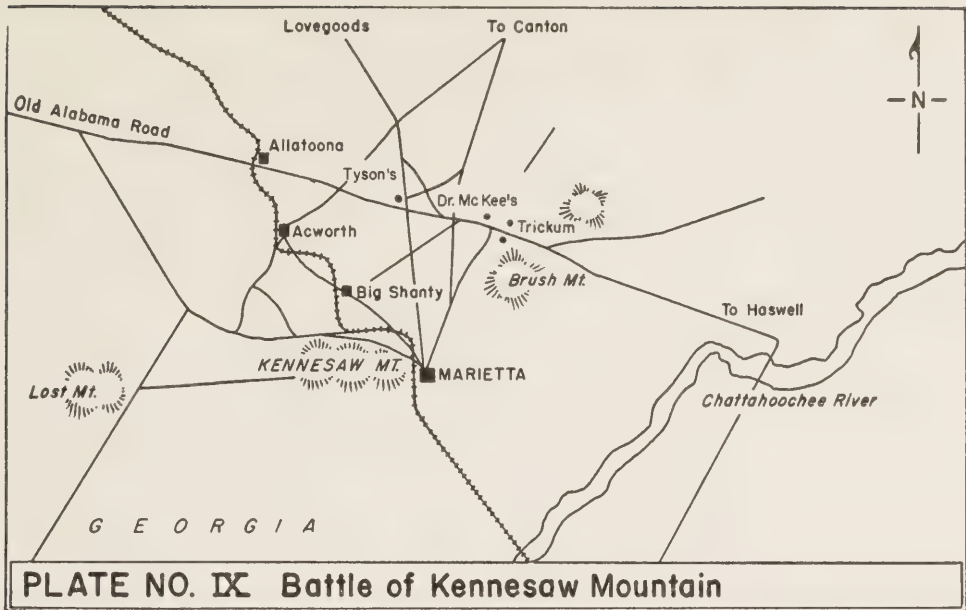
The story of this battle is told by one of the Anderson Cavalry, A. D. Frankenberg, Company K., who had been assigned to the Signal Corps early in September and had been on duty at Kennesaw Mt.

"The duty of the Signal Corps was to be with the extreme advance of each army; make observations of the position of the enemy; read and translate their signals; transmit, with flag and torch and rocket, the orders and commands of commanding officers from one part of the army to any other distant part, and establish and maintain long lines of communication. The Signal Corps constituted the very eyes and ears of the army. . . .

"On October 3, 1864, General Sherman's army was in camp in the vicinity of Atlanta, Ga., with detached guards along the only railroad to Chattanooga, distant 140 miles. Kennesaw Mountain is 21 miles north of Atlanta; Allatoona Pass is eighteen miles north of Kennesaw Mountain; Rome, Ga., is thirty-six miles northwest, via Kingston, of Allatoona Pass. Signal stations were established previous to October 1 at Allatoona Pass and Marietta, communicating with the station on Kennesaw Mountain, which latter station communicated with Atlanta and also with an intermediate station at Vining's, half way between Kennesaw and Atlanta.

"October 3, 1864, the Confederate army, under General Hood, having crossed the Chattahoochee River below Sweetwater, moved via Lost Mountain and occupied General Sherman's railroad line at Big Shanty, two miles north of Kennesaw Mountain, with a heavy force of infantry, artillery and cavalry. . . . Here they cut the telegraph wires, tore up the railroad and set fire to all that would burn or make a smoke. Thus was severed all means of communication between Kennesaw and Allatoona, between General Sherman at Atlanta and General Corse at Rome, except by the flags and torches alone of the Signal Corps. Allatoona Pass was held by Colonel Tourellotte with 905 muskets and six pieces of artillery. Here was Sher-

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man's storehouse, with 3,000,000 rations and immense quantities of munitions of war, requiring months to collect and transport.

"On October 4th, General Stewart's Confederate corps moved on Allatoona. General Sherman's army at the same time was in rapid motion from Atlanta to Smyrna camp ground and west of Marietta. It was on the afternoon of October 3d that the men on duty at the signal station on Kennesaw discovered Hood's Confederates on Lost Mountain, and at once reported that fact by signal to General McArthur at Marietta and to General Sherman at Atlanta, twenty-one miles distant. On the same day, later in the afternoon, Sherman sent from Atlanta to Kennesaw the following signal message:

'COMMANDING OFFICER, Allatoona, Kingston and Rome:
Enemy moving on Allatoona, thence to Rome.'

"We could not send this message to Allatoona, because of the dense fog, until the forenoon of October 4th, when the fog lifted and we could see with our telescope the Allatoona station. Later in the forenoon of the same day the six-foot signal flag from Kennesaw's top spelled out this message to Allatoona, whence it was sent by telegraph to General Corse at Rome, thirty-six miles distant from Allatoona.

'GENERAL CORSE:

Sherman directs that you move forward and join Smith's Division with your entire command, using cars, if to be had, and burn provisions rather than lose them.

GENERAL VANDEVERE'

"Kennesaw Mountain now became an important signal station; it was the key station, and through it all others must communicate. The mountain consists of

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two peaks, which rear their summits very prominently above the surrounding plain. The highest point is 1609 feet above sea level, and on its peak was the signal station. All available signal men were on duty. Work at the glasses and with flag was crowding. All the men at the station expected the Confederates to occupy the mountain, as they were in heavy force at Big Shanty, not two miles away, and the Union forces did not have even a picket between the station and the enemy. General Vandevere sent a Lieutenant and sixteen men, who watched all night with us grouped along the mountain's brow near the station, peering into the dense gloom increased by fog, none daring to close an eye in sleep. . . . It would have been an easy matter for the foe to capture the station. If the Confederates had occupied Kennesaw that night, the signal station in their possession, no message or orders could have been sent by Sherman to Corse, and Corse would not have moved his command to Allatoona; 'the fort would not have been held;' the rations and supplies at Allatoona would have been lost to the Union forces; Sherman could not have reached the sea for months later than he did; England and France would have recognized the Southern Confederacy, sent an armed fleet to raise the blockade and the war would have been prolonged. . . .

"Drearily the night passed, dawn and daylight at last came, but no mortal eye could penetrate the dense fog till the sun arose high, and when the wind wafted the mist away we could see and signal.

"At 12 P.M., October 4th, Kennesaw sent to Allatoona the following signal:

'COMMANDING OFFICER, Allatoona:
Sherman is moving in force. Hold out.

GENERAL VANDEVERE'

"Later the same day we sent the great signal message from Kennesaw to Allatoona, and telegraphed from there to General Corse at Rome:

'CORSE, ROME, GA:

'Move your command to Allatoona. Hold the place. I will help you.

SHERMAN'

(This last message is the famous one which Prof. P. P. Bliss* "immortalized in the gospel hymn "Hold the Fort.")

"General Corse reached Allatoona about 1:30 A.M., October 5th, with 1054 men. . . . Corse took command of all forces, a total of 1959 men; and soon, even before the dawn of day, was attacked by French's Division of Confederates, numbering between 6,000 and 7,000 men and twelve guns. After fourteen hours of skirmish and battle, in which the loss on both sides was awfull, the enemy was repulsed, the rations and stores saved, the empty wagons of the Confederates, still empty, moved away, and a glorious victory won for the Union."

(The messages flew back and forth during the battle. The last message from Allatoona was as follows;)

" 'CAPT. L. M. DAYTON:

Allatoona, October 6, 3.15 P.M.

I am short a cheek bone and one ear, but able to whip all hell yet. My losses are very heavy. Tell me where Sherman is.

CORSE,
Brigadier General, Commanding.'

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"From the moment that Sherman heard that Corse was at Allatoona he seemed satisfied with the situation, but when he read the message to Captain Dayton he was brimful of excitement, and cut such extra antics as only Tecumseh Sherman could when things were moving to his liking. . . .

"In later years, when I have listened to the melody of that inspiring hymn, 'Hold the Fort' I have again gone back in imagination to that fateful day, when, on Kennesaw Mountain, I wigwagged to Allatoona to 'Hold the Fort' for Sherman was coming."

(As far as I can make out, Sherman never came, but sent poor old Corse instead!)

Hood then moved west from the vicinity of Lafayette and after some maneuvers around Gunter's Landing, Bridgeport and Decatur; maneuvers which were always thwarted by General Thomas; he turned down the river to Tuscumbia. Here he met some reinforcements and established a new line of supply from Corinth and began his preparations for advancing into Tennessee.

In the mean time Sherman had repeatedly sought General Grant's permission to turn from the pursuit of Hood and with his three armies march to the sea. Grant had refused for a time, but, finally, on November 2d he gave his consent.

"The march to Savannah, while Hood's army was in Northern Alabama was the abandonment by Sherman of one of the two great objectives announced for the two great cooperative campaigns which began in May 1864. Lee's army, rather than Richmond was Grant's objective, and Johnston's army rather than Atlanta was Sherman's. The two cities in the rear of these armies respectively, were only secondary objectives. And they were comparatively of no importance after the overthrow of the two armies which so long fought before them. But the march to the sea was to be made, not only when Hood's army was farther north than in May 1864, but when the movement would give back to the enemy the city of Atlanta, and more of Georgia than had been gained by the operations and battles of the Atlanta campaign. General Sherman himself did not justify his march for the reason that it was strategic. . . . He wrote to General Grant:

"'On the supposition, always, that Thomas can hold the line of the Tennessee, and very shortly be able to assume the offensive as against Beauregard, I propose to act in such manner against the material resources of the South as utterly to negative Davis' boasted threats and promises of protection. If we can march a well appointed army right through this territory, it is a demonstration to the world foreign and domestic, that we have a power which Davis cannot resist. This is not war, but rather statesmanship.'

"But this march was strategic, in so far as it had relation to Grant's operations in Virginia. It was a long march to give aid to Grant; but Sherman regarded it as a 'shift of base,' as the transfer of a strong army, which had no opponent, and had finished its then work, from the interior to a point on the sea-coast, from which it could achieve other important results. . . . In this view this movement was strategic, but in favor of the East at the expense of the West, since it transferred to the Atlantic coast an immense army before the great problem in the West had been solved, and by changing the conditions of its solution, endangered all that had been previously gained. The Confederate Army of the Tennessee had come out of the

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Atlanta campaign somewhat reduced in strength, but with organization intact, and was on the offensive, in hope of such accretions as would render it relatively stronger than it had been six months before, as against all the forces of the Military Division of the Mississippi. . . .

"While General Thomas was given the task of subduing the army which had so long been Sherman's objective, the latter took with him to the sea more than sixty thousand selected men, together with the selected appointments, which rightfully belonged to Thomas and the forces placed under his command. In place of this immense force, two divisions of infantry from Missouri and recruits from the North were promised to Thomas. . . .

"When (Thomas) knew that Sherman would send troops from Georgia, he requested that the Fourteenth corps should be sent to him. But Sherman refused, saying: 'It is too compact and reliable a corps for me to leave behind.' This corps belonged to Thomas by every tie that can bind troops to a commander. He had organized and commanded its first brigade; he then commanded in succession the division which embraced this brigade, the corps of which the First division formed a part, and finally the army of which the Fourteenth corps was a grand unit. He loved his entire army, as that army loved him, but this thoroughly organized, well equipped and gallant corps laid the foundation of his fame as a general, and to it he gave a degree of affection that he could feel for no other similar organization. . . .

"On the 23d of October Sherman said to Thomas: 'I do believe you are the man best qualified to manage the affairs of Tennessee and North Mississippi. I can spare you the Fourth corps and about five thousand men not fit for my purpose, but which will be well enough for garrison duty in Chattanooga, Murfreesboro, and Nashville. What you need is a few points fortified and stocked with provisions, and a good movable column of twenty-five thousand men that can strike in any direction.' . . .

"It would have been a far more equitable division of the forces of the military division if General Thomas had been left in Tennessee with the Army of the Cumberland. Had this been done, General Sherman would still have had forty-five thousand men. The comprehensive plan of the enemy and the strong probability that Sherman would not be opposed in his march, demanded that Thomas should have had his own army with which to defend Tennessee and the West. This army in his hands would have overwhelmed Hood on the banks of the Tennessee River, or followed him in any direction he might have chosen for retreat, had he there refused to fight.

"The well-organized infantry forces which had been promised to General Thomas embraced about thirty-two thousand men. The available cavalry, largely dismounted and scattered in detachments throughout the division, was about twelve thousand strong. The two divisions of the Sixteenth corps promised early in November in Tennessee, did not arrive at Nashville until the 30th. From this cause, and owing to the expiration of the terms of service of many regiments, and the absence of other regiments that had been sent North to vote, his army grew less, rather than greater, at a time when re-enforcements were most needed. . . .

"It was evident to General Thomas from the first that he could not prevent Hood's army from crossing the Tennessee, and that the defense of the line of tha

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river west of Stevenson was dependent upon the quick coming of the promised reinforcements. The water in the river having fallen, the gunboats could render no assistance. Thomas' only hope therefore was, that he could retard Hood's advance before he could gather his forces for a decisive battle. His first step was, to throw the Fourth and the Twenty-third corps on the anticipated line of the enemy's advance, keeping his cavalry before his foremost forces. But as it was not improbable that Hood would turn towards Huntsville Thomas did not withdraw his troops from Decatur, nor from the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad. He nevertheless moved all that could be spared from Chattanooga to that road, at Stevenson, to await developments."*

After removing the few remaining citizens from Atlanta and totally destroying by fire all factories etc., Sherman started on his unopposed march to the sea. A "Picnic" his men called the march, for only short marches were made each day, the country through which they passed was rich in food and loot, and there were only a few militia troops to encounter.

So, on November 12th the March began, all communications were severed between Sherman and Thomas and the latter became an independent commander, for which I bet he was grateful!

Second East Tennessee Campaign

September 1864

From May to August the Regiment had been encamped near Nashville obtaining fresh horses and equipment. In early August, now fully equipped, they marched to Chattanooga, and made several uneventful scouts around Cleveland, Tunnel Hill, and Dalton. Soon they were ordered to Calhoun, Georgia, where at long last Will and Ball joined them.

On September 13th orders came for them to march into east Tennessee once more, this time to join General Gillem's cavalry forces.

Lt. John Conaway describes the start.

"On September 13, 1864, the Regiment, under command of Col. Wm. J. Palmer, broke camp and started again for east Tennessee. Capt. McAllister with a small portion of the command, and most of the wagons containing the regimental property, were left at Calhoun.

"In this campaign the Regiment eventually became the advance of an expedition in force under General Gillem to join General Burbridge in an effort to capture the salt works at Abingdon, Va.

"On the 15th the Regiment encamped near the Hiwassee River, and while there rumors reached us that a large force of rebel cavalry had crossed the Tennessee River and were marching on Athens. It transpired that this rumor was false, and the command moved on from day to day until the 19th, when we reached Sevierville, and remained there until the 24th, when on that day orders were received by Colonel Palmer from General Thomas to move his command to Bull's Gap* and join the force there under General Gillem.

"The march was resumed on the 25th, and passing through Dandridge we arrived at Bull's Gap on the 26th. General Gillem's command, consisting of two regiments of Tennessee cavalry, a battalion each of Kentucky and Michigan cavalry, with a force of infantry and artillery, in all about 2,500 men, were encamped at that place.

"The active work of the campaign began at once. The column moved out on the 27th, the Fifteenth being in the rear during the march of that day and the 28th, the night of the 27th encamped at Greenville and night of 28th at Leesburg.

"A few rebel scouts were captured, and the whole force was under arms the night of the 28th, expecting an attack by the enemy.

"On the 29th the Fifteenth was given the advance of the whole command, and Company D, as an advance guard, struck the rebel pickets in the morning and chased them through the town of Jonesboro,* capturing some of them. The enemy endeavored to make a stand the other side of the town, but soon broke and disappeared. A considerable force, however, was soon encountered, and a running fight

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ensued, in which about one-half of our Regiment was engaged, the balance acting as a reserve. The rebels, supposed to be about 200 strong, slowly retreated to the Watauga River, which they crossed at Devault's Ford, having sustained a loss of several men killed and captured. Brisk skirmishing was kept up at the ford for some time, when orders were received from General Gillem to fall back on Jonesboro, which the Regiment did, in a drenching rain, and went into bivouac at 11 P.M.

"On the 30th the whole force advanced to Carter's Station, at the crossing of the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad over the Watauga River, where the enemy, under General Vaughan, was found to be in force, and so posted as to prevent our crossing of the river. After a brisk fight they were driven over the river and an artillery duel followed.

"Our Regiment was this time in the rear, when orders were received from the Commanding General to move to the front at once. The road was cleared for us, and we were greeted as we moved forward with this cheering remark from some of the Tennessee cavalrymen as they made way for us: 'Here come the dragoons! they'll give 'em h——l!' The fight continued at the Station, the enemy holding their ground on the opposite side of the river. In the midst of it orders were received by us to move at once again to Devault's Ford, the Sixteenth Kentucky Cavalry at that place having been driven back. In this movement our Regiment was divided, both parts meeting, by different roads, at the ford about midnight, to find that the enemy had retreated.

"The fight at Carter's Station was over, the rebels retreating from their position during the night and the next day. This was ascertained on October 2d, when Captain Wagner with two of our companies crossed the Watauga and ascertained that they had made a forced march the night before, by way of Bristol, into Virginia. General Gillem was informed of this, but no forward movement was made, although cannonading was heard from the direction of Abingdon, indicating the presence at that place of General Burbridge from Kentucky.

"About dusk on October 3d, Colonel Palmer with the Regiment crossed the Watauga, to communicate, if possible, with General Burbridge. Marched nearly all night and bivouacked near Blountsville. At daylight on the 4th a small body of rebels was encountered in the town and routed. Rumors reached us here that Burbridge had been defeated at Abingdon.

"We then moved to Kingsport,* and on October 5th, Colonel Palmer with seventy-five picked men, well mounted, started to communicate with General Burbridge, the balance of the Regiment being under command of Lieutenant Colonel Lamborn."

Ball's diary continues with his description of the campaign, going back to the start, September 12th.

Monday, 12. Fine day. We leave tomorrow for East Tennessee. Are to go without tents, and as light as possible.

Tuesday, 13. Fine day. Off at 8 A.M. riding about 20 miles. Bivouacked in the woods. Took supper with Bowen and the entire commissary department. Had chicken, bread and butter, potatoes and milk.

Wednesday, 14. Up at 4 A.M. and off again travelling through a fine country. The houses are better built and more comfortable than through Tennessee and many

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are fine residences. Camped in a beautiful spot on the Conesauga creek. Billy J. has issued orders that none of the officers shall enter any citizens house, which greatly incenses the officers.

Thursday, 15. Off again early this A.M. Passed through Benton and arrived at Columbus on the Hiawasee River. Passing over the same road Wheeler took after he attacked Dalton. Am on picket tonight. It is a splendid evening.

Friday, 16. Several citizens came through our picket post last night with their horses and mules and reported the rebels to be advancing and only 16 miles distant, about 3,000 strong. At 11 P.M. boots and saddles sounded and the pickets called in when the regiment moved off crossing the Hiawasee River at the ford by moonlight. Travelled rapidly till 3 A.M. without meeting the enemy. We stopped in the woods, tied our horses and were told to keep on our arms, so we slept right on the ground without any blankets till daylight. Started again about noon and camped tonight near Madisonville.

Saturday, 17. Off early this morning. Co. A had the advance. Crossed the Little Tennessee River and stopped at noon, unsaddled, fed horses, foraged potatoes, got our dinner of boiled potatoes and crackers, saddled again and off for Marysville. At Madisonville we saw a company of home guards. Camped tonight 3 miles from Marysville.

Sunday, 18. Passed through Marysville this A.M. It is the prettiest little town I have seen yet on this trip. Wheeler, as he passed through, burnt several houses. The people seemed glad to see us. Crossed the Little River today. Great Smoky Mts. could be seen in the distance to our right all day. The scenery is beautiful. Stopped tonight on the place of a rebel. Lieut. Weand, who is sick, was refused a bed in the house. Will and Field have gone over to see about it and to compel them to give him a bed.

Monday, 19. Fine day. Made about 14 miles, passing through a fine country. 28 miles from the top of Great Smoky Mts. We watered in Pigeon River. Arrived at Sevierville about 1 P.M. Never saw any people so glad to see us. Our boys were here last winter and the citizens think much of them. One man says that if it was generally known that our regiment was here there would be 500 persons here tomorrow to see us. We are camped in a very low spot, full of snakes.

Tuesday, 20. Fine day. Stopped at Sevierville all day. My horse is foundered again. Had him standing in Little Pigeon River this A.M. for two hours. Took dinner at Mr. Cowan's near camp. Saw the operation of making sorghum molasses. Willie is in town with the Colonel. We will probably stay here two or three days.

Saturday, 24. Cleared off last night. Heavy showers early this morning. Drew, tonight, 10 days rations of coffee and sugar. We move tomorrow, moving for, probably, Bull's Gap.

Sunday, 25. Left camp early passing through Sevierville and fording the Pigeon river, struck north and forded the French Broad River which is considerably swollen from the rains. Came to Dandridge about noon, the people all dressed up in their Sunday suits. Stopped a little while in town. I went to a house and got a good dinner and a young lady made me a ration bag. Stopped tonight about 8 miles from Dandridge, making today about 22 miles.

Monday, 26. Fine day. Travelled about 18 miles today and camped tonight at Bulls Gap where they had a fight a couple of days ago. There is here about 2,500

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cavalry, a battery of artillery and some infantry. Forage is getting scarce, and we have considerable trouble getting feed.

Tuesday, 27. Fine day. Quite warm. Our ambulances arrived here at Bulls Gap from Knoxville on the cars. Left here this morning and travelled slowly passing through Blue Spring, a nice little town mostly union. A girl came out of a house with water for us. She said she was glad. I asked her what she was glad about, and she said she "was glad to see you all come through here." The people all through here show much joy at our coming. Arrived at Greenville about 8 P.M. and passed through the town. It is considerable of a place. John Morgan was killed here by a Sergt. of the 13th Tenn. Cavalry. The men cut off all his hair as trophies.

Wednesday, 28. Left Greenville about 5 A.M. At noon passed through Raysville. Had a shower this P.M. Our company and Co. M placed on picket. An attack is expected tonight. It is very dark. No sleep at all tonight. One of Gen. Gillem's staff officers staid with us, by the General's orders.

Thursday, 29. Left our picket post this A.M. about 7 A.M. and proceeded on with the column. After going three or four miles were drawn up in line of battle. Our company was thrown out as skirmishers but no enemy could be seen. A half mile further we are in line again where I am now writing. Gen. Hammond, who commands, is on the ground. We are now three miles from Jonesboro. Moved through the town about 11 A.M. on a half charge seeing the last of the rebels as they left. Our company, as skirmishers, immediately started in pursuit and soon the first shot was fired. They gave us a volley and ran, we following close after, keeping our eyes well opened. Sergt. Lyon, Jack Schwartz, and myself and some others were together and kept mostly on the road. Every good position the Rebs came to they would halt and give us a few shots. We had just fired into them and started after them again when we saw one of their number stretched lifeless on the road, shot through the head. This is the only man we know to have been killed. He had his name cut on his carbine. Sgt. Howell, Co. A, 16th Ga. Cav. We followed on over the country keeping close up with them and constantly firing. I fired fourteen rounds. We thus kept up a running fight for ten or more miles, driving them to the Watauga river where they joined about 300 of them and got a good position and made a stand. Four or five companies were dismounted and sent down into the woods to engage them and soon the firing became rapid. Our boys laid down behind stumps and trees and kept up a hot fire on them. A couple of companies were sent around and got a cross fire on them, when they scampered. One man was seen to fall and one prisoner taken, who knew this Sergt. we had killed. About 3 P.M. Col. Palmer recalled his men and the fight was over, he having accomplished his ends, viz.; a reconnaissance to ascertain the enemy's strength which was 300. We immediately started back to Jonesboro, and such a dark night I never saw. We couldn't see our hands before our faces. A heavy storm came up and as I had lost my balma I got thoroughly drenched and as we were passing through town stopped at a house where they kindly took me in. I dried myself by the fire and slept in a room. Harry Craig and I.

Friday, 30. Got a good breakfast this morning and all the troops moved out this morning. Before we moved out, having today the rear, each man had issued him a plug of tobacco captured in Jonesboro, also some salt which we gave our horses.

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Jack Marshall and I took the road over which we fought yesterday to recover some gum goods etc. left when we fed last night, where we ascertained that about ½ hour before a squad of Rebel cavalry passed two miles from town. Marshall and I took a road leading to Johnston depot. We stopped at the house of a very fine union family who set before us some good corn, bread and butter, apple butter and sweet cider. We caught up with the regiment at Carter's Station where the artillery is firing a little. Soon a courier comes riding up to Gen. Gillem announcing that the Rebels attacked the 16th Kentucky at the lower Ford with the sabre and completely routed them, killing seventeen. So away we went after the Rebels and soon it was pitch dark. We proceeded very cautiously through a thick woods to the Ford, word being passed down the line to have everything in readiness for an attack. It was the Colonel's intention to have made ugly work with them if we could find them. About 1 A.M. of Sat. we stopped to camp right on the spot where we skirmished with them the day before. Went into a corn field, got corn for the horses and laid down and slept sound till morning, through a heavy rain. Started again and went a long round about way. I was on guard and marching in the rear had a good chance to forage. Had plenty of milk and bread and butter. A party of eight rebels followed in our tracks only 15 minutes behind not knowing we were so near. The rear guard went after them but they skedaddled. We advanced cautiously and ascertained that the Rebels had fallen back from the Ford. Our company, however, had a few shots at them in another place. We returned to the camping ground of last night.

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Sunday, 2. A darky came into camp this A.M. and reported that he crossed at the Ford last night and that the enemy had left. At 9 A.M. we started again. Passed a number of the long bearded Dunkards going to church. We only went five miles and camped near the Watauga river. Went up to the house of an old Reb, a Mr. White, as clean a house as I ever saw. We went through him for butter and milk. The commissary killed some of his beef and the old man is in trouble.

Monday, 3. Had a heavy shower early this morning. Plenty of feed for horses here. Three of us started out and got a good dinner. Off at 4 P.M., the 16th Ky. Cav. taking our place guarding the Ford. Crossed the Watauga River I was on the advance guard. The Colonel was unusually particular and very cautious. The night being very dark, we all thought it was a sure thing we would surprise a Rebel camp. We were ordered to hold no conversation whatever with citizens. Pulled some corn and went into camp at 2 A.M. near Blountsville. We crossed the Holston River at Spurgeons Ford and rode along past the falls, passing through magnificent scenery.

Tuesday, 4. Clear and warm this morning. Lieut. Field with a small scouting party went out towards town and had a little brush with a small party of Rebs, driving them. Started off with the Colonel and three companies and went to Blountsville. This small place has been most all burnt, the darkies say by Rebel shell, the secesh, by union shell. The town is mostly secesh. There are a very few union men in this neighborhood who have been hiding out in the mountains, and are just making their appearance. After laying near town a couple of hours we started off in a northwest direction, and stopped an hour at a mill where we

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got some bread baked. Off again over a very rough and hilly country, travelling almost parallel with the Virginia line which is only three miles off. There appears to be plenty of corn and sheep about. The spring houses are full of milk and butter and we have a good supply of each article. After dark the people would look with much curiosity and wonder whether we were Rebs or Yankees. I stopped a moment at a house and asked for something to eat. The women asked what command I belonged to. I told them the 16th Ga. Cav. They then asked me what news there was from the up country. I told them the Yankees were moving on the salt works. The nigger girl then came to the fence with a candle and some bread and butter. While I was taking it I could see her closely scanning me and my equipment, and just as I rode away she cried out, "He's a Yankee, he's a Yankee," and then they all shouted and laughed and I shouted back. Camped tonight near Kingsport. Our horses have plenty of oats and corn fodder.

Now comes Will's diary with an officer's version, returning to September 13th and the start of the campaign. Many of his diary days describe only how many miles they rode that day, and what he had to eat, so only the "high spots" follow.

Tuesday, Sept. 13. Warm. At 9 A.M. we started without tents, with pack mules, 2 to each company and with 6 wagons. Took the Spring Place road and camped about 2 miles of Spring Place. Had butter, eggs and biscuits for supper. Camped at 3 P.M. Marched 16 miles. Beautiful moonlight night. Co. A. in advance today.

Thursday, 15. Clear and warm. Henry W. Morgan was kicked by a horse this morning. Attended stable call at reveille. A queer old man came into camp selling chewing tobacco to the men very cheap, one dollar per plug. ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) Started for Columbus at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ A.M. Col. Palmer issued a circular order: "On this expedition no officer will be allowed to enter the house of a citizen on any pretense without the special permission of the Col. Comdg." We are all very indignant at this want of confidence in our honor. This order was issued yesterday noon. Arrived at the Hiwassee River one mile from Columbus and camped at 2 P.M. Marched 20 miles.

Took a swim in the Hiwassee River. For supper had a stew of three chickens, sweet potatoes, irish dittoo, which was excellent, also a big loaf of light bread and butter and milk. At dark four days rations were issued to the men and four packed on the mules. I loaned a mule to Capt. Wagner and was obliged to use a fine mule, which my company used as a horse, for a pack mule. Went to bed at 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ P.M. but before I got asleep "Boots and Saddles" sounded and we were soon in line waiting for the "forward". Col. Palmer had received news that the rebels were 16 miles distant on the Athens road. At 10.45 we started, and crossed the Hiwassee and took the Athens road. By 2 A.M. it was very cold. At 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ A.M. we halted and Capt. Thompson's Co. (D) was posted at a bridge to let the rebels over and ambush them and the Regt. was posted back in the woods and allowed to dismount and go to sleep. I was chilled completely through. Col. Lamborn woke me at 6 A.M. No rebels this side of Athens. We were then nine miles from that town. Wagons were left at Columbus.

Sunday, 18. Cloudy and a little rain. Started at 8 A.M. Passed thro. Marysville. Wheeler burnt several houses when he lately attacked the place. My Co. was in rear of the Battalion today. At 1 P.M. stopped to feed where a negro meeting was being held. Camped at 6 P.M. at Sharp's, who is a great rebel. It is reported tonight that Col. Dibbrel's Brig. is at Taziell. Harry Weand is sick. By the Col's

COLUMN SOUTH

permission he went to Sharp's to spend the night, but they would not give him a bed, which when I heard I went over with Lt. Field and made them give him a bed and I slept with him.

Monday, 19. Clear and warm. Arose at reveille and had Mrs. Sharp to cook us a breakfast. At 7½ A.M. put Weand in the ambulance and started with my Company for Sevierville, 13 miles distant. Two miles from Sharps passed Chandler's, father of Brig. Chandler. At 10½ A.M. struck the Little Pigeon River and continuing along its banks five miles reached Sevierville at 12 M. At and near the town we met with many fine citizens who seemed almost beside themselves to see the boys again who were in this country last winter. We left Lt. Weand at the house of Mr. Ande's who was so kind to Capt. Clark last winter when he was wounded. Camped in the flats behind Thomas McCowan's house on the Gatlinburg road, about a mile and a quarter from town. Our mess now has permission to send a man and a negro during the march to forage for us. Sevierville lies between the East and West Pigeon River where they form the Little Pigeon R. Bert Chandler, a brother of Brig. Chandler, lives on the north side of the Little Pigeon at the junction. I must call on him. At 4 P.M. went down to the West Pigeon with Kirk and Taylor and took a good swim. The water was quite deep. Taylor and I put up a shed of cedar boughs and rails and slept well.

Tuesday, 20. We are camped in low ground and I think that fever and ague will be prevalent if we stay here. Arose at reveille and attended roll call and stable duty. Last night a very heavy dew fell, almost like rain. At 11 A.M. by invitation of the Col. rode with him, Lt. Col, Major, Adgt, and Selnigac to Bill Catlett's and took dinner there. Smoked awhile after dinner, then rode up East Fork to Geo. Henderson's, got a drink of cider and rode back to town, crossed the river and called at Mr. Bert Chandlers. Was introduced to the Misses Chandler. Ellen is the oldest. Had some conversation about Benj. Chandler, took supper and left for camp. Spent a very pleasant evening there.

Wednesday, 21. Very rainy all day and the ground where we are camped is very wet. I was on grazing duty today. Took dinner at McCowan's with Joe Reiff and Taylor. Wrote to J.K. and mother this A.M. Went to sleep in our wet blankets and slept well. The son of McCowan stole two colts Revolvers and was put in the guard house.

Saturday, 24. Clear and cloudy and inclined to be showery. In the A.M. went out to see my sick men, Sergt. Alison, McCord and Charley Brough. Also Lieut. Weand at Mr. Ande's and saw them off in the ambulances and started for Knoxville. Got my dinner at Ande's.

Sunday, 25. Clear and pleasant. At 7½ A.M. started for Bull's Gap via Dandridge. Crossed the Little Pigeon 2 miles below Sevierville. Crossed the French Broad at Evan's Ford, going over a large island in the river. The ford was quite deep on the north side. Halted in Dandridge, a rebel town, Jefferson Co. Passed on via the Bull's Gap road and camped at widow Kimber's famous cross roads. I placed two sick men, Sergt. Brantbower & Brough in a house for the night. Rode out from camp and got some chickens and eggs and my supper from Mrs. Cross, and a young lady gave me a handkerchief full of grapes.

Monday, 26. At 7 A.M. left Kimber's for Bull's Gap, 18 miles distant. Marched through a rough country and arrived at the Gap at 3 P.M. I did not feel well

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yesterday, but today I am quite unwell, having a fever, cold and diarrhea. Horses did not get fed until 9 P.M. Gen. Gillem is here with the 9th & 13th Tenn. Cavy, 1st Ohio Heavy artillery, one battalion 16th Ky. Cavy, 10th Mich. Cavy and one battery of 3 in. rifled guns, about 2,700 men, making with us 3,000 men.

Tuesday, 27. Had reveille very early today, at 3½ A.M., but we did not move until 11 A.M., having to get our horses shod and also because we took the rear of Gen. Gillem's column which marched this A.M. It is reported to effect a junction with Gen. Burbridge who is moving against the Salt works near Abingdon, Va. We are also pursuing Gen. Vaughn who is commanding the late Gen. Morgan's force and Brig. Gen. Williams which are moving up the R.R. towards Va. I got a "heavy disgust on" this day on account of marching with troops, especially Tenn. troops, because there is so much delay and so many halts. We marched but 13 miles and did not get into camp till 10 P.M. Got supper at 12 P.M. We camped at Greenville, an enterprising town, where Gen. Morgan was killed a short time ago.

Wednesday, 28. Marched at 7 A.M., not having time to get our breakfast cooked aright. Marched in rear of 13th Tenn. Four miles south of Rheaton Col P. detached me with 50 horses to go to that town with the blacksmiths and have them shod up. After setting them at work, Lt. Lloyd, A.R.Qm, and I went in to Mrs. Elliott's and we got a good dinner. After dinner I spread my blankets at the shop and slept two or three hours and felt much refreshed and better. At 5.10 P.M., the horses being shod, I started (just after a heavy shower) for the column which had meanwhile passed through town. March 6½ miles at a walk in 1½ hours. Got into camp after considerable trouble as it was very dark, and found my Co. and M Co. going out on picket duty. Got my supper and went out and joined my Company at 10 P.M., on the Little Limestone Creek. Made proper dispositions for repelling an attack which was expected before morning, barricades etc. Taylor got his supper and went to sleep. He relieved me at 3 A.M. when I went to sleep. Gen. Gillem sent a staff officer to every picket reserve; one came to mine and stayed till daylight. Capt. Kramer is "field O.D." Marched 18 miles and camped two miles from Leesburg.

October 1864

Saturday, 1. Last night it rained hard and it was execrable. Reveille at 5 A.M. Moved at 8 A.M. in the direction of Spurgeon's Ford, it being reported that the rebels were crossing in large force. My Co. was on the advance. Halted at Grison's, 4½ miles from the Ford. At 1 P.M. I was sent by the Colonel on a reconnaissance with my Co. and a small detachment from C and G. Moved to Spurgeon's mill, dismounted my advance guard and went down to the ford on Holston River where we fired on 20 men on the other side and drove them off in a hurry. Parson McCall was my guide. I got some information here. Left there and went up to Ford's Ferry at the mouth of the Watauga, got some information from John Bowman. Started then for Devolt's Ford. At 5 P.M. struck the track of the Regt. at James Clark's. Got fed at Allison's Mill from Mark Hale. Struck over Indian Ridge and via the Jonesboro road, reached camp at the school house at 8 P.M. Took supper with the Col. at Daniel Bowman's and the Col. sent my information to Gen. Gillem.

COLUMN SOUTH

Sunday, 2. Rain last night. Clear this A.M. Col. P. received a dispatch from the Gen. stating that the rebels left Carter's Depot at 1 P.M. yesterday and directing him to move to Devolt's Ford. Yesterday we might have moved across the Spurgeon's Ford and picked up all the pickets to Devolt's Ford. I also learn that during our skirmish on Thursday we killed one and wounded 4 of the enemy, including Lieut. Lillard, nephew of Col. Lillard. Moved from the school house at 10 A.M. to Devolt's Ford and camped at 12 M. A reconnaissance was sent across the River to Zollicoffer. It returned at night and reported that the rebels passed through Bristol the night before, making a forced march. Our horses and our men had a good rest this afternoon, plenty of feed for horses. The 8th Tenn Cav'y joined our force today and the 9th Penna Cav'y will be here in a day or two. A fight is reported at the Salt works by Burbridge.

Tuesday, 4. Reveille at 6 A.M. Boots and Saddles at 8 A.M. We have no bread and have to get along from hand to mouth as best we can. At 10½ I took Companies I and A with Col. P. to Blountsville and then took the Kingsport road. Out a couple of miles the Col. sent me across with the squadron to the Reedy Creek road on a reconnaissance to try and obtain information from Burbridge. Halted at Morell's Mill but could not hear anything definite. Marched 21 miles and joined the Regt. at Kingsport at 7 P.M. and camped at Kendrick's.

As mentioned earlier, on October 5th, Col. Palmer with his 75 picked men left Kingsport to try to communicate with General Burbridge. This march is first described by Capt. Charles E. Scheide of Company K.

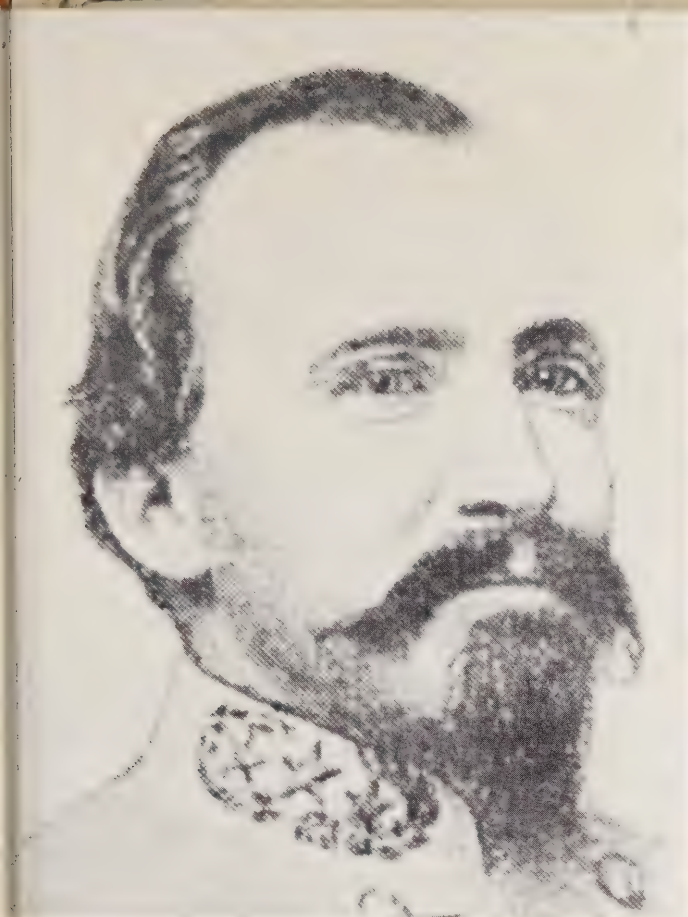
"The ride of Colonel Palmer and his party of seventy-five men through the almost impassable region of southwest Virginia to the west branch of the Big Sandy, in Kentucky, and thence to its mouth at Catlettsburg, a distance of 225 miles, was one of the most extraordinary of the many remarkable but almost unknown feats of the Anderson Cavalry.

"Colonel Palmer was accompanied by Capts. Wm. F. Colton, Frank Remont and Lieutenants Blight and Ed. C. Smith.

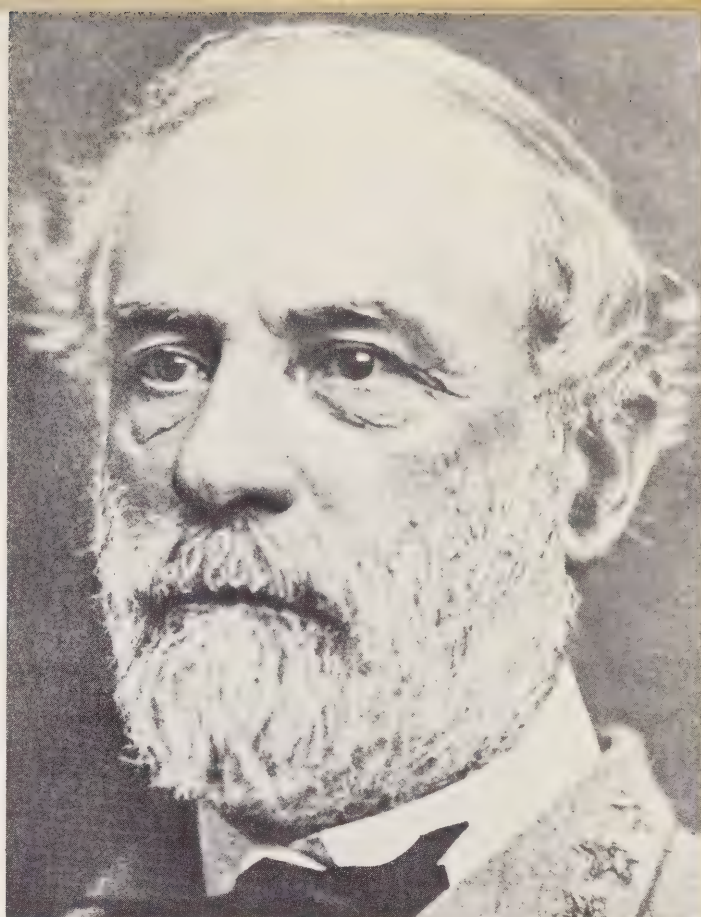
"Sergt. Geo. W. Spencer, Company D, acted as Sergeant Major of the detachment, and First Sergt. John K. Marshall was the orderly. It was unusual for our First Sergeants to accompany expeditions of this character, as their duties were with their companies; but the hazardous nature of the trip so appealed to Marshall that when his first application to Major Betts was refused, for the above reason, he asked to be reduced to the ranks and then detailed as one of the party, and the chivalric request so touched the Major that he gave his consent, and Marshall got permission to go.

"Starting about noon, on the 5th of October, from the camp of the Regiment at the foot of Clinch Mountain, near Kingsport, Tenn., the men, who had an inkling of their hazardous journey from the fact that the Colonel himself accompanied them, shouted a good-by to their comrades, declaring they were 'bound for Richmond,' i.e. Libby Prison.

"We moved out on the road to Lebanon, Va., in an easterly direction and north of Clinch Mountain. During the afternoon several small parties of rebels were chased by the advance guard, under command of Serg. A. P. Lyon, and one of the enemy was killed and another wounded. As the natives were taken entirely



Brigadier-General John Hunt Morgan, C.S.A.



General Robert Edward Lee, C.S.A.

PLATE 9

Bridgeport Bridge (Alabama)





Major Adolph G. Rosengarten, U.S.A.

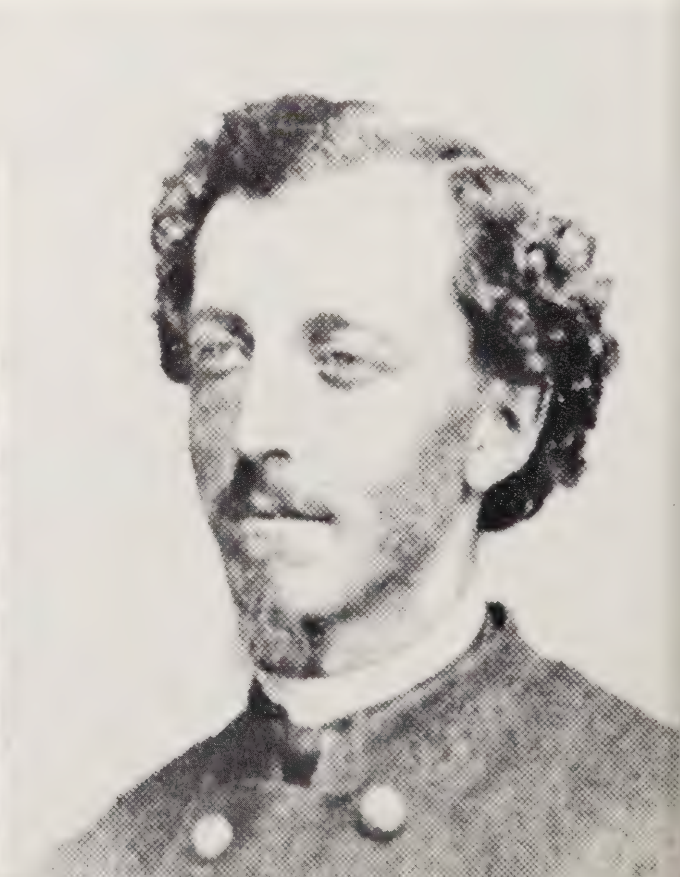


Major-General Joseph Wheeler, C.S.A.

PLATE 10

At the Summit of Lookout Mountain

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles M. Betts, U.S.A.



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by surprise, a number of good horses were captured, there being no time to conceal them. The party went into camp at nightfall, having marched twenty-five miles, carefully barricading the roads front and rear, to prevent surprise. During the night negroes came in, giving the Colonel intelligence of the proximity of the rebel cavalry on all sides, and from them he obtained a tolerable idea of the country around, which enabled him to proceed intelligibly. At daybreak Sergeant Becker, of Company E., with twenty-five men, who were started before the rest, drove in the rebel pickets about three miles ahead, then fell back one mile and joined the column on the road. Then they all turned off to the left, and taking across the fields for some distance, entered the Moccasin Valley, which was followed for about ten miles.

"Up to this time the Colonel had been without guides, other than negroes or farm hands whose limited knowledge of the country rendered their services of little value; and it being absolutely necessary for his safety, he impressed a citizen named Henderson, who, thinking we were rebels, was trying to escape from his farm. He proved an excellent guide, as he was a loyal Union man and quite thoroughly acquainted with the country. Henderson accompanied us across Osborn Gap, to the western foot of the Cumberland Mountains in Kentucky, when, despite the urgent remonstrance of Colonel Palmer, who feared his capture, he concluded to return home. The Colonel gave him a horse and some coffee for his wife and bade him good-by.

"The march was then resumed with vigor, and at noon we reached Robinson's post-office, where a mail was captured and firearms taken from the postmaster. After a short halt here we moved on, taking the Stone Mountain road in the direction of Guests Station. When within a short distance of that place it was ascertained that a small number of Prentice's Brigade of rebel guerrilla cavalry (this Prentice was a son of the editor of the Louisville Journal) were at the Station with three wagonloads of provisions, which our boys were much in need of. Dividing into three squads we made a descent upon the place by different routes, finding no wagons and but few soldiers. One of the enemy was killed, one wounded, a Captain Jones, and one captured. A fine horse was also captured here.

"Guests Station was a hamlet of three or four houses and a smithy, and seemed to be a considerable coal depot. The command went into camp on an eminence near the Station, having marched circuitously during the day thirty-three miles, through a rough country, but abounding in beautiful and romantic scenery. The men fed on mutton, being entirely out of rations.

"Our pickets were shot at nearly all the night, but in spite of the fact that we were in the midst of a large number of guerrillas, all but our sentinels slept soundly and at daylight were again in the saddle, fresh for a start. By this time Colonel Palmer had become thoroughly acquainted with the extent of the disaster that had overtaken Burbridge's command while in this State, and knowing that Burbridge had certainly retreated into Kentucky, the Colonel determined to leave also, and not 'stand upon the order of his going.' At daylight on the 7th we moved out on the Gladesville road and resumed our perilous journey, a perfect shower of rebel bullets from all the surrounding hills accompanying us."

(General Stephen G. Burbridge, with a force of approximately 5,000, advanced upon King's salt works in Virginia. At Liberty Hill, Va., he was met by

COLUMN SOUTH

Confederate Col. H. L. Giltner in command of a small brigade of cavalry. By dint of good strategy Giltner was able to detain Burbridge for two days, thus giving time for General John C. Breckenridge, successor to John Morgan's command, to reinforce him. On October 2d Burbridge attacked the salt works and was driven back and completely routed, with large loss of life.)

"This move on the Gladesville road was a feint, as Colonel Palmer had no intention to go by that way, knowing he would be ambuscaded. After a short distance, leaving a small force to conceal our real movement, we suddenly turned to the right, passed over a small stream and entered a dense forest, called the 'Crane's Nest.' A miserable narrow road or trace lay through this thicket, which was used by the rebels as a mail route during the war. After some miles of this 'trace' and coming out into a back road, the advance captured one of Prentice's men, with his lady love, who were jogging along together, on the same horse, enjoying each other's company. This interruption by their Northern cousins was a great surprise. The soldier lover accepted the invitation to accompany the column, and left his dulcinea, who was given the option to go with us or not, by the roadside. As we moved on, she called out, unemotionally, 'Take good care of him, he is a nice fellow.' The mail road was pursued until afternoon, when a halt was made to kill a beef and roast some potatoes at a small cabin in a clearing at the eastern foot of the Cumberland Mountains. (Colonel Prentice later told Colonel Palmer that he had come up to this cabin with his force just after we had started on, and after following us a while up the Cumberland Mountains, it became so dark that they gave up the pursuit.)

"After 'dining' we pushed on to Osborn's Gap, in the Cumberland Mountains, but ascertaining that it was thoroughly blockaded, a citizen guide, by the name of Haines, was found, who took us to the mountain-top by a dangerous trail. As it was very dark the danger was not noticed and no accident occurred. As the command was obliged to ascend the mountain in single file, one of the prisoners, the lover, took advantage of the circumstance and the darkness to slip off his horse and escape down the steep mountain. The noise he made was thought to be that of a displaced rock. The horse was tied to a sapling and in the pitch darkness a third of the command, unaware that there was no rider, were halted also, blockading the road and a large number of the party were lost for several hours! The head of the column arrived on the summit about eleven P.M. and went into camp, when it was discovered that the rear was lost. They had to be sent back for and it was nearly dawn before they arrived at our bivouac. The temperature was at the freezing point and the wind was blowing a hurricane, while the men were clad in thin blouses of their summer uniform. The distance marched this day was thirty-two miles. . . .

"We were now comparatively out of harm's way. After a poor attempt at attaining personal comfort during the night, early on the morning of the 8th we commenced the descent of the mountains into the valleys of Kentucky, a distance of three miles.

"The inhabitants found at the foot, on either side of the mountains, were the most profoundly ignorant and squalidly poor that had yet been met in the South. Indeed, it was a matter of great surprise to the command to find such a low grade of white human nature in the limits of the United States. All the hovels passed

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were visited by some one of the officers to obtain information, never, however, to find a man about. They were all out in the woods with Colonel Prentice's command or hiding to escape rebel impressment, or, as more usually, to bushwhack us. While dining at the cabin above mentioned, one of our officers asked a comely lass, who waited on them, where her father was. 'Gone a-singing,' she replied. 'Where are your brothers?' 'Gone a-singing.' 'What do you mean by "gone a-singing"?' asked another officer. 'Oh, gone after sang.' This caused a profound silence, which only Captain Colton had the temerity at last to break. 'What is sang?' inquired the Captain. 'Dollar a pound,' said the girl in the same nonchalant voice. It appeared that the principal occupation of these people was the gathering of ginseng,[†] which grew in abundance on the mountain-side.

"One of General Burbridge's officers of the Salt Works Expedition told Colonel Palmer that their experience was similar. They never found a man at home, but met the crack of a bushwhacker's rifle at nearly every turn of the wooded road. Once he reined up at a cabin and asked a small boy where his father was. The boy hesitated for a while and then said, 'I'll go ask mammy,' and went inside, closing the door. After a few minutes he came out and said briskly, 'He's been dead two years.'

"The route on the 8th lay through a pleasant valley, watered by the western tributaries of the Big Sandy River. After marching thirty miles we encamped at Frazier's distillery. The neighborhood teemed with these manufactories of spirituous liquors; a dangerous place in which to encamp soldiers, fatigued with a long and perilous march; they had marched 120 miles in three and a half days, among and over mountains all the way; but greatly to their credit, not a man became intoxicated.

"At Frazier's it was ascertained that the rear of General Burbridge's command was at Prestonburg, twenty miles distant, and a party of rebels were reported at the mouth of Mud Creek, some five miles away. Colonel Palmer, learning that it was the intention of the Union forces to leave Prestonburg at sunrise next morning, sent forward a courier to advise the commanding officer of his approach, and also sent a scouting party to look after the rebels at Mud Creek. The latter party returned at midnight, finding no enemy.

"On the 9th of October the command marched leisurely to Prestonburg, Kentucky, a distance of twenty miles, which was reached shortly after three P.M., and Colonel Palmer reported to General Hobson, in command, who had waited a day for him. The troops at this place had just returned from the attempt at Abingdon, Va., and were most thoroughly demoralized. When they started on the expedition into southwest Virginia they were splendidly equipped with all the latest adopted improvements in arms and accouterments. Now they were entirely stripped, in some instances even of necessary clothing, everything cumbering them having been thrown away in their disgraceful rout, and they seemed to be also without organization.

"This union of the detachment with the forces they had started from Kingsport to reach, ended our mission, and Colonel Palmer directed his attention to re-joining the Regiment as speedily as possible. The only practicable route was by way of Catlettsburg, Ky., to Cincinnati and Louisville. This was followed, and on

[†]An herb with a thick forked aromatic root, used medicinally.

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the night of the 12th the detachment reached Catlettsburg, at the mouth of the Big Sandy River, a distance of eighty-two miles from Prestonburg."

Next comes Ball's version of this march, for he, too, was one of the "picked men."

Wednesday, 5. This morning a detail of about 60 men prepared to leave on a trip, the object of which is a secret. Every man was required to have 40 rounds of ammunition. We started out at about 9 A.M., Colonel Palmer being along. Sergt. Lyon and Co. A detail were put on the advance guard. By the time we had advanced one mile I suddenly saw, not 75 feet ahead, four rebels. Says I "there they are," and they started up in the bushes and we could not find them. Half an hour after we crossed the line into Virginia. We were constantly in sight of rebel pickets who we always charged. We passed through a very wild country, mostly secesh. In the afternoon I was detailed with Sergt. Spencer to go ahead of the advance to a noted rebel's place and take his horses. We soon came to some in a field and as we went in to take them, a darky, plowing in a field, waved his hat and immediately commenced unearthing; went to the house, got his coat, mounted his master's horse right before him, who could not say one word. At the next house the Colonel got a beautiful black stallion belonging to a captain in the Rebel army. Sergt. Lyon and the advance came on to a few Rebels who they charged. Lyons shot one of them through the head, killing him. During the day four or five prisoners were taken. We came to one house where an old woman came out, perfectly crazy with joy. She was shouting aloud, "I have longed for this day. My prayers are answered. Glory to the Lamb." and she went on in that strain till the column had passed. A man from another house joined us. The Rebels had had him in irons. At the next house also were union people. Several very fine darkies came along bringing horses with them. We are the first Yankees who have come through here, and of course the people are much astonished. We went into camp just as it was getting dark. A couple of us soon made for the spring house but they were ahead of us, having carried everything to the house. The old man was making apple jack and the boys got some of that article. Slept in a barn.

Thursday, 6. Off early. The Colonel sent a scout ahead who soon ran into the Rebs. One fellow stood picket within one mile of our pickets. The Colonel resorted to a trick to deceive the enemy. He took us up into a thick woods and then we turned directly into a different direction and moved rapidly, passing through a very rough country till we came to Clinch River which we crossed at Osburn's Ford, and then halted for an hour and a half. Just before we started a bushwhacker commenced firing at us from the hills on the opposite side of the river. We then took a very tortuous road which turned every few feet. Towards evening the advance ran into a party of about 20 Rebels and soon the chase commenced. The road was strewn with rebel guns and saddles and blankets etc. I was on the rear guard at the time. Several prisoners were taken belonging to Col. Prentice's regiment of cavalry who are camped a few miles off. I. P. Jones shot a Capt. Jones through the body. He was brought in by our men and it is said he will die. As we crossed a creek we were fired on from a house by bushwhackers. Nobody hurt. Went into camp before dark. Some sheep were shot and we had mutton for supper. We had nine prisoners to guard. The pickets were fired on several times during the night. They were thick around.

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Friday, 7. As soon as we left camp the bushwhackers commenced firing from the hills. We returned not a shot but kept steadily on our way, again putting the rebels off our track. We passed over a trail through Guest Mountain and at the foot of the Cumberland Mts. we pulled corn for the horses and started for the top. On the way up we lost Charley Dormier and had to send the guide back, when he was found lugging his corn up towards where we were hallooing. When we got to the top found the trail blockaded. (The lover's horse tied to the bush, no doubt.) The night was very cold and the wind was fearful. We did not know what to do and to increase our discomforture two of the principal prisoners escaped. We at last found we were quite near the Colonel's party, which we came up to at midnight. Found Willie lying by a good rail fire and as he and Lieut. Blight had burned their blankets, I bedded with them.

Saturday, 8. A cold wintry day. Descended the mountains by a very steep trail, having to lead our horses, and travelled all day through a Gap. No houses but miserable cabins. There is plenty of apple jack through here. Tonight Sergt. Hough with five men carried the despatch to Prestonburg. Very cold and windy.

Sunday, 9. Still quite cold. Travelled all day. Forded the Big Sandy and arrived at Prestonburg this P.M. Gen. Burbridge has gone to Lexington. Gen. Hobson commands here. Quite a force of cavalry are here. They are just back from the Salt works from which they were driven with considerable loss.

Monday, 10. Cold this A.M. All the troops are leaving this morning for Lexington. We left and travelled 21 miles through the hills. Fed our horses at Paintville and camped 8 miles from there. I am on picket tonight. This P.M. we passed a part of Burbridge's retreating army. They are in a deplorable plight. A great many are without shoes and marching barefoot, having lost their horses. A regiment of negroes are along. Many have lost arms and everything.

Tuesday, 11. Travelled all day through the Knobs and hills over a very rough road. We arrived at Louisa* before dark and camped. A regiment of negroes occupy this place. The Big Sandy is navigable for steamboats to this town.

Wednesday, 12. This morning I bought the Virginia citizens saddle bags. Marched all day, still quite hilly, made 34 miles and arrived at Catlettsburg at 8 P.M. and camped one mile from town. Three states can be seen from here. Rained all morning. Cleared off at five this P.M. Beautiful moonlight.

Thursday, 13. Just one month today since we left Calhoun, Ga. We have marched over 500 miles since then and marched in four states and in sight of N. Carolina. We take the boat today for Nashville, touching at Cincinnati. Left Catlettsburg at noon in steamer "Telegraph." The boat is crowded with Burbridge's men. Our horses and ourselves are confined to very small space. The saddles are kept on the horses because there is no room to put them. Am on guard tonight. Laid down among the horses and came near being trampled to death and had to change my quarters.

Friday, 14. The boat had to lay over during a part of the night on account of the fog. Yesterday P.M. the boat lay 1½ hours at Ironton, quite a little place.

(Lieut. Selden L. Wilson of Company I had something to say about Ironton. "The first stop was at Ironton, Ohio to take on a cargo of stoves. We then had with us about twenty as fine-looking colored men as could be found. They had joined us as we came along, most of them bringing a horse from the plow, or whatever

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they happened to be working. We understood the boat would lay there for several hours, and, being in Ohio, there were no restrictions placed on us. We had not been there long when it was discovered that the enlisting officers were enlisting the colored men who came with us, and putting them in as substitutes, giving them a small amount of greenbacks, and no doubt receiving quite a snug sum for each. When Colonel Palmer learned what was going on, everyone was hustled on board and a guard kept the enlisting officers away.")

Back to Ball in Ironton.

I went ashore and took a walk round town. We arrived at Cincinnati about noon and marched through the business part of the city, attracting considerable attention on account of the war worn appearance of ourselves and horses. We put up in the government stables. Tonight we all get our horses shod. Slept with Jim Foster in an ambulance.

Saturday, 15. Fine day. Walking around town all day. Got my breakfast in the barracks, a very mean one for a large city. Made several purchases and Magee and I got a good dinner at the Buckeye dining saloon. Visited the Sanitary Commission rooms. Wrote a letter home and got a needle case. We all left the stables at 5 P.M., passed through the city to the boat, "C. T. Dumont." Did not start till 8 P.M. Slept under the boiler and most toasted. There was considerable sutler's stores aboard, some of which the men went through. Canned fruit and cheese.

Sunday, 16. A beautiful morning on the river. Cool and pleasant. Took breakfast with Willie aboard the boat. We arrived at Louisville at 8 A.M. Passed through the city to the government stables, where we put up our horses. Quite warm today. We have the liberty of the city and can go where we please. Went to the Episcopal Church tonight. We eat at the soldiers home near the Sanitary, and also sleep in beds.

Monday, 17. Drew horses at the corral this morning. Fine day. On guard at the stables tonight. Off post from 7 to 11 P.M. and went to the Louisville theatre and saw Hackett* play "Merry Wives of Windsor," he representing Falstaff.

Tuesday, 18. Left Louisville this afternoon, each man leading three fractious horses. Rode till 9 or 10 P.M. We turned off the pike in search of water and had an awful time going through the brush and at last we camped near the pike.

Wednesday, 19. Arrived at Salt River, West Point, at noon. All the horses had to be ferried over on a flat boat, sixteen at a time, which occupied most of the afternoon. Left town just before sunset, turning off from the pike to avoid going through the gap, said to be held by 200 guerrillas. We camped about 8 P.M.

Friday, 20. Yesterday morning, while trying a horse not broken yet, he reared with me and fell over on his side, falling on my leg, spraining it considerably, so I could scarcely walk. It is much better today. Made about 23 miles today, passing our old camp grounds of two years ago. Am messing with George Spencer now.

Saturday, 22. Cloudy, blustering and cold. Arrived at Munfordville at noon and drew rations. Col. Wolford is to address a democratic meeting. The town is full of citizens and as the country here is full of guerrillas, there were no doubt many of them in town. All the people here are for McClellan. As we passed the assemblage of men we gave three rousing cheers for Lincoln. Arrived at Cave City before dark and went into camp near town. A party of us took supper at the Cave City Mammoth eating house. The proprietor thought that we had come on the train

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which stops here to give passengers a chance to get supper. So as soon as the train started he shouted out that the train was going, but we heeded him not and kept on eating, much to his surprise and disgust when he found we were not going.

Sunday, 23. Quite cool and blustering. Made 28 miles and arrived at Bowling Green before sundown. Yesterday we forded Green River and today the Barren river. Got supper tonight in town.

Monday, 24. Fine day, warm and pleasant. Travelled about 25 miles, 41 miles from Nashville. The guerrillas burnt a train of cars night before last below Bowling Green. This country is full of guerrillas. Passed through Franklin this P.M. On guard tonight.

Wednesday, 26. Marched today about 12 miles and camped 9 miles from Nashville. It rained hard all day and all night wetting us considerably. Willie went tonight to Nashville.

Thursday, 27. Cleared off fine today. Arrived at the city at 11 A.M. Wash Knight is in town. The regiment is at Chattanooga. About 150 recruits are here, and it is said we are to go back to Louisville for more horses. I don't want to go. After we left Kingsport the regiment had a fight at a ford on the Holston River and the Rebels shouted across, "We have your Col. Palmer and his 70 picked men and will soon have you." The men thought sure we were all captured.

They remained in Nashville for three days and Ball spent them pleasantly, taking warm baths, eating well and even going to the theater to see "The Flying Dutchman." Frank Remont got the job of going to Louisville for the horses, and Ball didn't have to go much to his delight. He saw his old friend Wash Knight and spent one night with him.

On October the 31st they left for Chattanooga and marched past the spot where Ball had been captured in December, 1862. There he saw Orlando Weikel's open grave, "his body having been removed." The march was uneventful, except that on Nov. 5th Ball shot a pig and George Spencer killed another with a stone! Fresh pork for supper that night. It rained almost every day of the march and was most "dismal." Sunday, Nov. 6th they camped two miles from Chattanooga. Ball's diary reports on the next three days.

November 1864

Monday, 7. Still raining today. Arrived in Chattanooga this A.M. Co. H. is here in town. Saw Ramsay and several of the boys. The mud is awful in town. The army appears to be evacuating Atlanta. Rome has been burned by our forces and Atlanta probably will be.

Tuesday, 8. Camp Lookout. We are in the most awful camp, near 7 miles from Chattanooga, no quarters whatever, and raining steadily. Corp. Milligan and I are messing together for the present. Wood is too soaked with rain to burn and everything dismal and mud one foot deep.

Wednesday, 9. Still raining, Mud awful. Today is the election. Our regiment voted and the vote so far is 299 for Lincoln and 53 for little Mac. No signs of clearing. It has now rained for just seven days. Moore, Milligan and I are today putting up winter quarters of a log cabin erected by some of Hooker's men last winter, taken to pieces and hauled to our camp.

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All the way back to October 5th and Will's version of the march to find Gen. Burbridge. As usual Will's diary lists mainly the route taken, the miles made, the food eaten, etc., so again only the high spots follow.

October 1864

Wednesday, 5. Clear and warm. At 11 A.M. Colonel Palmer with a detachment of 75 picked men under my command with Capt. Remont, Lt. Blight and Smith and First Sergt. J. K. Marshall started from Kingsport on a secret expedition. Moved across the Moccasin Gap to Moccasin Creek and up the valley. Marched 23 miles. About 5 miles before we went into camp, Sergt. Lyon with advance guard ran into a party of two or three rebels who were gathering horses. He shot one brave fellow. Camped at 7 P.M. Col. P. and the officers got supper at the house.

Thursday, 6. Rainy. At 6.20 A.M. started without bugle calls. Struck north across the ridge to Copper Creek and then across Copper Ridge to Clinch River which we reached at 11 A.M. Halted at Osborne's Ford and took dinner at Mr. Osborne's where had *Mouton sans pain*. We found here a mail two weeks old and I got a Richmond Whig of Sept. 17th. Fed our horses here. From Osborne's we marched 12 miles to Guest's Station crossing the Clinch Mt. Near Guest's Station we sent out a flanking party to the left under Sergt. Lyon to drive reported rebels thro. the town into our arms. After waiting a little while Col. P. sent me ahead with my company. One mile from town at Guest's river we struck 6 rebels and pursued them to the town where they took to the woods and where we met Lyon who also had driven 6 rebels. Col. P. then directed me to move on a quarter of a mile the other side of town on the Gladesville road to a designated camping ground. I moved on and immediately struck Capt. Jones of Col. Prentice's Battalion, with 4 men who had been sent by Prentice from Gladesville on a scout. Jones of Co. C. shot the Capt. through the body, supposed fatally. He was also wounded in the left leg. We captured a prisoner with the Capt. but the other three dismounted and crossed the river by wading and escaped. I then sent for Dr. Stewart and with 6 men had the wounded Capt. carried to a house near camp, where he was cared for. He seemed very grateful to me for my attention and evidently expected to be left in the woods to die. I captured a fine saddle from him which I shall use myself. My Co. went into camp at 7 P.M. after getting corn for the horses. Col. Prentice is reported camped on both sides of the road, one mile this side of Gladesville which is on the road to Pound Gap, with 100 men and must expect to trouble us when we advance in the morning. From all we can learn Gen. Burbridge has fallen back from the Salt Works and has gone into Ky., by way of the Louisa Fork of Big Sandy River and as we are endeavoring to communicate with him to give him a despatch directing him to march to Knoxville, we will have to go over the Cumberland Mtns. and may have to fight Prentice to get over.

Wednesday, 12. (Now at Louisa.) Marched at 7.15 A.M. before which I went to town to see Col. P. off in the steamboat for Catlettsburg, but he concluded not to go that way, but to march with us, so went back and overtook the column the other side of the ridge. Rainy till noon. Col. P. left the column and went on ahead with 4 men. At noon stopped to graze at Mr. Franklin's, where we got dinner with Mr. Rice, our guide. The country here began to be quite open and became more so as we neared the Ohio River. At 5.30 P.M. we reached Cannonsburg,

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7 miles from Catlettsburg and where we struck the State Road which is the first graded road we have seen for a long time. Reached Catlettsburg at 7 P.M. and went into camp on the side of the hill inside of the pickets. Got our supper at Mr. Eastman's who had a pretty daughter and a neat northern like house.

Thursday, 13. We were to take the boat "Telegraph" for Cincinnati at 11 A.M., so I went to town early after breakfast to get rations and clothing. Met Capt. Allen, A. Qm., a very pleasant officer and got what I wanted except trousers, also saw "la belle riviere" once more. Catlettsburg is very pretty and is at the mouth of the Big Sandy River. At 11.30 A.M. went aboard the "Telegraph" packed our horses in a very small space and the men also. Blight and I got a stateroom and took Remont and Smith in with us. On account of Gov. dismounted cavalrymen being on the same deck with our horses and men one officer was required to be on duty as "officer of the deck" at all times. At 10 P.M. while on this duty I became sick and vomited my supper and did not go on duty again. Vomited four times during the night in my bed but being fortunate enough to have some newspapers with me, I did not spoil anything.

Will arrived at Nashville on Oct. 26th, where to his joy he found 12 letters awaiting him. His diary continues to November 1st.

Friday, 28. Rec'd 145 recruits from Camp Webster. Called on Misses Bell and Chamberlain. Went out to camp in evening and back to town with Col. P. to the Capitol to hear Gen. Meagher. Arrived there too late. Got supper at Basset's. Met Mrs. Earnest. Rode back to camp and slept at Mr. Balliot's.

Saturday, 29. Col. P. went to Columbia this A.M. Drew clothing and tents and ordnance stores today and issued them. Went to town in the afternoon to see the Col. who returned at 6 P.M. Detailed party to go to Louisville with Capt. Remont. Col. P. telegraphed yesterday for Capt. Wagner and Lt. White to come up. Wag to go with me and White with Remont. Blight came down from Louisville yesterday and will go with me. Slept at Mr. Balliot's.

Sunday, 30. Fine day. At 12 M. Remont started for L. Capt. Wagner arrived and took com'd of my detachment which was of 40 old men and 80 recruits, in two companies with 4 squads each, 8 lance cooks, *Ball was one*, of my Co. We were to leave today, but Capt. W. decided not. At 3 P.M. I went to town and drew rations and forage and got an order from Col. Lowe to get 38 of the horses shod. Wrote to Julia in the evening.

After the above comes a short and terse description of the march to Chattanooga and their arrival there, his vote placed for "Mr. Lincoln", and the building of a house of old logs from the old camp. Taylor and Kirk helped him build the house, and they even had a "chimney of sorts." Part of the time to Nov. 14th was occupied in drilling the recruits and taking fencing lessons from M. Selignac.

The rest of the Regiment, left at Kingsport on October 5th, had their excitements, too, the main one being the fight at McKinney's Ford. This is described by Lt. John F. Conaway, of Company B.

. . . "Soon after Captain Kramer rejoined us the Regiment moved out on the road to Rogersville, and after a few hours' march bivouacked for the night. We were expecting to be pursued by the enemy, and at daylight on the morning of October 7th the march was resumed, still on the Rogersville road. When about seven miles from the town the advance guard was shot at by guerrillas from a

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house on the roadside. There was no delay in the march, however, and the command kept on to where the roads forked, one road in the direction of Rogersville and the other to McKinney's Ford, on the north fork of the Holston River.

"Captain Wagner with two companies took the road to Rogersville, and the main column pushed on to the ford. Captain Wagner, after marching a few miles was compelled to leave the Rogersville road and rejoin the column, being heavily bushwhacked, the country being very favorable for guerrilla operations.

"This movement of Wagner's was a fortunate one for the Regiment. When the rebels, under Col. W. C. Breckenridge, reached the forks of the road, the question with them was which force to pursue. If we were to be attacked it must be done before we crossed the Holston. The road to McKinney's ford was the perpendicular of a triangle, while the road to Rogersville was the hypotenuse. Those who had gone to the ford would probably have crossed before they could be reached, but Wagner, on the longer march, was sure to be caught; so the men with the best horses were sent after the Fifteenth, while the balance of the enemy hastened after Wagner, but failed to see that he had left that road after traveling it for a couple of miles.

"As we neared the banks of the Holston, at McKinney's Mills, and were marching along quietly, a furious attack was made on the rear guard under Lieutenant White, the extreme rear under Sergeant Reeseman being severely pressed. Major Betts with his orderly John Sherrick hastened to the assistance of the rear guard, and after a hand-to-hand fight drove them off."

The rest of the story of the fight is better described by Lt. D. C. White of Company F, who was in charge of the rear guard.

"Meanwhile the Regiment kept on its way toward McKinney's Ford, where it intended crossing the river; but the rear guard had been so much delayed, in turning and standing the enemy off, that the Regiment was more than a mile ahead of us. I now sent a man ahead to report to the Lieutenant Colonel and tell how hard we were pressed, and asked that he send back a Company to our relief. But he thought, and subsequent events proved that he was right, that the best way to relieve us would be for the Regiment to cross the river as soon as possible, and then form and drive the enemy back from the bluff, so that the rear guard could cross; consequently no relief was sent. We were now moving parallel with the river, and about a quarter of a mile from it, where the road ran along at the foot of a very steep bluff on our right, nearly or quite 100 feet high.

"Between us and the river, on our left, was a field of very tall standing corn. About this time we discovered that some of the enemy had gone around on the bluff and were getting ahead of us, for we could hear them firing at a part of the Regiment which was now crossing the river at McKinney's Mills. We also thought we saw indications that they were getting in the corn field between us and the river, and were trying to cut us off in that direction.

"I directed Serg. David Reeseman, who was one of the guard, to take two or three men and go into the corn field and see what was going on there. So Reeseman, who was as brave a man and as good a soldier as there was in the Regiment, went into the corn field alone, saying that I had no men to spare, but had not

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gone far when he ran into a squad of about half a dozen rebels. He didn't stand on the 'order of his going, but went at once' across the corn field, between two rows



of corn, and the rebels after him. He soon saw that they would surround and capture him if he didn't fool them in some way, so he jumped from his horse while it was under full headway and where the corn was so tall that the rebels couldn't see him, and cut across toward the river, and succeeded in hiding in the thick underbrush on the bank of the stream. Reeseman's front teeth were false, and when he jumped from his horse they fell out of his mouth, but he didn't wait to hunt for them, and I presume they are in that cornfield yet.

"Meanwhile the rebels were pressing the rear guard so hard that we had no chance to fall back. They also commenced firing on us from the bluff, and it began to look as though we would have to cut our way out or be captured. About this time Maj. Charles M. Betts, accompanied by his orderly, J. L. Sherrick, came back to see what we were doing and how we were getting along, and as he was coming the rebels from the bluff fired on him. He saw that some of them had dismounted and were crawling down the bluff to get between us and the Regiment, and told us that we were being surrounded and would have to cut through, but ordered us to first charge the force that was then forming on our rear, drive them back and then turn and cut our way out.

"Maj. Betts then started back to the command, and had gone but a little way when he saw the rebels had worked their way down the bluff to the road, and that he with the rest of us were cut off. He returned to us just as we had finished the charge on the rebels in the rear.

"It didn't take us long to decide what to do and put it in execution. We charged down the road in the direction of the Regiment, this time, and as we came around a bend we ran upon a rebel Lieutenant and nine men who were between us and the command, and took them prisoners. We didn't fool with them long, but made them mount our horses behind us and carried them along. Meantime two companies of the Regiment had safely crossed the river, formed line and drove the enemy back from the bluff, so that they could not see to fire on us. The ford at McKinney's Mills was so exposed, however, that the guard could not cross there, but had to go about a half mile farther down the river and cross, which we did successfully, carrying our prisoners mounted behind on our horses, which protected us from the fire of the enemy, as they could not shoot us without hitting their own men.

"After we all got safely over we took up position a little way back from the river, and engaged the enemy in long-range fire and kept them from crossing, which, by the way, they did not show much disposition to do. When we went into camp that night, Col. Lamborn complimented the rear guard on the resistance they had made, and gave me the sword and revolver of the rebel Lieutenant we had captured. . . .

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"We were all feeling very bad over the loss of Sergeant Reese-man, as we supposed he had been either killed or captured, for there was no braver man in the Regiment. But what was our surprise the next morning, shortly after breaking camp and starting on our way to Bull's Gap, to find the Sergeant sitting quietly by the roadside awaiting us, while 'gumming' one of the hard biscuits we had baked at Kingsport, and as good as ever with the exception of the loss of his front teeth and horse. It appeared that Reese-man hid in the thick undergrowth by the river, where he lay quietly all day. The rebels frequently came within a few steps of him to get water to cook with and to water their horses, but, fortunately, not seeing him. He heard them talking very plainly, and from their conversation gathered that the rear guard had done them considerable damage in its resistance to their advance. Toward night they all went back to the bluff and into camp. About night a negro came floating down the river in a canoe, and when opposite to him, Reese-man hailed him and made him set him across the river. He went about a mile south, and stayed all night with a negro family, and next morning joined the Regiment, much to the satisfaction of all his comrades."

After the above fight they continued towards Knoxville, but on October 15th they received orders to return to Chattanooga, where they arrived on October 22d. John Conaway adds a last note on the Second East Tennessee campaign with the following:

"There were many letters written by our boys to their parents and friends at home at this time. The following is an extract from one of them, written October 8th,: 'We have heard nothing from Colonel Palmer since he left us except that during the fight at Kingsport a rebel yelled across the river, "Where is Colonel Palmer? We have gobbled him and his 75 picked men and we'll soon have you." We think he is safe, however, and will return to the regiment even if he is compelled to go hundreds of miles out of his way to do so. We are anxious about him, for when he has to leave us we realize our loss, and all agree that no man can command us like he can. Be sure and allow nothing to be made public in respect to his whereabouts that might in any way reach the rebel lines.' " . . .

The Regiment was now all together again, except for Companies H. and K., which had been detached at Headquarters Department of the Cumberland since September, 1863, and were at this time in Atlanta.

Battle At Franklin

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The responsibility of repelling or pursuing General Hood now rested solely upon General Thomas. Until Sherman started on his march to the sea there was most anxious watching on Hood's front to see how it would affect the situation in Tennessee. It would mean either defense in Tennessee or offense in Alabama according to Hood's advance or retreat.

General Hood's army was now stronger than it had been under General Johnston when it confronted Sherman's army of 100,000. His infantry numbered from 40 to 45 thousand, while his cavalry, under Gen. Forrest, numbered approximately 15,000. General Thomas, on the other hand, had had his army greatly reduced. The promised reinforcements had not arrived, his cavalry were almost all dismounted, and some of the old regiments had served their time and were being discharged, while others were being sent north to vote in the coming presidential election. Thus General Thomas had a movable army of 22 thousand infantry and 4,300 cavalry. He had the garrisons at Chattanooga, Bridgeport, Stevenson, Huntsville, Decatur, Murfreesboro, and Nashville with small detachments in the block-houses on the railroads, all of which should be kept intact until he knew which way Hood was to move.

If Hood should drive Thomas from Nashville all the territory gained by the battles in Tennessee, Georgia, and Kentucky was in jeopardy. Hood believed that here was the chance to turn the tide, and an advance would raise the flagging morale of his soldiers, who had been sorely tried by the constant retreat of his army. Too, Hood had hopes of being reinforced by the armies on the west bank of the Mississippi which would give him overwhelming strength. "The vigilance of General Canby and his subordinate commanders in patrolling the great river in steamers, and in guarding the crossings, with land forces, defeated a combination which had it been effected would have reversed the military status in the West. Fortunately for the country Canby rendered a service which has never been appreciated, but one which made it possible for Thomas, though later than the national fear and General Grant's impatience demanded, to annihilate one of the two armies upon which the existence of the Southern Confederacy depended. This grand plan of the Confederate leaders had been formed to be put upon trial against all the National forces in the West. It was defeated by Thomas and Canby after Sherman with more than sixty thousand men had 'gone to the sea.' "*"

General Thomas had sent General Schofield, together with Generals Hatch and Croxton, with about 20,000 men to the Alabama-Tennessee border hoping to delay Hood's advance. On October 29 Hood crossed the Tennessee River near Florence, driving back Gen. Croxton and his cavalry. Here he stopped, gathering supplies, and, perhaps, still hoping for the reinforcements from the west. Gen.

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Thomas, not having received his promised reinforcements, had to retire his troops near the river slowly, hoping to delay the advance of the enemy until he could concentrate his forces.

On November 19th General Hood advanced in force and drove the Union army back to Columbia on the Nashville Pike, where they entrenched. Here the armies faced each other from November 26 to the 29th. There were a few skirmishes on those days but no real assault. But at 1 A.M. of the 29th Hood's army made a crossing over the Duck River at Davis's Ford, five miles east of Columbia, and Gen. Schofield, in spite of orders from Thomas to retire to Franklin, permitted Hood to out-flank him and place his army at Spring Hill, in Schofield's rear. Alerted by Gen. Wilson of the Cavalry, Schofield put part of his army into quick retreat. Hood's army was now between him and Franklin and far outnumbered his small force. Only one small Union division, under General Stanley, reached Spring Hill ahead of Hood's forces.

"From Spring Hill roads radiate to all points, the turnpike between Columbia and Franklin being there intersected by turnpikes from Rally Hill and Mount Carmel, as well as by numerous country roads leading to the neighboring towns. Possession of that point would not only shut out the Union army from the road to Nashville, but it would effectually bar the way in every direction. Stanley's arrival was not a moment too soon for the safety of the army, and his prompt dispositions and steady courage, as well as his vigorous hold of all the ground he occupied, gave his little command all the moral fruits of a victory. . . . Except this one small division deployed in a long thin line to cover the wagons, there were no Union troops within striking distance; the cavalry were about Mount Carmel, five miles east, fully occupied in keeping Forrest away from Franklin and the Harpeth River crossings. The nearest aid was Kimball's division, seven miles south, at Rutherford Creek. The other three divisions of infantry which made up Schofield's force were still at Duck River. Thus night closed down upon the solitary division, on whose boldness of action devolved the safety of the whole force which Sherman had spared from his march to the sea to breast the tide of Hood's invasion. When night came, the danger increased rather than diminished. A single Confederate brigade, like Adams's or Cockrell's or Maney's, veterans since Shiloh, planted squarely across the pike, either south or north of Spring Hill, would have effectually prevented Schofield's retreat, and daylight would have found his whole force cut off from every avenue of escape by more than twice its numbers, to assault whom would have been madness, and to avoid whom would have been impossible."*

Why Schofield's army wasn't completely annihilated is still a moot question. Schofield had remained at Columbia all day, and it wasn't until 3 P.M. that he ordered his three divisions to retreat under cover of darkness. He was permitted to pass the entire Confederate army with his wagon trains and artillery! The men could see the Confederate camp fires as they passed and once in a while a soldier or two would come almost to the line of marching men, fire a shot and then retire to camp. Thus all night long Schofield's army marched, reaching Spring Hill in safety. "The rear-guard was commanded by Colonel Emerson Opdycke, who was prepared, if necessary, to sacrifice the last man to secure the safety of the main body. So efficiently did his admirable brigade do its work, that, though surrounded by a cloud of the enemy cavalry, which made frequent dashes at its lines, not a straggler

BATTLE AT FRANKLIN

nor a wagon was left behind. The ground was strewn with knapsacks cut from the shoulders of a lot of raw recruits weighed down with their unaccustomed burden.

"The head of the column, under General Cox, reached the outskirts of Franklin about the same hour that the rear-guard was leaving Spring Hill. Here the tired, sleepy, hungry men, who had fought and marched, day and night, for nearly a week, threw up a line of earth-works on a slight eminence which guards the southern approach to the town, even before they made their coffee. Then they gladly dropped anywhere for the much-needed 'forty-winks.' Slowly the rest of the weary column, regiment after regiment of worn-out men, filed into the works, and continued the line, until a complete bridge-head, from the river-bank above to the river-bank below, encircled the town. By noon of the 30th all the troops had come up, and the wagons were crossing the river, which was already fordable, notwithstanding the recent heavy rain falls. The rear-guard was still out, having an occasional bout with the enemy.

"The Columbia Pike bisected the works, which at that point were built just in front of the Carter house, a one-story brick dwelling west of the pike, and a large gin-house on the east side. Between the gin-house and the river the works were partly protected in front by a hedge of Osage orange, and on the knoll, near the railroad cut close to the bank, were two batteries belonging to the Fourth Corps. Near the Carter house was a considerable thicket of locust trees. Except these obstructions, the whole ground in front was entirely unobstructed and fenceless, and, from the works, every part of it was in plain sight."*

Two regiments, belonging to Gen. A. J. Smith's corps joined the army at Franklin as did a third, a large and entirely new regiment, having been mustered in only three weeks before and having joined the army on the 28th of November. The army was now drawn up in battle line behind the works. Two of Wagner's brigades, which had so valiantly covered the rear, were halted on a slope about half a mile to the front. Col. Opdycke, however, had brought his men within the works and held them massed behind the Carter house.

Hood, meanwhile, was in hot pursuit, furious at having let Schofield give him the slip. At 2 P.M. of the 30th he attacked. "In a very short time the whole Confederate line could be seen, stretching in battle array, from the dark fringe of Chestnuts along the river-bank, far across the Columbia Pike, the colors gayly fluttering and the muskets gleaming brightly, and advancing steadily, in perfect order, dressed on the center, straight for the works. Meanwhile General Schofield had retired to the fort, on a high bluff on the other side of the river, some two miles away, by the road, and had taken General Stanley with him. From the fort the whole field of operations was plainly visible. Notwithstanding all these demonstrations, the two brigades of Wagner were left on the knoll where they had been halted, and, with scarcely an apology for works to protect them, had waited until it was too late to retreat without danger of degenerating into a rout.

"On came the enemy, as steady and resistless as a tidal wave. A couple of guns, in the advance line, gave them a shot and galloped back to the works. A volley from a thin skirmish-line was sent into their ranks, but without causing any delay to the massive array. A moment more, and with that wild 'rebel yell' which once heard, is never forgotten, the great human wave swept along, and it seemed to engulf the little force that had so sturdily awaited it.

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"The first shock came, of course, upon the two misplaced brigades of Wagner's division, . . . and when struck by the resistless sweep of Cleburne's and Brown's divisions, they had only to make their way, as best they could, back to the works. In that wild rush, in which friend and foe were intermingled, and the piercing 'rebel yell' rose high above the 'Yankee cheer,' nearly seven hundred were made prisoners. But, worst of all for the Union side, the men of Reilly's and Strickland's brigades dared not fire, lest they should shoot down their own comrades, and the guns, loaded with grape and canister, stood silent in the embrasures. With loud shouts of 'Let's go into the works with them' the triumphant Confederates, now more like a wild, howling mob than an organized army, swept on to the very works, with hardly a check from any quarter. So fierce was the rush that a number of the fleeing soldiers, officers and men, dropped exhausted into the ditch, and lay there while the terrific contest raged over their heads, till, under cover of darkness they could crawl safely inside the intrenchments.

"On Strickland's left, close to the Columbia Pike, was posted one of the new infantry regiments. The tremendous onset, the wild yells, the whole infernal din of the strife, were too much for such an undisciplined body. As they saw their comrades from the advance line rushing to the rear, they too turned and fled. The contagion spread, and in a few minutes a disorderly stream was pouring down the pike past the Carter house toward the town. The guns, posted on each side of the Columbia Pike, were abandoned, and the works, for the space of more than a regimental front, both east and west of the pike, were deserted. Into the gap thus made, without an instant's delay, swarmed the jubilant Confederates, urged on by Cleburne and Brown, and took possession of both works and guns. For a moment it looked as though these two enterprising divisions, backed by the mass of troops converging towards the pike, would sweep down the works in both directions, and, taking Strickland and Reilly on the flank, drive them out, or capture them. Fortunately, there were at hand reserves of brave men who were not demoralized by the momentary panic. Col. Emerson Opdycke, of Wagner's division, as already stated, had brought his brigade inside the works, and they were now massed near the Carter house, ready for any contingency. Two regiments of Reilly's brigade, the 12th and 16th Kentucky, which had reached Franklin about noon, had taken position a little in rear of the rest of the brigade, and thrown up works. As soon as the break was made in the lines all these reserves rushed to the front, and, after a terrific struggle, succeeded in regaining the works. Opdycke's brigade, deploying as it advanced, was involved in as fierce a hand-to-hand encounter as ever soldiers engaged in. The two Kentucky regiments joined in the fight with equal ardor and bravery. A large part of Conrad's and Lane's men, as they came in, though wholly disorganized, turned about and gave the enemy a hot reception. Opdycke's horse was shot under him, and he fought on foot at the head of his brigade. General Cox was everywhere present, encouraging and cheering on his men. General Stanley, who, from the fort where he had gone with General Schofield, had seen the opening clash, galloped to the front as soon as possible and did all that a brave man could until he was painfully wounded. Some of Opdycke's men manned the abandoned guns in Reilly's works; others filled the gap in Strickland's line. These timely movements checked and then repulsed the assaulting foe, and soon the entire line of works was reoccupied, the enemy sullenly giving up the prize which was so nearly won. . . .

BATTLE AT FRANKLIN

"Where there was nothing to hinder the Union fire, the muskets of Stiles's and Casement's brigades made fearful havoc; while the batteries at the railroad cut plowed furrows through the ranks of the advancing foe. Time after time they came up to the very works, but they never crossed them except as prisoners. More than one color-bearer was shot down on the parapet. It is impossible to exaggerate the fierce energy with which the Confederate soldiers, that short November afternoon, threw themselves against the works, fighting with what seemed the very madness of despair. There was not a breath of wind, and the dense smoke settled down upon the field, so that, after the first assault, it was impossible to see at any distance. Through this blinding medium, assault after assault was made, several of the Union officers declaring in their reports that their lines received as many as thirteen distinct attacks. Between the gin-house and the Columbia Pike the fighting was the fiercest, and the Confederate losses the greatest. Here fell most of the Confederate generals, who, that fateful afternoon, madly gave up their lives; Adams of Stewart's corps, his horse astride the works, and himself within a few feet of them. In Cheatham's corps, Cleburne and Granbury were killed near the pike. On the west of the pike Strahl and Gist were killed, and Brown was severely wounded. General G. W. Gordon was captured by Opdycke's brigade, inside the works. The heaviest loss in all the Union regiments was in the 44th Missouri, the advance guard of Smith's long-expected reinforcement, which had been sent to Columbia on the 27th, and was here stationed on the right of the raw regiment that broke and ran at the first onset of the enemy. Quickly changing front, the 44th held its ground, but with a loss of 34 killed, 37 wounded, and 92 missing, many of the latter being wounded. In the 72d Illinois, its companion, every field-officer was wounded, and the entire color-guard, of one sergeant and eight corporals, was shot down. Its losses were 10 killed, 66 wounded, and 75 missing.

"While this infantry battle was going on, Forrest had crossed the river with his cavalry some distance east of the town, with the evident purpose of getting at Schofield's wagons. But he reckoned without his host. Hatch and Croxton, by General Wilson's direction, fell upon him with such vigor that he returned to the south side and gave our forces no further trouble. At nightfall the victory was complete on every part of the Union lines. But here and there on the Confederate side desultory firing was kept up till long after dark, though with little result."*

At 3 P.M. that afternoon, as the Confederate line was about to make their last great assault, General Schofield received a telegram from General Thomas, inquiring as to whether he could hold Hood at Franklin for three days, thus giving time for the promised reinforcements to arrive. Schofield answered that he thought he should retire at once to the works before Nashville. At 3.30 Thomas directed him to retire, which he did that night, bringing in all the wagons and other property with no loss. The morning of December 1st found the entire infantry force safely behind the works.

"The next day Hood's columns appeared before the town and took up their positions on a line of hills nearly parallel to those occupied by the Union army, and speedily threw up works and prepared to defend their ground."*

Left Behind

December 1864

The Anderson Cavalry, encamped at Wauhatchie close to Chattanooga, took no part in the battle at Franklin. A letter from Col. Palmer to his brother in Philadelphia describes the actions of the troop during the latter part of November.

"Camp Lookout, Wauhatchie
December 12, 1864

"My dear Frank;

The blockade which I prophesied in my last letter to mother, from Nashville, has now lasted two weeks. I do not think it can last much longer, and I therefore write to you now, while we are still cut off by an army of 40,000 enemies from all the rest of the world, in order that my letter may be in the post-office to go North with the first renewal of mail communication. I succeeded in getting here from Nashville with my thirty-five recruits in what I thought at the time would be, as it proved in reality, one of the last trains run. Hood's army moving northward from Columbia threw off a detachment probably of cavalry, which soon after cut the railroad between Murfreesboro and Nashville, and captured a train of colored troops with some artillery horses, as reported. The telegraph was interrupted even before I left Nashville, so that an important dispatch from General Thomas to Gen. Steadman, who commanded the forces in and about Chattanooga, was sent by my hands, the contents being also communicated to me by General Thomas, so that the dispatch could be destroyed in case of necessity. Now that no harm can be done by disclosure, I may tell you what those instructions were to General Steadman, and how they came to be confided to me. Finding myself in Nashville, at a moment I saw all decisive operations were certain to take place in that vicinity, I asked 'Old Pap' if I could not bring my Regiment to Nashville. He replied that we were the only cavalry left near Chattanooga and that we could not possibly be spared. I referred to our mobility, and ventured to suggest that some command less mobile might take our place at Chattanooga; to which the General replied that it was precisely because we were so mobile that he wanted us there, and that we were equal to any two regiments he could send there. He added that in certain contingencies we might be of service on the flank and rear of the enemy, and then, after a moment's thought, said, 'Do you think, you could take your Regiment and destroy Hood's pontoon bridge over the Tennessee at Tuscumbia?' We took a map, and on looking at it, the General said the distance through the enemy's country was too great for us to approach the bridge before being discovered in time to enable the rebels to foil the object. He did not know, either, the strength of the force left behind to guard it, although the most natural supposition was that a bridge of such possible vast importance would not be left without a secure guard, strongly entrenched. That evening, I met the Captain of General Hatch's escort, who had

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been with our cavalry that had retired the last from Florence when Hood's army crossed and advanced. He had questioned a number of prisoners, who declared that a 'Division' had been left to protect the bridge. I mentioned this to General Thomas when I saw him again the next morning, whereupon he told me that he was just writing a dispatch to General Steadman, asking him whether he could take 5000 men from Chattanooga with our regiment of cavalry, and by using the railroad from Stevenson to Decatur and crossing the river, thereby relaying General Granger's pontoon, move rapidly on the south side to Tuscumbia and destroy the bridge. It was this dispatch he sent by me, with additional verbal orders directing General Steadman to prepare his troops at once for a march, to await further orders from General Thomas, unless communication was cut off by telegraph (via Cumberland Gap), and in the last event to proceed to Tuscumbia if he considered it practicable to destroy the bridge; otherwise to remain at Chattanooga until he was satisfied that a considerable force of the enemy had struck the railroad between Chattanooga and Nashville, and then to move by train with 5000 men to Cowan, on the railroad at the western foot of the Cumberland Mountains. I communicated these orders on Monday, two weeks ago yesterday, and General Steadman, deciding at once strike for the pontoon, made his preparations for that movement with such energy that on Tuesday evening ten trains with 6000 infantry and two batteries of artillery started from Chattanooga, and reached Stevenson before morning. We were ordered to march to Bridgeport (24 miles) and there embark on four transports and proceed under the cover of two gunboats to Decatur. When we reached Bridgeport, I found that under orders from General Thomas, which had succeeded in getting through by telegraph, General Steadman had gone on with all his troops increased by several regiments from Bridgeport, to Cowan, leaving orders for us to follow, marching, the distance being 37 miles with the Cumberland Mountains to cross.

"The pontoon expedition was thus abandoned, and Steadman had followed out the other alternative suggested in his instructions. It turned out that General Granger, whose brigade had been at Decatur and was at that time retreating toward Stevenson, had so slightly destroyed his own bridge at Decatur that the rebels had saved enough to enable them to use it at that place, also that the rebel cavalry had entered Huntsville after Granger retreated and captured a locomotive and eighteen cars, which they could probably make excellent use of between Decatur and Pulaski to supply their main army. These circumstances and also perhaps the belief that he might want Steadman's force nearer at hand, had induced General Thomas to change the destination of these troops to Cowan.

"But when Steadman reached Cowan, another telegraphic order came by the direct line from General Thomas, directing him to come at once to Nashville, with his whole force. As Steadman had with him nearly all the troops intended for the protection of the important points of Chattanooga, Bridgeport and Stevenson, he was at first disposed not to credit this order, but to attribute it to the enemy, who had possibly placed an operator of their own somewhere along the wire and were trying to entice him into a trap. The operator at Cowan, however, assured him that he was familiar with the 'writing' of the Nashville operator who transmitted the dispatch, and that it was genuine. 'What!' said the General, 'leave all this country south of the Cumberland Mountains comparatively abandoned?' It was no time

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to ask questions, however, even had he been able to do so, which he was not, as the wire was almost immediately cut after the transmission of the last important dispatch. So Steadman crowded his troops again into his eleven trains and started shortly after midnight of Wednesday, November 29th, for Nashville. We afterwards learned indirectly that he reached there safely with the exception of his last train, which, as I heretofore stated, was fired into and captured within a few miles of Nashville. Whatever General Steadman may have thought at the moment of his sudden and unexpected movement I think myself that it was strategically correct, and as soon as I heard of its successful execution my opinion of General Thomas' ability was raised. Behind the strong fortifications we have at every important point this side of the mountains, small forces can hold large ones at bay for a long time. We have abundance of provisions, which will last still longer for small garrisons, while the country hereabouts is not capable of sustaining a large force of the enemy. Finally these places are not of the importance to the enemy that they used to be before Sherman destroyed the lines of communication south of them. All the rails from Dalton to Atlanta have been taken up and brought to Chattanooga and the bridges destroyed, besides the destruction of railroads beyond Atlanta. If Hood should be badly defeated, these places would be in no danger, as he could not then afford to retreat this way; while if Nashville is taken, Chattanooga would not be of much consequence to us, and the fewer troops left here, probably the better. But above all it could not be unwise, since Hood was showing an intention to risk a pitched battle in front of Nashville, to have the positive advantage of the immediate use of Steadman's 7000 soldiers in that encounter rather than the possible benefit that they might be, under certain conditions at Chattanooga and Bridgeport. I therefore think that the midnight order, which was received so suspiciously at Cowan was a very wise one, but its fulfillment was a *close scrape*. I should think Steadman's soldiers would not soon forget that ride 'along the perilous edge of fate.'

"To return to the cavalry: As soon as General Steadman received the order to proceed on to Nashville, he telegraphed to me at Bridgeport to return to Wauhatchie, but through an inadvertence of the telegraph operator I never received the dispatch until I reached Cowan. Unwilling then to return, if there was a possibility of our doing anything on the flank, and knowing that everything of this kind would depend on the result of a battle, which might even then be taking place near Nashville, I concluded to remain at Tantallon and telegraph to General Thomas, via Cumberland Gap, for further orders. After four days these orders came 'to return to Wauhatchie.' So back we came, and here we are on half rations of hard bread and salt pork, the rations having wisely been reduced as soon as the blockade began. We have fresh beef, however, with desiccated vegetables, and some onions. The first is growing so much tougher every day, with the poverty of grazing and no corn to feed to the cattle, that it is a nice question how tough it will be at the expiration of another week. Doubtless the only use it will then be fit for will be to make pepper pot.

"Colonel Lamborn left for Dalton on Monday with his battalion to protect 'my triangle' as General Meagher (who has been left in command at Chattanooga) called it. I have not heard yet whether the Patriot accompanied him or not. There were several tribes of somewhat audacious guerrillas hovering around the southern

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apex of the railroad triangle, which the active imagination of sundry nervous post commanders has induced the General to transform into as many brigades of Wheeler's cavalry. I presume as soon as Col. Lamborn has proved that 'three regiments of Georgia cavalry' are *not* 'lying in Broomtown Valley' and that 'Horton's rebel brigade' is not 'near Spring Place threatening to attack Dalton,' he will be allowed to return here to his 'moutons,' which means fencing.

Yours,
W.J.P."

General Thomas F. Meagher, mentioned by Palmer and Will, had been the commander of the Irish Brigade which sustained tremendous losses at "Marye's Heights" December 1862. Perhaps his past experiences had made him jittery, believing the rebel cavalry forces around Chattanooga greater than they were. Col. Palmer sent his men out on several scouting parties, and his report to Major Moe follows.

. . . "The sum of the information obtained by the three scouting parties may be summed up thus: that the bands of local cavalry commanded by Gatewood, Wetherspoon, Davenport, Freeman and Hammock, the first consisting probably of seventy-five or 100 men, and all the others together not probably exceeding that number, occupy the lower part of Broomtown and Wills Valleys, whence they send up small scouting parties, numbering from five to twenty men, as far as Trenton, McLemore's Cove, Bailey's Crossroads and Lafayette. Except for the damage inflicted upon loyal citizens, they do not appear to be worthy of much consideration. I have a report, also, that Russell has a party of fifty to seventy-five men along this side of the Tennessee River, opposite Bellefonte. The rebel squads who come down Lookout Valley appear generally to retire on Sand Mountain."

Now to the diaries, beginning with Ball and the several scouts he was on.

Sunday, 13. Fine day. Inspections are the order of the day, we having no less than four, one mounted in the field occupying two hours. Lt. Col. Lamborn officiating and making a fool of himself. More work to do than at any other time.

Monday, 14. Cloudy. The escort under Lieut. Weand got back yesterday and reports bushwhackers beyond Trenton.

Tuesday, 15. Drizzling all day. On guard. Crouse and I are going to mess together and we are putting up our shebang and are now busy with the chimney.

Wednesday, 16. Cloudy all day. It seems to be certain that Col. Palmer is to be Provost Marshall General of the Dept. of the Cumberland. Commenced messing with Crouse today. I believe Atlanta is evacuated and burned. Sherman is said to have started from Marietta for the Atlantic Coast.

Thursday, 17. Fine day. On fatigue, busy unloading cars of grain and pushing the cars up heavy grades, making mules of ourselves.

Saturday, 19. Started out on a scout with 12 men under Serg. Speidle. Went to Trenton and pressed a guide on the way. Ascended Sand Mt., rode along the top about 10 miles, then descended to Deer Head Cove and stopped at a Mr. Eagles, a union man, where we remained all day.

Sunday, 20. Went across the Cove and took the Valley road after going about 10 miles, suddenly a shot was heard near by, and then we saw a party of men ahead. Both parties halted and the other party halooed "Who are you?" We asked

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the same and they asked back. We told them "Yankees" when he said, "To hell with the Yankees," and snapped a cap. I immediately fired at him, when he fired back, the shot striking near. After exchanging a few shots the Sergt. decided he had better fall back as we did not know their number and was afraid they might get behind us. They followed us for about 2 miles. We finally fell back to Trenton and waited there about two hours, when we left for camp, several of our horses needing shoeing badly. We were to have met Selgrade. The mud is awful.

Monday, 21. Still raining. The mud is awful. Willie started on a scout yesterday towards LaFayette. It is said Wheeler is there. Our pickets last night barricaded the road and were doubled and patrolled the road. Went out grazing 3 miles from the camp through the mud, bareback, and stayed from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M. The boys discovered three possums up a tree and with difficulty they were shaken off into Lookout Creek. They swam to the other side and escaped. The Louisville party arrived tonight. Snowing and very blustering, quite cold tonight, freezing.

Tuesday, 22. Very cold and clear this morning. Snow squalls all day. Freezing hard. Willie's scouting party got back today. Wheeler reported to be in different places. They had a very hard time, having to swim their horses across Lookout Creek, completely wetting themselves and ammunition.

November-December, 1864

Friday, 25. Fine day. Much milder. No letters yet. We have the report that the regiment leaves this camp soon. I also hear tonight that Hood and our army are fighting at Pulaski, Tenn., Hood having crossed the River. Col. Palmer has gone to Nashville.

Monday, 28. Fine day. Warm and pleasant. Seems to be sure that we will leave here soon, probably this week. Got a letter from Sis today announcing the death of Ray Colton.

Tuesday, 29. Very fine day. We leave camp tonight, destination unknown, but we strike first for Bridgeport. General has sounded and everything is being packed up. But at 11 P.M. taps sounds and we turn in. (This is the march described in Palmer's letter.)

Wednesday, 30. Called up at 3½ A.M. and start off before daylight. Beautiful day and quite warm. Travelled 23 miles to Bridgeport, crossed to the island and camped. It is said we take the boat for Memphis and another rumour is that we go to Tullahoma. I think we will join General Thomas.

Thursday, December 1. Fine day. Warm. Left Bridgeport at daylight and arrived at Stevenson at noon. Camped in Crow Valley. We will meet the rebels sure in a day or two. They have cut the railroad.

Friday, 2. Cloudy all day. Kept on through the Valley and went over the Cumberland Mts. a very rough and rocky road. When we got down the mountain the Colonel received a despatch from Gen. Whipple, when we turned back and tonight are camped in Crow Valley near the mountain. Palmer's despatch says that Gen. Thomas has fought with Hood's army, killing and wounding 5,000 and taking 1,000 prisoners. On guard tonight. Raining a little.

Saturday, 3. Cloudy. Relieved from guard this A.M. Slept last night in a forage car.

Sunday, 4. Fine, mild clear day. Are camped on a high steep hill in Crow Valley. Took all the horses out to graze on nothing. Went into a house close by

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where they were busy all day baking cornbread for the boys. They are all union people hereabouts. One young woman came down the mountain, she said, to see the Yankees. Many of the men have had to lie out in the caves to escape from the Rebs. Tonight is a beautiful moonlight. We have some fine singing in camp tonight.

Monday, 5. Left our camp at the head of Crow Valley and travelled back towards Stevenson. Camped tonight near Stevenson, near our old camp ground of last year. We have important news that Hood and Thomas were fighting yesterday 4 miles from Nashville.

Tuesday, 6. Fine weather. Passed through Bridgeport, crossed the River, camping at Nickajack Cave. Will, Taylor and I and some others explored the cave to the distance of about a mile. It was once the scene of extensive saltpetre operations, the works still remaining.

Wednesday, 7. Left Nickajack this morning and made our old camp this P.M. Things are pretty much as we left them. We will probably leave here tomorrow for another camp a mile or two from here.

Thursday, 8. Cloudy and cold. It has been decided that we are to remain in our old camp, accordingly there is a general fatigue this P.M. The most extravagant rumours are afloat, that Gen. Steele from Arkansas has cut off Hood's retreat and that Rosecrans is at Nashville, also Sherman has taken Savannah with 16,000 men. We have no mail at all as Hood has the railroad cut. (All false rumors. Sherman had reached Savannah, but did not enter the city until the 21st.)

Sunday, 11. No mounted inspection today. We are to leave tomorrow for Dalton, one battallion under Lamborn. Went to town this P.M. after my boots. Went to Mrs. Nares and was invited to a Christmas dinner. Very cold.

Monday, 12. Started this A.M. for Dalton. Very cold. Everything frozen up. Arrived at Ringgold and camped.

Tuesday, 13. In spite of the very cold night slept warm. Left Ringgold at 5½ A.M. by moonlight. Was on the advance guard, it being reported that Dalton was to be attacked today. Arrived at Dalton at noon, and commenced building quarters when suddenly we heard picket firing and the artillery began shelling the woods. We were called to arms and then to horse and in 10 minutes were off and we were soon in sight of the guerrillas. A few shots were exchanged when we put after them, chasing them five miles. A small party of us got pretty well ahead when they turned on us. We fell back to the reserve and formed in line and waited for them. Soon they came charging down. We allowed them to come in close range, and then gave them a volley, when they turned and away they went in a hurry. We had nobody hurt, one horse shot through the neck. Sergt. Branthoover's horse fell with him and the rebels jumped over him. Weather is moderating.

Wednesday, 14. Busy building winter quarters again. A man came in town today and said that we wounded several horses yesterday. My horse is quite lame from the chase yesterday. We are a hungry set of men, rations being very short.

Thursday, 15. Cloudy and mild. Have our shanty most finished. My horse is completely played out. Co. B went on a little scout this P.M., came across a party of Rebs, ran them, and captured one man. He says he belongs to the 3d Confederate Wheeler's command. Our men also captured about 200 lbs of flour and meal at a mill, representing they were Gatewood's men.

COLUMN SOUTH

Friday, 16. Nothing to eat this morning but half a cracker and a cup of coffee and cant get anything else. Drizzling this morning. A scout goes out every day.

Saturday, 17. Called up this morning at 3½ A.M. and ordered to get ready as Cos A and C started out about two hours before daylight, and went to Spring Place, 11 miles from Dalton. Three Rebels rode up close to our pickets. Asking who they were, they replied "friends and rebel soldiers," thinking we were guerrillas. The pickets fired on them and they ran. Stopped at the town about an hour and started back. Stopped at a mill and got about 200 lbs meal.

Monday, 19. Lieut. Beck went out on a scout and ascertained that 15 Rebels were in the woods close to us as we passed the house where they said they were Pennsylvanians. Also that there were 84 men we were fighting the other day. Edmundson, the leader, had his horse shot and one man mortally wounded.

Tuesday, 20. Called up at 12 last night to go to the commissary for rations. Three days are issued and we started this morning for Wauhatchie. We left splendid quarters at Dalton. Arrived Wauhatchie after dark in a heavy rain storm, and very windy and cold. Arrived at camp and everything was wet and our shebang full of water. It was the roughest time we had had for a good while.

This brings Ball up to the start of their next campaign. Now to bring Will up to "time." Back at Wauhatchie on

November 1864

Sunday, November 20. Rainy. Started early in the A.M. in command of 29 men on a scout to ascertain if Wheeler was at Lafayette, Ga. Swam Look-out Creek and marched all day wet to the middle. Camped at night at Steven's Gap at Mr. Mahan's place. Got possession of two fire places and we all got dry during the night.

Monday, 21. Snowing. At 4 A.M. sent Sergt. Tyson and 10 men down into McLemore's Cove. He returned at 11 A.M. with the information that Wheeler was *Not* at Lafayette and immediately sent a despatch to Gen. Steedman. At 12.30 I started for Trenton via Johnson's Creek. Camped in the valley, 3 mi. from Trenton, at 4 P.M. on Mr. Perkin's place. It was very cold and when Mrs. P. was done with her large kitchen I put all the men in it for the night, and slept, myself, with Sergt. Tyson in a feather bed.

Tuesday, 22. Very cold. Ground frozen up tight. Arrived at camp at 12.30 M and reported to Col. Palmer.

Wednesday, 23. Ordinary duties. Capt. Remont arrived from Louisville on the eve. of the 21st.

Thursday, 24. Thanksgiving Day. Rumors in camp that we will soon be on the march. Gen. Thomas moves on Monday. Hood is marching into Tenn. from Ala.

Sunday, 27. Clear and mild. Capt. Kramer started out this A.M. with Co's E. F. G. & M. on a scout to Lafayette. Kirk went along. Had a mounted, packed inspection this A.M. Maj. Betts was the inspecting officer. Rec'd splendid long letter from J.K. this afternoon. Wrote to Will Seymour in the evening.

Monday, 28. Clear and cloudy, but mild and pleasant. Fencing drill in the A.M. and a mounted (Company) drill in the afternoon. It is reported this evening

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that we will march on Wednesday, that Hood is between Thomas and Nashville, and that the N. & C. R. R. has been cut by Hood. It is reported that General Steedman is going to move also.

Tuesday, 29. Clear and pleasant. The Reg't rec'd marching orders this A.M. from Gen. Steedman to accompany his column. I regretted very much to be obliged to leave our comfortable winter quarters but we may possibly come back to them. Packed up our traps, Tony and I, and the Company in marching trim. In the A.M. I put a pocket in my jacket and made a couple of drilling bags to hold coffee and sugar to carry in my saddle bags. We are to travel light, with only one change of underclothing and the Col. says we are only going on a scout, but we know by this time what his "scouts" are like, and we may be gone two months before the "scout" is terminated. In the afternoon we rec'd word that we would march to-night and at 7 P.M. a "general" was sounded but after waiting in the rain to hear Boots and Saddles till 11 P.M. we rec'd word that we might go to sleep as we would not march til daylight.

Wednesday, 30. Clear and warm, very pleasant weather. Reveille at 3 A.M. and we marched at 5.45 and took the Bridgeport road via Whitesides. Near Whitesides we passed the Etna mines where Wash Knight and Charlie Grier used to hold forth. At noon we passed Nicajack Cave. Tony Taylor got some splendid Havana Segars from home yesterday and we are regaling ourselves with them today. They are really fine, very fragrant. Last night I wrote to Julia and early this A.M. to mother, short letters. Day before yesterday I rec'd a splendid long letter from J.K. and one from sister Julia from Kennett Square where she is now teaching music. Camped at 2 P.M. on the island opposite Bridgeport.

December 1864

Thursday, December 1. Clear and warm, very pleasant day for the first day of winter. At 6 A.M. marched from the island. At 11.20 passed through Stevenson and took the road up Big Crow Creek. Marched 20 miles and camped in a fine beech grove at 4½ P.M. The wagons did not arrive and horses were not fed until 11 P.M. During the march at about 1 P.M. formed "Order of Battle" in a large field and after dismounting, "To arms" and the "assembly" were sounded, and we had company inspection of a mss(?)! Steedman is said to be at Cowan.

Friday, 2. Cloudy and a little rain. At 8½ A.M. left camp. 1st Batt. was second in column. Took the road up Crow Creek towards Cowan. At 11 A.M. Col. Palmer took the forage (R.R.) train and went on to Cowan with Lt. Johnson, Reg. QM. and leaving Lt. Col. Lamborn in command of the Reg't and me in command of the 1st Batt. The head of the column reached the foot of the Cumb'd Mt. at 12 M. and had just reached the foot of the Mtn on the other side when Col. L. rec'd a despatch from the Col. directing him to turn back and stating that Gen. Steedman had gone on to Nashville by rail. We countermarched, went back over the Mtn. and camped on the side of the Mtn at Tantallon Station, a little after dark at 9 P.M. Col. P. sent a Circular around, stating that he had just rec'd a despatch from Gen. Whipple who said that Thomas had fought Hood at Franklin the day before and had defeated him. Hood lost 5,000 killed and wounded and 1,000 prisoners, and our loss was only 500.

Saturday, 3. Tony and I put up our "purp" tent and slept soundly. He and

COLUMN SOUTH

Charlie and I are now messing together and Ike does the cooking. We get along much better this way than when we messed by Batt. Rainy in the A.M. Went on duty as O.D. at 9 A.M. Remained in camp all day. After guard mount I rode up the Mtn. to get information of the roads and bought a couple of chickens from Tom Wells, which we had for dinner. We will probably return to Wauhatchie tomorrow. At 2 P.M. the clouds broke and we had a splendid evening. Visited my pickets at sunset.

Sunday, 4. Clear and very pleasant. Remained in camp. At 9 A.M. Taylor relieved me as O.D. Slept very cold last night. A detachment of 41 men under Capt. Kitzmiller arrived in camp from Wauhatchie last night via Sweden's Cove.

Monday, 5. Rainy. Marched at 9 A.M. for Wauhatchie. Passed through Stevenson at 3½ P.M. and found Gen. Granger's Div. there. He is just from Huntsville and a great many refugees followed him, in great fear of the rebels and some of the women threw away their children along the road, mostly negroes. Camped in our camping ground of Aug. 1863 in an orchard. After getting the Co. in camp I went to town and bought a couple of hams for the mess and some canned fruit and had a good supper. Yesterday a battle was commenced 4 mi. from Nashville between Hood and Thomas. Today Congress meets.

Tuesday, 6. Cloudy all day. Started at 8½ A.M. Passed through Bridgeport at 2 P.M. Bought some cheese and had a lunch. Crossed the bridge on the west side but was obliged to halt on the island till two gunboats went up through the pontoon bridge. Camped at 5 P.M. at Nickajack Cave. After supper I went with Tony, Kirk, Ball and four men of my Co. armed with candles inserted in the ends of hollow weeds for torches, and explored the cave, which is very large, extending, some say, 5 miles, and has been used by the rebels as a salt-petre works. We could see their old earth hoppers still standing. A large creek leaves from the mouth of the cave and can be followed, in a boat, for a long distance into the cave. We had a very rough trip of it, climbing among the huge fallen rocks, and up and down the supports of ruined bridges, but the novelty and rarity of the enterprise amply repayed us for our troubles. We emerged from the cave at 10 P.M. tired and nearly wet through with perspiration, and after smoking a pipe by our camp fire we went to bed to dream of home and friends.

Wednesday, 7. Clear and very pleasant. At 8 A.M. we marched for Wauhatchie which we reached at 2 P.M. and found everything all right except some houses which had been mashed by trees which some wood choppers had felled on them. Col. P. says we will move camp tomorrow 2 mi. up the valley, but we do not like the idea. Tony and I found our house all right. Spent part of the eve. over at the White House (McGills) where Col. P. has Hd.Qrs. at present.

Thursday, 8. Last night we had a very heavy storm of wind, and it became very cold. This A.M. Col. P. announced that we would *not* move camp, which was joyful news to us. I commenced a letter to Julia K. this afternoon, but as the mail route is closed cannot send it yet. It has been very windy all day and quite cold. Our chimney smokes very badly.

Friday, 9. Slept quite comfortably last night. Found it cold and still windy in the A.M. Our chimney smoked so badly, owing to the direction of the wind that we were obliged to vacate the house till afternoon, when we reoccupied it, the wind

LEFT BEHIND

having gone down, and rain having set in. We have news today that on the 2nd Sherman was 6 mi. from Savannah and is on his way by transport to join Gen. Grant. (Rumor false.)

Sunday, 11. Clear and very cold. In the A.M. rec'd notice that the 1st Batt. with Lt. Col. Lamborn would march in the morning of tomorrow for Dalton to take post there for scouting purposes. In the evening our baggage came out from Chattanooga and I was able to get a good pair of trousers which I needed very badly. General Meagher is reported to accompany us tomorrow. Charley K. shaved me in the A.M.

Monday, 12. Clear and very cold. At 8½ A.M. started with the battalion, marched to Rossville and halted to wait for Col. Lamborn who had gone to Chatt. for the Gen. He soon joined us, but without the Gen. who was too drunk to go. Secured Unc. Martin as a guide. Marched across Missionary Ridge to Ringgold and camped at 4½ P.M. We got quarters in a house. Lt. Col. L. messed with Hildebrand and me.

Tuesday, 13. Reveille at 3 A.M. Very cold but no wind. Wind sprung up at daylight and it was very cold riding till 11 A.M. The weather grew much milder till dark when it looked like rain. Marched at 5½ A.M. Passed thro. Tunnel Hill, has been quite a pretty town at 8½ A.M. Arrived at Dalton at 11 A.M. and camped on the old ground. Col. L. and I took dinner with Col. Culver, 13th Mich. Commander of the Post and with Capt. Ingraham, Top. Eng., Capt. Eaton, Qm and Lt. Allen, Commissary. In the afternoon Col. L. occupied a house by the camp for Hd Qrs. and Hilde and I occupy it with him. Blight and Beck will build themselves a shanty at camp. A large house having been designated by Col. Culver our men commenced to demolish it and put up quarters for themselves. At 4 P.M. a gun was fired from the fort, the rebels were attacking us from the S.E. We immediately saddled up and went out after them. Found them near the lower Spring River Road, about 100 strong. Co's A and B were sent out as skirmishers. Co. B took the Big Bend road after a party, and I drove another party to the lower Spring Place road and out that road towards the Conasauga R. I drove them 5½ miles from town and was just about to return when my advance guard under Sergt. Dennis charged them and drove them and I followed as a support. In about 5 minutes the rebs rallied and drove Dennis back on my reserve, which I formed in line and when the rebs arrived within 50 yds gave them a volley which scattered them. Sergt. Branthoover had his horse shot slightly in the neck, also Sergt. Dennis. We returned by order of Lt. Col. L. at dusk and reached town at 7 P.M. Got supper and went to bed.

Friday, 16. Clear and pleasant. Our mess is now getting meals at Mr. Carden's, a union citizen. At 3½ P.M. the garrison was alarmed and we stood to horse half an hour when the Lt. Col. sent me an order to unsaddle. Hilde and I then took a pleasant little ride around the town.

Saturday, 17. Cloudy and rainy, a little. At 3 A.M. by order, the Sergt. of the Guard awakened me and at 5 A.M. I started on a scout to Spring Place, the other side of the Conasauga River. Arrived at S.P. at 7½ A.M. and captured a rebel deserter. While in town three guerrillas fired on my pickets. Arrived at Dalton at 2 P.M. having procured a supply of corn meal for Co. A. and Co. C. which was

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with me, at Higgins Mills. Took a nap of a couple of hours in the afternoon. At 3 P.M. the garrison was again alarmed and stood to arms, but it amounted to nothing. Wrote to Ned Patteson and sister Julia. On the 16th wrote to Mother.

Sunday, 18. Cloudy and mild. Last night we rec'd word by telegraph, (in addition to the news in yesterday's Chatt. Gazette, that Thomas had again fought Hood, capturing 16 pcs of artillery, 12 wagons and 1000 prisoners) from Chattanooga that the result of yesterday's fighting was the capture by Thomas of 30 pcs. of art. and 2,000 prisoners! At 10 A.M. we had a dismounted inspection of the battalion by Lt. Col. Lamborn. In the afternoon, by order of Gen. Meagher, Col. L. started with Co's B and D for Wauhatchie, leaving me in command of the detachment.

Monday, 19. Clear in the A.M. Rainy in the afternoon. After dinner sent Lt. Beck with his Co. on a scout, he returned at 7 P.M. Called on Col. Culver in the A.M. In the evening Col. C. sent for me and handed me an order directing me to proceed to Wauhatchie by forced marches and report to Gen. Meagher, on passing Chattanooga, for "special and secret orders." Drew 3 days rations for the men.

Nashville

December 1864

In Nashville General Thomas was doing everything in his power to get his army ready to attack Hood. On the afternoon of the battle of Franklin the long-looked-for veterans of General A. J. Smith's outfit had arrived from Missouri. "Soon after, a body of about five thousand men came in from Chattanooga, chiefly of General Sherman's army, too late for their proper commands. These were organized into a provisional division under General J. B. Steedman, and were posted between the Murfreesboro' Pike and the river. Cooper's brigade also came in after a narrow escape from capture, as well as several regiments of colored troops from the railroad between Nashville and Johnsonville. Their arrival completed the force on which General Thomas was to rely for the task he now placed before himself: the destruction of Hood's army. It was an ill-assorted and heterogeneous mass, not yet welded into an army, and lacking a great proportion of the outfit with which to undertake an aggressive campaign. Horses, wagons, mules, pontoons, everything needed to mobilize an army, had to be obtained."*

In September General James H. Wilson had been put in command of all the cavalry regiments in the Military Division of the Mississippi. Sherman, having no need of him on his march to the sea, sent him to General Thomas, where he arrived late in October. He found, as we know, the cavalry almost entirely unmounted. It seemed to be quite impossible to secure horses through the regular channels, so he asked for and received permission to impress horses from the people wherever they could be found south of the Ohio River.

"This arbitrary measure was entirely without precedent within our lines, but it was carried ruthlessly into effect while the contending armies were facing each other in front of Nashville. Within seven days after the Secretary's authority came to hand seven thousand horses were obtained in middle and western Kentucky and our mounted force was thereby increased to twelve thousand, nine thousand of which were actually assembled at Edgefield or within supporting distance. The quartermasters to whom this duty was assigned gave vouchers in proper form for every horse taken and it is believed that no permanent loss or injury was inflicted upon the loyal people. Every horse and mare that could be used was taken. All street-car and livery stable horses, and private carriage and saddle horses were seized. Even Andrew Johnson, the vice-president-elect, was forced to give up his pair. A circus then at Nashville lost everything except its ponies; even the old white trick horse was taken but it is alleged the young and handsome equestrienne, who claimed him, succeeded in convincing my adjutant general that the horse was unfit for cavalry service. Be this as it may, a clean sweep was made of every animal that could carry a cavalryman and the result is shown by the fact that although two brigades of three thousand men were sent to Kentucky in pursuit of Lyon's Confederate cavalry, about ten thousand well mounted men crossed the Cumberland on the

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night of December 12 and marched out against the enemy on the morning of the 15th, as soon as the thaw made it possible to move at all. The great victory which resulted from turning the enemy's flank shows how important the measure was in making the cavalry the tremendous factor it became, not only in that battle, but in the campaign which wound up the war."*

Thomas, besides struggling to get his army in shape, was being constantly needled by General Grant and Secretary of State Stanton. "Attack at once." was the gist of daily wires from Grant. "Arm your quartermaster employees, citizens, etc., before Hood can fortify." Stanton likened Thomas to McClellan and Rosecrans, "who did nothing and let the enemy raid the country." But Thomas stood his ground and refused to attack until he had mounted his cavalry and felt that he could trounce Hood.

In reply to two wires from Grant, on December 2d, urging him to attack without waiting for the cavalry, Thomas sent the following wire which should have explained the situation most clearly: "... At the time Hood was whipped at Franklin I had at this place but about five thousand men of General Smith's command, which added to the force under General Schofield, would not have given me more than twenty-five thousand men. Besides, General Schofield felt convinced that he could not hold the enemy at Franklin until the five thousand could reach him. As General Wilson's cavalry force also numbered only about one-fourth that of Forrest, I thought it best to draw the troops back to Nashville, and await the arrival of the remainder of General Smith's force, and also a force of about five thousand commanded by General Steedman, which I had ordered up from Chattanooga. The division of General Smith arrived yesterday morning, and General Steedman's troops arrived last night. I now have infantry enough to assume the offensive, if I had more cavalry; and will take the field anyhow as soon as the remainder of General McCook's cavalry reaches here, which I hope it will in two or three days.

"We can neither get reinforcements nor equipments at this great distance from the North very easily, and it must be remembered that my command was made up of the two weakest corps of General Sherman's army, and all the dismounted cavalry except one brigade, and the task of reorganizing and equipping has met with many delays, which have enabled Hood to take advantage of my crippled condition. I earnestly hope, however, in a few more days I shall be able to give him a fight."*

At last the long-looked for horses and mules arrived, 25,000 of them, and Thomas on the 5th of December wired Grant that he hoped to mount a sufficient number of cavalry in three or four days, and that he would then launch an attack. This did not suit Grant, not a little bit, and on the 8th he wired Gen. Halleck that he felt Thomas should be replaced, suggesting that Gen. Schofield, of all men, should be placed in command. Fortunately, for the Cumberland Army's sake, Halleck persuaded Grant to wait a few more days. Gen. Thomas sensed, readily, Grant's dissatisfaction and wired him on December 9th: "I have nearly completed my preparations to attack the enemy to-morrow morning, but a terrible storm of freezing rain has come on to-day, which will make it impossible for our men to fight to any advantage. I am, therefore, compelled to wait for the storm to break and make the attack immediately after. Admiral Lee is patrolling the river above and below the city, and I believe will be able to prevent the enemy from crossing. . . .

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Major-General Halleck informs me that you are very much dissatisfied with my delay in attacking. I can only say, I have done all in my power to prepare, and if you should deem it necessary to relieve me I shall submit without a murmur.”*

Thus, just as Thomas had concentrated his troops, mounted sufficient cavalry, and given his orders for the attack, the weather then took a hand in making things more difficult between Grant and Thomas. A freezing rain swept in. The ground became one sheet of ice, making movements of troops impossible. However, Grant, resting with his army of 100,000 in front of Lee, would brook no delay and wired Thomas to attack at once, in spite of the ice and sleet. Thomas forthwith called his corps commanders together and all, except for Gen. Schofield, who said nothing, agreed that it was impossible to move either infantry or cavalry during the storm. On December 12th Thomas reported to Gen. Halleck: “I have the troops ready to make the attack on the enemy as soon as the sleet, which now covers the ground, has melted sufficiently to enable the men to march. As the whole country is now covered with a sheet of ice so hard and slippery, it is utterly impossible for troops to ascend the slopes or even move on level ground in anything like order. It has taken the entire day to place my cavalry in position, and it has only been finally effected with imminent risk and many serious accidents resulting from the numbers of horses falling with their riders on the road. Under these circumstances I believe that an attack at this time would only result in a useless sacrifice of life.”*

Thomas knew that if he could not move, neither could Hood. But apparently Grant felt otherwise. In the *Military History of U. S. Grant*, General Badeau says: “Thus Hood had become bold enough to throw large detachments of infantry and cavalry both to the north and south of Nashville, and in spite of the storms and ice that held Thomas fast, the rebel troops were in constant motion.”* Gen. Badeau had his dates mixed, for the actions he refers to all took place before the storm set in. These were the operations against Gen. Milroy in Murfreesboro which were defeated by him on the 8th. General Lyon with a small force of cavalry crossed the Cumberland River into Kentucky but was soon driven back into Tennessee by the Union cavalry.

There were other reasons for Grant’s urgency, as a wire from Halleck to Thomas, dated December 14th, indicates.

“It has been seriously apprehended, that while Hood, with a part of his forces, held you in check near Nashville, he would have time to coöperate against other important points left only partially protected. Hence, Lieutenant-General Grant was anxious that you should attack the rebel forces in your front, and expresses great dissatisfaction that his order has not been carried out. Moreover, so long as Hood occupies a threatening position in Tennessee, General Canby is obliged to keep large forces on the Mississippi River to protect its navigation and to hold Memphis, Vicksburg, etc., although General Grant had directed a part of these forces to coöperate with Sherman.

“Every day’s delay on your part, therefore, seriously interferes with General Grant’s plans.”*

“It is evident from this despatch, that Thomas was urged to engage Hood’s army under forbidding circumstances, because it was feared that Hood, if not compelled to fight immediately at Nashville, would detach forces to menace remote

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cities, and because the postponement of battle would prevent Canby's coöperation with Sherman.

"The situation at Nashville, was, therefore, from first to last, complicated with Sherman's march to the sea. General Canby was patrolling the Mississippi to prevent the transfer of troops from the west bank of that river to Hood; and General Thomas was required at first, to fight before he was fully prepared, and then, when action was impossible, in order that Canby might move to the support of General Sherman when he should touch the Gulf of Mexico or the Atlantic Ocean, or make a diversion somewhere in the South to prevent a concentration against his army of more than sixty thousand men. It was not enough that this great army should have been eliminated from western operations, detailing upon Gen. Thomas a campaign overcharged with embarrassments; but he was also commanded to fight a battle against his own judgment, to release Canby from duty on the Mississippi that he might coöperate with Sherman in the outcome of his march through a State where there was no great army to offer resistance, and but few organized troops to witness his progress, except from safe seclusion. . . .

"With full knowledge of the situation in its interior embarrassments and exterior complications, General Thomas made his preparations and dispositions for attacking Hood's army. He was calm and strong, in resisting the pressure from Washington and City Point, and in his attitude no general has ever been more heroic or patriotic. He was heroic in his independence, and self-reliance, and his promise to submit without a murmur to loss of command, and in calmly bearing the burden of responsibility, resulting from a state of affairs that had not been regarded as possible by the people of the North."*

So greatly was Grant angered at the delay that on December 13th he ordered General John A. Logan (former commander of the Army of the Tennessee), to proceed to Nashville to take command unless some action had been taken before he reached there. And Grant, himself, started from City Point for Nashville.

Late in the afternoon of the 13th the ice began to melt rapidly and Thomas wired Halleck the morning of the 14th: "The ice having melted away today, the enemy will be attacked tomorrow morning."*

"On the afternoon of the 14th of December General Thomas summoned his corps commanders, and, delivering to each a written order containing a detailed plan of the battle, went with them carefully and thoroughly over the whole ground, answering all questions and explaining all doubts. Never had a commander a more loyal corps of subordinates or a more devoted army. The feeling in the ranks was one of absolute and enthusiastic confidence in their general. Some had served with him since his opening triumph at Mill Springs; some had never seen his face till two weeks before. But there was that in his bearing, as well as in the confidence of his old soldiers, which inspired the new-comers with as absolute a sense of reliance upon him as was felt by the oldest of his veterans.

"The plan, in general terms, was for General Steedman, on the extreme left, to move out early in the morning, threatening the rebel right, while the cavalry, which had been placed on the extreme right, and A. J. Smith's corps were to make a grand left wheel with the entire right wing, assaulting and, if possible, overlapping the left of Hood's position. Wood was to form the pivot for this wheel, and to



"The Sinews of War"

PLATE II

The First Steamer, CHATTANOOGA





Castle Thunder



Dunkard Church, Antietam, Maryland

PLATE 12

Libby Prison (Ex Libby and Sons, Ship Chandlers)



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threaten and perhaps attack Montgomery Hill; while General Schofield was to be held in reserve, near the left center, for such use as the exigency might develop.

"It was not daylight, on the morning of the 15th of December, when the army began to move. In most of the camps reveille had been sounded at 4 o'clock, and by 6 everything was ready. It turned out a warm, sunny, winter morning. A dense fog at first hung over the valleys and completely hid all movements, but by 9 o'clock this had cleared away. General Steedman, on the extreme left, was the first to draw out of the defenses, and to assail the enemy at their works between the Nolensville and Murfreesboro' pikes. It was not intended as a real attack, though it had that effect. Two of Steedman's brigades, chiefly colored troops, kept two divisions of Cheatham's corps constantly busy, while his third was held in reserve; thus one Confederate corps was disposed of. S. D. Lee's corps, next to Cheatham's left, after sending two brigades to the assistance of Stewart, on the Confederate left, was held in place by the threatening position of the garrison troops, and did not fire a shot during the day. Indeed, both of Cheatham's and Lee's corps were held, as in a vise, between Steedman and Wood. Lee's corps was unable to move or to fight. Steedman maintained the ground he occupied till the next morning, with no very heavy loss.

"When, about 9 o'clock, the sun began to burn away the fog, the sight from General Thomas's position was inspiring. A little to the left, on Montgomery Hill, the salient of the Confederate lines, and not more than six hundred yards distant from Wood's salient, on Lawrens Hill, could be seen the advance line of works, behind which an unknown force of the enemy lay in wait. Beyond, and along the Hillsboro' Pike, were stretches of stone wall, with here and there a detached earth-work, through whose embrasures peeped the threatening artillery. To the right, along the valley of Richland Creek, the dark line of Wilson's advancing cavalry could be seen slowly making its difficult way across the wet, swampy, stumpy ground. Close in front, and at the foot of the hill, its right joining Wilson's left, was A. J. Smith's corps, full of cheer and enterprise, and glad to be once more in the open field. Then came the Fourth Corps, whose left, bending back toward the north, was hidden behind Lawrens Hill. Already the skirmishers were engaged, the Confederates slowly falling back before the determined and steady pressure of Smith and Wood.

"By the time that Wilson's and Smith's lines were fully extended and brought up to within striking distance of the Confederate works, along the Hillsboro' Pike, it was noon. Post's brigade of Wood's old division (now commanded by General Sam Beatty), which lay at the foot of Montgomery Hill, full of dash and spirit, had since morning been regarding the works at the summit with covetous eyes. At Post's suggestion, it was determined to see which party wanted them most. Accordingly, a charge was ordered, and in a moment the brigade was swarming up the hillside, straight for the enemy's advance works. For almost the first time since the grand assault on Missionary Ridge, a year before, here was an open field where everything could be seen. From General Thomas's headquarters everybody looked on with breathless suspense, as the line, broken and irregular, but with steady persistence, made its way up the steep hillside against a fierce storm of musketry and artillery. Most of the shots, however, passed over the men's heads. It was a struggle to keep up with the colors, and, as they neared the top, only the strongest were at

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the front. Without a moment's pause, the color-bearers and those who had kept up with them, Post himself at the head, leaped the parapet. As the colors waved from the summit, the whole line swept forward and was over the works in a twinkling, gathering in prisoners and guns. Indeed, so large was the mass of the prisoners that a few minutes later was seen heading toward our own lines, that a number of officers at General Thomas's headquarters feared the assault had failed and the prisoners were Confederate reserves who had rallied and retaken the works. But the fear was only momentary; for the wild outburst of cheers that rang across the valley told the story of complete success."*

Farther to the right another successful assault was made by Hatch's division of cavalry together with McArthur's division of infantry. This was against one of the detached works, considered by Hood to be "impregnable." "Coon's cavalry brigade was dismounted and ordered to assault the work, while Hill's infantry brigade received similar orders. The two commanders moved forward at the same time, and entered the work together, Colonel Hill falling dead at the head of his command. In a moment the whole Confederate force in that quarter was routed and fled to the rear, while the captured guns were turned on them."*

Still farther to the right an effort was made by Wilson's cavalry and the Twenty-third corps to gain a position on Granny White Turnpike to the rear of the enemy's left. The position was gained but only after a stubborn fight. Although the enemy's left had been driven back, the salient at the center still held. As soon as Thomas learned of the successful assault on the right he ordered General Wood to prepare to attack the center. One of Wood's officers is said to have looked across the open valley to the enemy's works on top of a steep hill from which the guns were belching shot and shell, and said, "Why that would be suicide, sir, perfect suicide!" But the attack was made and with great success. The entire works along the Hillsboro Pike had to be abandoned and the Confederates fell back to Granny White Turnpike.

By this time it was dark and the whole army bivouacked wherever they chanced to be. During the night Hood prepared for the next day's struggle, throwing up works across their entire front. Actually their line on the second day was far better fortified than the one they had abandoned.

"The ground between the two armies for the greater part of the way from the Franklin to the Granny White Pike is low, open, and crossed by frequent streams running in every direction, and most of the fields were either newly plowed or old corn-fields, and were heavy, wet, and muddy from the recent storms. Overton's Hill, Hood's right, is a well-rounded slope, the top of which was amply fortified, while hills held by the left of his line just west of the Granny White Pike are so steep that it is difficult to climb them, and their summits were crowned with formidable barricades, in front of which were abatis and masses of fallen trees. Between these extremities the works in many places consisted of stone walls covered with earth, with head-logs on the top. To their rear were ample woods, sufficiently open to enable troops to move through them, but thick enough to afford good shelter. Artillery was also posted at every available spot, and good use was made of it."*

During the morning the Union army moved to new positions. Wilson's cavalry had gained, by a wide detour, a position on Granny White Pike beyond the

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Confederate left, leaving the Franklin Pike as the only avenue of escape for Hood's army.

An assault was made by Colonel Post's brigade against Overton's Hill, Hood's strong position on the right, and was nearly successful. Unfortunately, just as the line came within 20 steps of the works, Colonel Post was wounded and the line, becoming confused, hesitated, and then drifted back to their original position. One of General Steedman's brigades, led by Thompson, coöperated in this assault, supposedly merely making a demonstration, but the colored troops, most of whom had never been in action before, became so excited that the demonstration turned into a regular assault. "But, in their advance across the open field, the continuity of his line was broken by a large fallen tree. As the men separated to pass it, the enemy opened an enfilading fire on the exposed flanks of the gap thus created, with telling effect. In consequence, at the very moment when a firm and compact order was most needed, the line came up ragged and broken. Meantime Post's assault was repulsed, and the fire which had been concentrated on him was turned against Thompson. Nothing was left, therefore, but to withdraw as soon as possible to the original position. This was done without panic or confusion, after a loss of 467 men from the three regiments composing the brigade.

"When it was seen that a heavy assault on his right, at Overton's Hill, was threatened, Hood ordered Cleburne's old division to be sent over to the exposed point, from the extreme left, in front of Schofield. About the same time General Couch, commanding one of the divisions of the Twenty-third Corps, told General Schofield that he believed he could carry the hill in his front, but doubted if he could hold it without assistance. The ground in front of General Cox, on Couch's right, also offered grand opportunities for a successful assault. Meantime the cavalry, on Cox's right, had made its way beyond the extreme left flank of the enemy, and was moving northward over the wooded hills direct to the rear of the extreme rebel left.

"General Thomas, who had been making a reconnaissance, had no sooner reached Schofield's front than General McArthur, who commanded one of Smith's divisions, impatient at the long waiting, and not wanting to spend the second night on the rocky hill he was occupying, told Smith that he could carry the high hill in front of Couch (the same that Couch himself had told Schofield he could carry) and would undertake it unless forbidden. Smith silently acquiesced, and McArthur set to work. Withdrawing McMillen's (his right) brigade from the trenches, he marched it by the flank in front of General Couch's position, and with orders to the men to fix bayonets, not to fire a shot and neither to halt nor to cheer until they had gained the enemy's works, the charge was sounded. The gallant brigade, which had served and fought in every part of the Southwest, moved swiftly down the slope, across the narrow valley, and began scrambling up the steep hillside, on the top of which was the redoubt, held by Bate's division, and mounted also with Whitworth guns. The bravest onlookers held their breath as these gallant men steadily and silently approached the summit amid the crash of the musketry and the boom of the artillery. In almost the time it has taken to tell the story they gained the works, their flags were wildly waving from the parapet, and the unmistakable cheer, 'the voice of the American people,' as General Thomas called it, rent the air. It was an exultant moment; but this was only a part of the heroic

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work of that afternoon. While McMillen's brigade was preparing for this wonderful charge, Hatch's division of cavalry, dismounted, had also pushed its way through the woods, and had gained the tops of two hills that commanded the rear of the enemy's works. Here, with incredible labor, they had dragged, by hand, two pieces of artillery, and, just as McMillen began his charge, these opened on the hill where Bate was, up the opposite slope of which the infantry were scrambling. At the same time Coon's brigade of Hatch's division with resounding cheers charged upon the enemy and poured such volleys of musketry from their repeating-rifles as I have never heard equaled. Thus beset on both sides, Bate's people broke out of the works, and ran down the hill toward their right and rear as fast as their legs could carry them. It was more like a scene in a spectacular drama than a real incident in war. The hillside in front, still green, dotted with the boys in blue swarming up the slope; the dark background of high hills beyond; the lowering clouds; the waving flags; the smoke slowly rising through the leafless tree-tops and drifting across the valleys; the wonderful outburst of musketry; the ecstatic cheers; the multitude racing for life down into the valley below,—so exciting was it all, that the lookers-on instinctively clapped their hands, as at a brilliant and successful transformation scene, as indeed it was. For, in those few minutes, an army was changed into a mob, and the whole structure of the rebellion in the Southwest, with all its possibilities, was utterly overthrown. As soon as the other divisions farther to the left saw and heard the doings on their right, they did not wait for orders. Everywhere, by a common impulse, they charged the works in front, and carried them in a twinkling. General Edward Johnson and nearly all his division and his artillery were captured. Over the ground where, but a little while before, Post's assault had been repulsed, the same troops now charged with resistless force, capturing fourteen guns and one thousand prisoners. Steedman's colored brigades also rallied and brought in their share of prisoners and other spoils of war.

"Foremost among the rejoicing victors was General Steedman, under whose command were the colored troops. Steedman had been a life-long Democrat and was one of the delegates, in 1860, to the Charleston convention, at which ultimately Breckenridge was nominated for President. As he rode over the field, immediately after the rout of the enemy, he asked, with a grim smile, as he pointed to the fleeing hosts, 'I wonder what my Democratic friends over there would think of me if they knew I was fighting them with "nigger" troops?' "*"

The pursuit of Hood's army was taken up immediately by the Union cavalry, but as they had in the main fought dismounted, it took them some time to find their horses and get under way. Orders were to reach the Franklin turnpike that night so as to drive the enemy from their last avenue of retreat.

General James H. Wilson describes the chase: "Every one obeyed with alacrity, but darkness and distance were against them. Hatch's column had not gone more than two miles when its advance under Colonel Spalding encountered Chalmer's cavalry strongly posted across the road behind a fence-rail barricade. They charged it at once, and a spirited hand-to-hand *mêlée* ensued, in which many men were killed and wounded on each side. Colonel Spalding had the honor of capturing Brigadier-General Rucker, in a personal encounter, in which each had seized and wrested the other's saber from him, and used it against its owner. It was a scene of pandemonium, in which every challenge was answered by a saber stroke or pistol

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shot, and the flash of the carbine was the only light by which the combatants could recognize each other's position. The gallant Confederates were driven in turn from every fresh position taken up by them, and the running fight was kept up till nearly midnight. Chalmers had, however, done the work cut out for him gallantly and well. He was overborne and driven back, it is true, but the delay which he forced upon the Federal cavalry by the stand he had made was sufficient to enable the fleeing Confederate infantry to sweep by the danger-point that night, to improvise a rear-guard, and to make good their retreat the next day.

"During the hurrying night ride down the Granny White turnpike I was overtaken by General Thomas after it was so dark that men could recognize each other only by their voices. Thomas, riding up on my right, exclaimed in a tone of exultation never to be forgotten; 'Didn't I tell you we could lick 'em? Didn't I tell you we could lick 'em, if they would only let us alone?' (referring of course to the Washington authorities). After a few words of congratulation he turned about and leisurely rode back into camp."*

The chase continued the next day, with a succession of sharp engagements with Forrest and his cavalry, the rear-guard of the retreating army.

At Rutherford Creek the enemy had succeeded in destroying the bridges. The creek was full and fast running due to a violent rain-storm and the Union cavalry were forced to bivouac there for a day while the railroad bridge was repaired. Also, the country had been swept clear of all forage and the men had nothing left in their haversacks, so they were forced to wait for the supply trains. Duck River, too, had had its bridges destroyed and there was another 24 hour delay while waiting for the pontoon train to arrive.

A last stand was made by Forrest on Christmas Day, but he was finally driven back and "from that time till the Tennessee River was reached Forrest made a frequent show of resistance, each of which ended with nothing more serious than an insignificant skirmish. The weather had become worse and worse; it was cold and freezing during the nights, and followed by days of rain, snow, and thaw. The country, which was poor and thinly settled at best, had been absolutely stripped of forage and provisions by the march of contending armies. The men of both forces suffered dreadfully, but the poor cavalry horses fared still worse than their riders. Scarcely a withered corn-blade could be found for them, and thousands, exhausted by overwork, famished with hunger, or crippled so that death was a mercy, with hoofs dropping off from frost and mud, fell by the roadside never to rise again. By the time the corps found rest on the Tennessee River it could muster scarcely 7000 horses fit for service.

"The failure of the light-draught gun-boats* on the Tennessee River to reach and destroy the pontoon-bridge which Hood had kept in position insured his safe retreat. The cavalry advanced guard, under the active and enterprising Spalding reached the north bank of the river just as the bridge had been swung to the south side and the last of the rebels were disappearing in the distance."*

Brevet Colonel Henry Stone of General Thomas's Staff has this justifiable comment to make: "About a month before, General Hood had triumphantly begun his northward movement. Now, in his disastrous retreat, he was leaving behind him, as prisoners or deserters, a larger number of men than General Thomas had been

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able to place at Pulaski to hinder his advance—to say nothing of his terrible losses in killed at Franklin. The loss to the Union army, in all its fighting,—from the Tennessee River to Nashville and back again,—was less than six thousand killed, wounded, and missing. At so small a cost, counting the chances of war, the whole Northwest was saved from an invasion that, if Hood had succeeded, would have more than neutralized all Sherman's successes in Georgia and the Carolinas; saved by the steadfast labors, the untiring energy, the rapid combinations, the skillful evolutions, the heroic courage and the tremendous force of one man, whose name will yet rank among the great captains of all time.”*

“The victory was the only one in the entire war so complete that the defeated army lost its existence.”*

Estimated Union *available* forces at Nashville; 55,000

Estimated losses: Killed 387; wounded 2,558; captured or missing 112.

Estimated Confederate forces at Nashville; 39,000

Estimated losses. Not stated. Hood reached Tupelo, at the close of the campaign with about 21,000.

The Chase After Hood

December 1864

On December 19th Colonel Palmer received orders to march with his Regiment to Bridgeport, where transports would meet him to take his command to Decatur for the purpose of destroying Hood's pontoon bridge over the Tennessee River and thus blocking his retreat.

These were Will's "secret orders" mentioned in his diary of December 19th; so his diary continues from Dalton, Georgia.

Tuesday, 20. Cold and windy. At 4 P.M. rain set in. Started with the detachment at daylight and at Ringgold left the command with Lt. Beck and came on ahead with two men to Chattanooga, reported at 4 P.M. to Gen. Meagher, and rec'd orders to proceed to Bridgeport to join my reg't there, for the purpose of proceeding by transport down the Tenn. River to Decatur to operate, in conjunction with Gen. Steedman, against Hood's retreating columns. Having ordered Lt. Beck to take the column to Wauhatchie if I did not intercept it at the foot of Look Out Mtn., I allowed it to go on. Called at the Prov. Marshall Gen'l's. Office and got a pass from Sergt. Debree, and then called on Capt. Mather who is living with Lieut. Backans at Dept. Hd. Qrs., found him at supper and helped him eat some. At 5 P.M. went to the R.R. Depot, made arrangements about some men whom I had sent up from Dalton on the train, and then started for Capt. Lloyd's camp near Wauhatchie. Found that there was plenty of forage at W. and concluded to stay all night with Lloyd. Had an awful time finding his camp, as it was raining very hard and was very dark. I was very glad when I found myself inside of Lloyd's qrs, warming myself and drying my wet clothing. Lloyd concocted a hot whiskey punch with a lemon in it and I took some for my health's sake, and after eating some supper went to bed, and slept soundly.

Wednesday, 21. Cloudy and cold, very. At 8 A.M. sent Swartz to Wauhatchie to direct Lt. Beck to sound the "General", and at 9 o'clk started with Lloyd for same place. Found a telegram there from the Col. at Bridgeport. Drew a pair of government trousers and at 12 M. started for Bridgeport. Running Water Creek was very high and swift. It snowed some during the afternoon and night and the march was a very hard one for both men and horses. At Shell Mound I rec'd a despatch from the Col. directing me to camp there and he would send me some forage. Camped on the side of a hill where there was plenty of cord wood piled up, and we soon had roaring fires and were quite comfortable. The forage did not arrive until 2 A.M.

Thursday, 22. Clear and cold. Slept quite comfortably last night, although it was very cold. At 9 A.M. marched for Bridgeport. Found the Reg't camped on the island in the same place it was when here before. Put the men in camp and reported to Col. P. who was occupying Col. Salm-Salm's quarters.* Caught a glimpse of

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Mrs. Col. S.S. who had stepped outside of her door for a moment, a fine looking young lady, rather foreign, Austrian. The Regt. was here the night I reached Wauhatchie and spent an awful night. It is really astonishing what men can endure, and strange how soon they forget their discomfort and hardship when they are over. We were to go down to Decatur on transports, but the order was countermanded and we were ordered to march, to Stevenson, to join Gen. Steedman who is coming down from Nashville on the R.R. with 8,000 troops. At dark we marched for Stevenson and as the main road was impassable on a/c of the high water in the creek we took the back road along the edge of the Mtns., but our guide was drunk and as the Col. did not know the road we camped four miles from Bridgeport. The night was very cold and we always dismount and walk a great deal in cold weather to keep the blood in circulation. We bivouacked by the side of a rail fence and soon had blazing fires.

Friday, 23. Reveille at 4 A.M. and marched at daylight. It was still very cold, but the weather was moderating and by the time we reached Stevenson at 11 A.M. the ground was quite thawed out. The column halted in S. and the men were allowed to go to the sutler's stores and buy what they wanted. Tony, Kirk and I had a lunch on sardines, pickles and hard tack. At 3 P.M. we went into camp on the old ground.

Saturday, 24. Clear and milder. Gen. Steedman and his command arrived in Stevenson yesterday by R.R. from Murfreesboro, en route for Decatur. We had reveille at 4 A.M. and marched at daylight. Passed through Stevenson, crossed Crow Creek and over a large swamp, which was lightly frozen, and consequently was very hard on the horses. My company, being in the advance, had to build a bridge of rails in one bad place. Took the road up Coon Creek, which runs down from the Cumberland Mtns. and empties into the Tenn. R. Marched about 16 miles and camped in an orchard at the head of the creek and one mile above the Narrows, near Mr. Knight's home. It being Christmas Eve a ration of whiskey was issued to the men. Had chicken for supper! Made a bed of leaves and slept beautifully.

Sunday, 25. Rainy all day and night. A miserable day for Christmas. Had chicken (in lieu of turkey) for breakfast. Marched at daylight. Went up the Mtn. crossed a spur and down again to the head waters of Hurricane Fork of Larkins Fork which empties into Paint Rock River which debouches into the Tenn. River. Marched down these valleys to Paint Rock River and camped at dusk during a heavy rain on Mr. Tallierffero's plantation. Our mess got supper cooked by a Miss Putman, a secesh young lady. It consisted of three chickens, stewed with potatoes and onions, accompanied with coffee, bread, bacon and sweet cakes, all of which, except the sweet cakes, we furnished. We had four guests, Lts. Blight, Beck and Smith and Capt. Remont and had a pleasant time. After supper, notwithstanding the heavy rain, we turned into our shelters before a blazing fire and did well. So ended Christmas, 1864.

Monday, 26. Cloudy all day. Marched at daybreak, went down Paint Rock R. a short distance to Trenton, then up a small creek, over the Mtn, which is very low here, this being the southern end of the Great Appalachian Range, struck another small creek, stopped an hour at noon to feed, went on and camped on Flint River

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at Brownsboro, a station on the Memphis & Charleston R.R. Today I bought a fine turkey along the road weighing about 15 lbs. for \$1.

Tuesday, 27. Rainy till 1 P.M., cloudy the rest of the day. Marched at daylight and entered the beautiful town of Huntsville at 10 A.M. and saw also two or three pretty girls, which sight was very refreshing, after being so long in the region of the Cumberland Mtns. where nearly everybody is poor and where there is no refinement. Halted in H. to draw rations and forage, and boots for the men. Learned that Steedman had gone on to Decatur and was fighting there today. A few miles out from Huntsville we heard his guns. Camped at 4 P.M. 12 miles from H. on the Decatur road on the place of Dr. Fletcher and near the residence of Drs. DeLoney and Saunders. At dark I went on duty as O.D., took supper at Dr. Saunders with the Col. Went outside the pickets with the Dr. to the house of widow Bass and met the widow and grandson,—Mason. To bed at 11.30 P.M.

Wednesday, 28. Clear and pleasant. Marched at daylight. I marched with the rear guard today. Reached Decatur at 2½ P.M. Passed, by transports, across the river to the town. Got the rear guard across at dark. As I was landing the first train from Stevenson arrived on the other side of the river. We fed at Decatur and got our suppers and then marched out in advance of Gen. Steedman's infantry, with Sergt. Lyon in advance with 30 men. He charged a rebel camp about 8 miles out and captured two (2) pieces of artillery and 3 prisoners without loss. (Col. Winde's regiment of Roddy's command.) Colonel Palmer is now in command of the cavalry forces consisting of Lt. Col. Prosser's command, (detachments of the 2d. Tenn., and 10th, 12th, and 13th Indiana, numbering about 300 men) and our own Regt. which our own Lt. Col. Lamborn commands, and which leaves me in command of the first battalion. At Decatur met Duncan, late printer at Dept. Hd. Qrs., now Capt. of colored troops; met also LeCaron, late Chief Bugler of our Regt. now ditto. After capturing the guns the command went into camp and I was sent out with my company at 12 P.M. to picket the road in our front. General Roddy had command of the force in our front, which consists of about 600 cavalry.

Will's description of the next day's adventure is far too practical, so back to Ball's diary:

Wednesday, 21. Very cold and windy. Everything frozen hard. Left camp again for Bridgeport. The streams are very high. Arriving at Shell Mound, Will received a despatch from the Colonel to camp there, which we did in a driving snow storm. Laid down on the ground till morning.

Thursday, 22. Fine day, very cold. Arrived at Bridgeport at 11 A.M. where we found the regiment on the island. Hood is retreating down the Columbia Pike. We are on our way down the river in conjunction with quite a force to destroy Hood's pontoon bridge on which depends the fate of his army. We left Bridgeport this P.M., weather extremely cold. As soon as it became dark we had a great time. The column got lost and there was much delay, we had to jump about lively to keep warm. At last had to camp four miles from Bridgeport, so we made big fires. We went into camp at 11 P.M. Slept on the ground, warm.

Friday, 23. Off at Daylight for Stevenson. We walked most of the way to keep warm. Arrived there about noon. General Steadman is expected here today on their way to Huntsville to intercept Hood on his retreat. A fleet of gunboats

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and transports with infantry and artillery went down the river Tuesday to destroy the pontoon bridge. We are encamped near Stevenson tonight, have five days rations issued and will probably move towards Huntsville in the morning. No trains from Nashville yet.

Saturday, 24. Reveille at 4 A.M. and off at daylight. Not quite so cold today. The road is very bad. This valley has been but little visited by soldiers and there is plenty of forage and provisions.

A train has arrived at Stevenson today from Nashville, the first for a month. Gen. Thomas captured 61 guns and 7,800 prisoners. Hood is in a bad way. This is Christmas Eve and I am on guard tonight. Sowbelly, crackers and three small onions for supper.

Sunday, 25. Raining all day. We travelled all day. I was on the rear guard. Camped tonight on a rich old Rebel's place. We burnt his new rails making large fires. We killed some of his hogs and chickens and fared sumptuously. Had fresh pork for supper. Pants and blankets in a very wet condition.

Monday, 26. Cloudy and drizzling. Camped at Marysville, 14 miles from Huntsville. No mail from Nashville yet.

Tuesday, 27. Clear last night. Cloudy and raining today. Started off before daylight. Arrived at Huntsville at noon. This is a beautiful place. There are several very large and fine churches. Saw the famous large spring. Left the town and marched towards Decatur. They are fighting there as cannonading is heard all the afternoon. We are camped tonight 12 miles from Decatur and tomorrow will no doubt see something of the Rebels, confound them.

Wednesday, 28. Reached Decatur about 2 P.M. The whole regiment crossed the river in transports. Fed horses and got our supper. Blowing up very cold.

Thursday, 29. Last night after supper the whole regiment, in company with the 2d E. Tenn. cav. and 10th Indiana proceeded about three miles then halted and the picket fires of the enemy were plain to be seen about 2 miles ahead. In the meantime the advance were operating. They charged the Rebel pickets and into their camp, completely surprising them and capturing a few prisoners and two pieces of artillery. The whole regiment came up to their support and camped on the Rebel's camp ground, we using their fires. Our company was sent out on picket. We barricaded the road with fence rails in apprehension of an attempt of the enemy to retake their guns. They stood picket about 150 yds from our vidette and were watching and creeping around us all night.

The boys' good friend, Charlie Kirk, adds an incident of the above engagement.

"After the confusion attending the engagement had subsided, and our little camp fires lit up the woods where we had made our bivouac, it was found that Captain Remont and four of his men were missing. Diligent search and inquiry failed to elicit any information concerning them, and we went to sleep full of the thought that they had been captured; but about 4 o'clock in the morning Major Betts called to mind that as our Regiment had made its rush down the road on the rebel camp, Colonel Palmer had directed him to send a commissioned officer and four men out on a Road that came in on our right, and give notice of any enemy that might attempt to come in on our flank; and on sending an orderly out in that direction Captain Remont and his men were found behind a stone wall,

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holding the road 'at all hazards.' Notwithstanding Remont got little or no sleep that night, and a very scanty breakfast, he volunteered to take the captured artillery back to Decatur, and he did it. This act of his deserves 'honorable mention' for it was a hard thankless job, and he never received any credit for doing it. There is a certain amount of glory attending the capture of a gun, but there is no more honor in seeing it hauled over a rough road to a safe place than there is in helping a wagon train over a mountain."

Ball continues on December 29th;

It is very cold today and clear. Our regiment took one road and Col. Prosser's command another road parallel, the two communicating with each other across the country, the object being to capture a large number of Roddy's men. Our advance encountered but a few, but Prosser's met quite a number and fought them, driving them. While he was engaged we cut across the country on a gallop intending to get in the rear of the Rebs while Prosser was fighting them, but we were a little too late. However, Prosser had charged them and captured 40 men, killing two or three. Roddy, himself, made a narrow escape. We camped near Courtland on a Rebel plantation and the foraging commenced, the chickens and hogs suffered and the man's smoke house and molasses confiscated and his corn fed to our horses. Every man had a canteen of molasses.

Meanwhile Hood had managed to get his forces across the Tennessee River, so the next move was to try to flank the retreating forces as they came up from Bainbridge where they had made their crossing.

Colonel Palmer in his report to Major S.B. Moe describes the situation:

"Being now within half a day's march of Bainbridge, where I knew the whole of Forrest's cavalry had just crossed the river, it was necessary to advance with more caution. We reached Leighton, however, thirteen miles west of Courtland, by 1 P.M. of the next day, December 30th, having skirmished nearly all the way with flying parties of Roddy's cavalry, who attempted to delay us by burning a bridge over Town Creek, on the Bainbridge road, and by some show of holding the ford of the same stream on the main Tuscumbia road. Most of the latter force drifted in squads southward toward the mountains, the remainder, with General Roddy, taking the roads to Tuscumbia and Florence. Toward dark a new force appeared in our front on the Tuscumbia road, believed to be Armstrong's brigade, which I afterward learned definitely had been sent back by Forrest from Barton Station to reinforce Roddy and protect General Hood's trains. At Leighton I learned that Hood had commenced crossing the river at Bainbridge on Sunday morning and finished on Tuesday evening, marching at once toward Corinth; his railroad had never been in operation east of Cane Creek, three miles west of Tuscumbia. I also learned that the pontoon bridge had been taken up on Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, and the entire pontoon train of 200 wagons had passed through Leighton on Thursday and camped at La Grange the same night, and that it was bound for Columbus, Miss. with a comparatively small guard. Roddy's so-called division of cavalry had apparently been relied upon to prevent any advance of our forces until the train could get to a safe distance, but his men had become so demoralized by their successive defeats that we could afford to disregard him."

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Colonel Palmer then and there asked permission of General Steedman to pursue and try to capture the pontoon train. The answer to his request follows:

"Headquarters District of the Etowah
Courtland, Ala. December 30th, 1864. 5.15 P.M.

Col. William J. Palmer.

Commanding Cavalry.

Colonel; Your despatch just received. The infantry, if it should move now, could not reach Leighton before 2 A.M. to-morrow. You will, therefore, have to exercise your own judgment as to whether you can safely make the expedition without support from the infantry. It is fair to suppose that the pontoon train has a guard at least equal to your own force. The service of your command will be needed to scout in the direction of the river and Tuscumbia. I do not wish you to break down your horses, but leave you free to make the expedition, if you think you can do it with perfect safety. Send me a commissioned officer with twenty-five of your men for courier duty. Please inform me whether you pursue the train or not.

By command of Major-General Steedman.

S. B. Moe.

Assistant Adjutant General."*

Permission having been given, Ball describes the chase:

Friday, 31st. Left Leighton at 4 A.M. on a secret expedition. We have orders to hold no conversation after passing our pickets and to hold our sabres. We passed quietly through the Rebel pickets unobserved. We passed through Russellville and learned that Hood's pontoon train had left there that morning. We started in pursuit and soon saw the tracks by fires along the road, here and there. In the P.M. we came up to a bridge across a stream. The bridge had just a short time before been set on fire by the Rebs after crossing their train. We extinguished the fire and crossed the stream and soon came up with the train, which we captured entire, consisting of about 75 pontoon boats and about 60 wagons, many loaded with plunder and quartermaster's stores, all of which we burnt during the night. I was on guard and obtained a piece of the Pontoon boat, Octavia. The boats were of a superior make, much better than those Rosecrans used. The burning boats and wagons stretched a distance along the road of 6 or 7 miles. We marched 35 miles this day. Saw the New Year in.

Corp. James Over of Co. G. had a bit of added excitement on December 31st.

"On the night of December 30th we lay shivering at Leighton crossroads, with sleet and a cold rain soaking us through, and without fires, as Hood's pontoon train was supposed to be camped at LaGrange, a town in sight of us on a high ridge.

"The next morning early Colonel Palmer placed himself at the head of the advance guard, and led us rapidly and quietly through fields and by a path up the ridge to the right of the town. Here he sent a squad, under Sergeant Sowersby, to observe the main road and cut off the enemy's pickets.

"While riding toward the road we saw a rebel cavalryman in the yard of a house some distance away, with a comforter tied around his ears and gun slung over his back, preparing to mount his horse. I was ordered to capture him, and cocking my carbine, jumped my horse over a fence and started for the Johnnie.

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The cap of my carbine fell off as the jump was made, but I kept on, and was alongside the Johnnie, without being seen or heard, as he was adjusting his feet in the stirrups. The look of astonishment on his face when he heard the command to surrender, and looked around into the muzzle of a carbine close to his face, was very ludicrous. He surrendered, and very considerably, at my suggestion, pitched his gun over a high fence. Just then there was great confusion and noise in the house, as if it were filled with the enemy. On looking around I discovered that I was in a squad by myself, that my comrades were out of sight, and thinking that bluff was a very good game to play, yelled vociferously, and apparently very courageously, that they were surrounded, and demanded the surrender of every person in the house, under penalty of instant death.

"Hearing rapid footsteps toward the kitchen door, I wheeled my horse around and leveled my carbine as the door was thrown open showing the Confederate Colonel Warren in the act of drawing a revolver from his side pocket. If ever a fellow put in a yell I did when I thrust the muzzle of my uncapped carbine into the Colonel's face and demanded his surrender. He surrendered and dropped his hands instantly. I had, alone, under rather embarrassing circumstances, two prisoners on my hands, and felt very much relieved when after a few minutes Lieutenant Hinchman joined me. While I would have been much easier in my mind if my carbine had been capped, it would not have benefited me, as the cartridge was so water-soaked that it would not explode. Later in the day I exchanged the carbine for a captured one."

Charlie Kirk describes that same day, December 31st.

"Early in the morning, while the stars were yet shining, we were called up to saddle our horses, and to do it quietly, without any unnecessary noise. We mounted and rode off to the left, flanking the force in our front, holding our saber scabbards, and chilled through by the cold, wintry air. After going about two miles across the country, we came to a road that led up a mountain, and reached the top just at daybreak. Here our advance guard quickly surrounded a house and captured Colonel Warren, of the Tenth Alabama Cavalry, and one man. Then, moving south on a good mountain road, we continued our march, and as we were not expected or looked for in that vicinity, did a capital business in picking up prisoners. Nearly every house contained two or three 'graybacks', most of them being off on a 'French,' and our advance guard had rare sport chasing down the numerous little parties they met on the road.

"About 10 o'clock, when within two miles of Russellville, we halted at a farmhouse and fed our horses. We got two prisoners here, one of them the son of the woman who lived there, and who had just got home the night before. What a howl that woman set up as we went off with her boy! Hers was not the sobbing cry of a heart crushed by affliction. No! it was a forty-horse-power howl! When we were a mile away its discordant tones were wafted to us on the gentle breezes. One of our prisoners told me at this time that the former Secretary of War to the Confederate Government, General Walker, was only a short distance in front of us, riding in an old buggy, and but for our halt would have been our prisoner.

"At Russellville we made a short halt; long enough to allow some of the men to go to the post office and get any letters there might be for us, or anyone else.

"Seven miles further on, and our advance struck the first of the pontoon boats.

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It was just beyond a little stream which was crossed by a bridge, a few planks of which had been torn up to delay our progress. That did not stop us as long as did one of our Captains, who believed in the policy of riding the poorest horse on the march and saving the best for the real work, and who was now taking up most of the available space in the narrow road to change saddles from the one horse that was stuck in the mud to his fiery steed, which in his efforts to go ahead was creating more confusion.

"From over the stream, the rebel train guards made an effort to keep us off, but we had come too far to be so easily stopped, and the advance under 'Pat' Lyon, swept them off the field, and we met with no further resistance. All the teamsters and train hands became panic-stricken as soon as they found their guard could not protect them, and each one, taking his best mule out of their teams, struck out for safety, and possibly their homes.

"The Regiment went into camp at a place where three houses were in sight of each other, thus making it a town, which they called Nauvoo, and after feeding our horses we were sent out to destroy the wagons. Had the rebels been a little more careful in carrying out standing orders and kept their train well closed up, our work would not have been so hard. There were only seventy-eight pontoon boats and about two hundred wagons in their train, but these were stretched over three miles of road, and details of men had to be sent over the whole distance, and were kept busy all that night.

"To those who have not been in that business, I tell you it is not such an easy matter to destroy 200 wagons as one would suppose. If they had been parked, all that we need to have done would have been to throw them together and then let one big fire burn the whole thing up, but these were standing all by themselves, and necessitated making 200 fires and feeding them with dry wood until they had sufficient power to destroy. Then, too, those pontoon boats were long, trough-like things that were hard to make 'catch fire', and it needed constant attention to keep them burning. We made no attempt to burn them all up, but contented ourselves by making our fire under the fifth wheel and burning out the front of the boats. Another method of destruction was to use the axes, with which the train was well supplied, and break up the wheels of the wagons. If you give an axe the right swing and the proper twist, it can be sent through a spoke at a single blow, but there are not many who can do that. Toward morning, when the men got very tired and wanted to rest, they were urged on by the idea that they were playing a game in which he won who could with one swing of an axe send it clean through the spoke, and in this way we passed the night.

"Most of the wagons were empty, or contained only the camp and garrison equipage of the rebel engineer corps, but on one wagon that I was near while it was burning, there was an explosion. It was not a very heavy one, for it only blew the top off with a big puff, but after that we examined them before they were set on fire. While doing this I picked up a lot of papers, wrapped in an old Confederate muster roll, and carried them off for a later examination. In a few moments a darky came up to me and said: 'Cap'n Gloster says he would like to have his papers.' 'Who's Cap'n Gloster?' said I. 'He's the Cap'n who had dis train, and de papers you tuk out dat wagon is de Cap'n's.' said the darkey, 'You go back and tell the Captain that if he wants the papers, to come and get them himself.' And then

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he left me and went off to a clump of bushes, not fifty yards off, but the Captain never came, and Post 2, of Pennsylvania, has those papers in safe-keeping. I did



not care about his coming, either, and I wanted less to go out to him. I had no arms with me, and, in fact, none of us had, for when we were ordered out to destroy the train we were told to leave all our arms in camp, and did so."

January 1865

January 1st, 1865, was another eventful day, and Will's diary starts the New Year.

January 1. Clear and pleasant. Marched at 8 A.M. direction S.W. Col. Prosser's command in the advance, on the road to Fulton, to capture another wagon train of two hundred wagons which is probably 15 miles ahead. Our Reg't halted at Nauvoo while

Prosser's command and Col. Palmer went on. At 12.30 we marched and passed along at a sharp gait to overtake the column. The road was on the ridges and very barren for a long distance, for 8 miles we did not see a house. Overtook the column at 3 P.M. at McKeller's where we fed our horses and I got dinner at the house. We learned here that the wagon train of 125 wagons was on a road to the west running parallel with the one we were on, so at sundown we moved out, Prosser's command taking a trail so as to strike the Cotton Gin road in advance of the train while Col. Lamborn and our Reg't., my batn being in the advance, took a trail so as to strike the road four miles above where Col. Palmer would reach it. Reached the Cotton Gin road at 9 P.M., moved down toward the Col.; ascertained the locality of the wagon park, moved up closely and then charged the train, Co. D in advance of the batn. Found no guards and made an easy capture. Just as we made the charge, Col. Palmer came in from the other side with Col. Prosser's command, having captured another smaller train below, of 25 wagons. In the train we captured there were about 100 wagons. We immediately commenced the work of destruction, cutting the spokes of the wheels and burning the wagons. It made a beautiful sight, much more so than burning the pontoons last night, because in this case the wagons were all together. After the work of destruction was completed and we had secured the best of the mules for our use we turned back, left the road and went eastward. The night was very cold but was very beautiful, the stars shining very brightly and clearly. Halted at 5 A.M. at Mr. Lockridge's and I slept in a chair by the fire, wrapped in my great coat till 7½ A.M. Marched 52 miles.

Charlie Kirk's addition: "Having captured and destroyed the wagons, it was now a question of what to do with the mules. We already had as many as we needed, and to turn them loose would only be giving the Southern confederacy a little trouble in picking up their property, and therefore, out of sheer military necessity, we were forced to kill all surplus stock. The most serviceable were first taken and distributed among the companies, and then the men were directed to kill the balance, but 'not waste their ammunition.' We tried to kill by hitting them in the

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forehead with an axe, the same as butchers do in killing cattle. But that plan did not work, as no mule is fool enough to hold still and be killed, and we had to resort to our carbines, which accomplished the purpose better, and in a more expeditious manner.

"As soon as our work was done, we mounted and rode off. I remember hearing someone say that we were in Itawamba County, Miss., and that our march was now in an easterly direction, and then I went to sleep. Not only myself, but at least half the column enjoyed the same discomfort. To sleep peacefully and ride a horse at the same time, and keep your place in column is harder work than curling up in front of a good-sized backlog, with a bright fire at your feet. . . . About 4 o'clock in the morning the head of column filed off the road into a field to the left, but we did not know whether that meant another march across the country, or that we were going into camp, until we heard Serg. Maj. Samuel Phillips' voice from out the darkness ask: 'Is that Company E?' 'Yes.' 'Lt. Kirk, detail one man for camp guard and three for picket.' And then we knew that that meant sleep for the rest of us.

"Turning to Orderly Sergeant Burton, I told him to make the detail, and then went on to put the company into camp. When the command, 'Right front into line—march!' had been carried out, I had a misty idea that it was a rather slim line, and just then Burton reported that he could not find more than half the company. Here was a pretty mess! In addition to being as near played out as a man could well be, came this bother of hunting up the lost part of my command, and the fear, too, that when the Colonel heard of it I would be sent to find them. But I want to record right here my gratitude to Colonel Palmer, for when I reported to him, as I did at once, he only said, 'They'll be coming along soon.' And then I hurried off and curled up under the bushes, and before the words could be written I was sound asleep.

"They did come along just at day break the next morning, and while we were getting ready to move again. It seems that a wild Irishman in my company, named John Mahoney, was in charge of a led mule which some time during the night got loose. Mahoney did not want to lose the mule and went after it, and the way was too rough to trot up and catch it, and others were too sleepy to see what the Irishman was doing. The mule walked off through the woods; Mahoney followed the mule, and the rest of the column followed Mahoney. They went a good long way, right through the woods, over ground that was possibly a little rougher than it had been, and then the column stopped and most of the men slept on. Major Betts was along with his battalion, and not understanding why they should halt so long, rode up to the front and there found Mahoney and his mule, with several fallen logs in front that stopped further progress. 'What are you doing here, and where has the column gone?' demanded the Major. 'I don't know, sir,' said Mahoney, 'I haven't seen them for two hours, sir. I've been catching me mule.'

"Fortunately, the Major had heard Colonel Palmer tell Lt. Col. Lamborn, while we were burning the wagons, where he intended making camp, and by sending men out in all directions they at last found an inhabited house, and from information attained, arrived at the camp, reaching there in time to see us pulling out for another day's hard ride."

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Ball's diary has lean pickings from January 1st, to the 11th. His only item of note was the capture of a 15 lb. shoulder from the smoke house on Mr. Curry's place, so Charlie Kirk's will round out Will's day by day account. Charlie's in quotes.

Monday, 2. Clear and milder. At 9 A.M. we marched, taking the road eastward. Went up the military road made by Jackson and camped at Mrs. Witt's on the mountain. I slept in the house on the floor by the fire rolled up in my blanket. Marched 22 miles.

"Our march to-day led us up the Warrior Mountains, which are said to be the highest in Alabama. It was rather an uneventful day, aside from the feeling that we might have a big fight on our hands at any moment. The advance guard captured some prisoners, but this was no novelty now, and the more prisoners we took the more guard duty it entailed on the men.

"To vary the monotony, one of our own men was captured to-day, and stayed captured a few minutes. It was after we had watered our horses at a little stream, and, as was the usual custom, the advance had moved on for a half mile and then halted for the companies to finish watering, and to close up the column. A man from one of the companies, whose horse was not ready to move with the rest, followed leisurely on. At a turn in the road two rebels jumped from the bushes, and with leveled muskets compelled his surrender, but the following company came suddenly on them and retook our man. 'The Johnnies' jumped into the bushes and ran, but they took with them a carbine, a 'Colt's navy' and all the light personal property they could pick up in that short time.

"We also captured to-day an ambulance filled with wounded rebels. This was of no account; sound and healthy prisoners were barely in demand, and at this time the market was overstocked with wounded ones, so we 'swore them' and let them go. We made camp early today, that is, about 11 o'clock at night, and the rain poured down on us until morning, but a little thing like this in no way interfered with sleep."

Tuesday, 3. Marched at daylight. Clear and cool, went northward then east, then S.E. making 31 miles to Howell's which is 13 miles from Witts. At Howells we were only 5 miles from Rhoddy, who is pursuing us. Fed here and at dusk went on marching around Rhoddy who was unaware of our presence. Passed east to the Moulton and Tuscaloosa road and then north to Mr. Gentle's, which we reached at 4 A.M. of the 4th.

"My company had charge of the prisoners on the march to-day, and Colonel Warren and myself rode together. He did not feel in the best of spirits over his capture, and told me that he would rather have lost an arm than have had it occur. He was a very pleasant, companionable man to be with, but I know that I enjoyed the situation and his company more than he did the same situation and my company. He had finished his education at Princeton, N.J., and was well acquainted with Philadelphia, having had, as he told me, 'many a good time in it.'

"In speaking of our Regiment, he said they were the finest body of men he had ever met, and after remarking their gentlemanly behavior, he said: 'They would be dangerous men to meet in a fight. There is one thing about them that I've noticed; they don't waste their ammunition. They have their guns all ready

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to shoot, but they don't fire without good reason. Now, my regiment has always been the other way, and on the least provocation would bang off their guns and make any quantity of noise. I've lost several men through their carelessness.'

"Our march to-day led us over a part of what was known as the 'Wire Road.' Colonel Warren told me that it took its name from having been the first road in that part of the country over which a telegraph wire had been stretched. Before the line had been put up there was a good deal of opposition from people whose farms lay near it, as they feared that in some way it might bring evil to them and after the following harvest season they were sure of it, for the crops were a failure. Then the people arose in their might, and pulled down the wire and chopped up the poles. They were not going to stand any such new-fangled notions down that way.

"Colonel Warren expected to be recaptured. He assured me that we were in such a position that it was impossible for us to get out. The cavalry forces of Chalmers, Roddy and Forrest were all around us, and it was only a question of time as to when we would be gathered in. He told me he would see that we were well treated and that we should have as considerate captors as we had proved ourselves to be. Some time in the afternoon it looked a little to me as if the Colonel was nearly right, for brisk firing began in the rear, followed by yells from a multitude of throats, and Warren said, 'I told you so.' But word soon came that the disturbance was caused by the Tennesseans starting up a couple of deer, and they were only having their fun.

"Although disappointed, Warren still felt sanguine. He saw that instead of our march being straight ahead, it was of that confusing character that was a sample of so many that we took, and to a stranger it gave the idea that our leader was bewildered and had lost his grip, for it had doubled on itself, so that at sundown we were only four miles from where we started at 7 in the morning. We were now only three-quarters of a mile from Town Creek, and the rebels were in strong force just on the other side of it. They were at all the fords that crossed that stream, as our advance had found out during the day, and were now finding out by the rebel bullets that came from that side.

"We were now only a few miles from Warren's home, and he asked permission to write to his wife, which request was granted, conditioned on his giving no information that would be to our injury. He gave me the letter to read, which I did. The most peculiar thing in it was the direction to his wife to sell a barrel of brandy he had at home, and told her 'she could get \$4,000 for it.' This part struck me as so unreasonable that I thought I saw in it some hidden meaning, and on my asking for more information he assured me that such was the case; that the barrel only contained twenty-five gallons, and that he had been offered \$5,000, but he mentioned \$4,000 to his wife, as he knew several of his neighbors who would give that.

"Before we continued our march Colonel Palmer sent for me, and said that we were going to make a very particular move that night, which might be defeated if any of our prisoners escaped, and urged me to be extra particular in guarding them. This I impressed on my men, and they were well looked after. Contrary to our usual custom, my company marched that night with revolvers in hand, ready for instant use, and although we had about three prisoners for each man, and our

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way led mostly through thick woods, not a man escaped or even tried to. After midnight we came out of the woods onto a good, broad road, and one of the few signboards that we saw in the South marked it as the Tuscaloosa and Moulton road.

"We now took a northerly course, and within an hour came to Town Creek, and after much difficulty crossed it. Its banks were high and steep, and the ford itself was one of those indefinite things that might land you all right on the other side, or it might give you a cold bath for remembrance sake. The rebels did not expect us to cross here. They had had a strong guard here all through the day, but when we demonstrated on the other ford at sundown they expected we would try to force it during the night, and had called off the guards to reinforce that position, and so left us free to cross without opposition. It was 4 o'clock in the morning when we made our camp, and in the confusion attending it Warren made an attempt to escape. He was partly over the fence when he ran across Dan Scull on guard, and Dan being the wrong kind of a man to monkey with on an occasion of that kind, sent him back again, in that choice, vigorous Anglo-Saxon dialect in which he was an adept."

Wednesday, 4. Went to sleep on the floor in front of Mr. Gentle's fire and slept till 7 A.M., got breakfast and at 8 o'clock marched, Prosser's command being in front. At 10 o'clock struck Col. Russel's Regt. (4th Ala. Cav.) marching south without an advance guard. Charged him and took 60 prisoners, released 30 of our own men who had been captured some time before, besides releasing 100 conscripts. In 20 minutes Russel was nowhere. Our loss was one man killed (10th Ind. Cav.) and two men wounded. (2d Tenn.) Moved on to the mill on Town Creek at the cross roads and fed at Mr. Kirby's at dark. Passed through Mt. Hope during the day, after coming down from the mountain. At 3 A.M. we camped.

"I lost a prisoner early in the morning. One of them, a tall, lean, lanky man, asked if he could go to the rear, and I let him go, sending a guard with him. About 100 yards from camp they both stopped, the guard halted about ten feet from the prisoner, let the butt end of his carbine rest on the ground, and, sticking his both hands in his pockets, assumed that well-known position of a dismounted cavalryman on a cold, frosty morning. With a yell and a bound the rebel was off, running straight ahead for forty yards and then jumping quickly to either right or left, keeping the bushes between himself and the guard, but all the time getting farther off. The rebel so confused the guard that when he fired he missed him, and then the rascal ran out of sight, encouraged not only by the yells of his comrades, but also of those of his late captors who saw his gallant escape.

"The day's march brought with it my turn as officer of the day, which necessitated marching with the camp guard in the rear. About 10 o'clock in the morning came quick, vindictive shots from the advance, then the yell, and at once the whole column took up the gallop. Soon an orderly came, who reported that Prosser's Tennesseans had struck a rebel regiment endways, knocked it into smithereens at the first dash, and captured five wagons they were bringing with them.

"I was directed to halt where I was and keep a good lookout to the rear, and to be sure not to fire on anything coming that way, as the Tennesseans were making a detour and would join us from that direction. I obeyed, and inside of ten minutes was being peppered by a lot of men whom we could not see for the dense

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scrub oak, and to our calls of 'Who are you?' only got for answer a kind of shriek that implied nothing. I thought they were Prosser's men, and kept my men from returning the fire for some time, but at last, finding they were unmistakable enemies, we answered back shot for shot, until an order came for us to follow on. As we passed by a house on the right, a woman came out and called to us: 'Say, come and take this yer man of you'ns away. He's just died. I don't want him here!' But we did not want him either, and as his body was in a better place than the two dead rebels we passed in the road, we left him to the care of the woman.

"This rebel regiment was commanded by Colonel Russell, of General Wheeler's command, and it was the same force that captured Capt. Wash Airey and so many of our boys when we made that mistake at Dandridge, about a year before, and charged a rebel brigade."

Thursday, 5. We camped at Mrs. King's 4 miles from Leighton and felt that we were at last out of danger and our raid was over. Went to sleep in front of the fire and slept till 9 A.M., dressed and had my breakfast and at 12 M. went with 5 men to the R.R. bridge on Town Creek to get information of Steedman's whereabouts. On the way captured one reb. belonging to Rhoddy who was "laying out." Found that Steedman had gone to Courtland and sent word to Col. P. In about 1½ hours I rec'd word from the Col. that he was marching to Courtland and I proceeded in that direction, being about 2 miles behind the column. Near Jonesboro I saw two dismounted rebs and charging, was fired on by about a dozen bushwhackers, but no one was hurt. Reached the Regt. which went into camp at Mr. Bird's, the same place at which we camped the last time.

Friday, 6. Rainy all day. At 4 A.M. Lt. Taylor and 15 men came in from Decatur with despatches to Col. P. He turned in and slept awhile with me on the floor of Mr. Bird's handsome parlor. Reveille at 5 A.M. and at 9 A.M. marched for Decatur. It was very rainy all day and the ride was very disagreeable. Reached Decatur at 4 P.M. and went into camp in the woods near the Summerville road at Mrs. Peck's. Tony and I took possession of a corn crib for sleeping purposes, and getting some coffee and sugar and hard bread from Hinchman, got a good supper and went to bed. But the greatest pleasure was the reception of a mail of which we had been deprived for more than a month. Three letters from J.K. and 3 from home. It was very pleasant to read these letters from the dear ones.

Saturday, 7. Clear and pleasant. We had reveille at daylight. In camp all day. Wrote to father and J.K. Father has been very unfortunate in a recent operation and lost everything, including what I sent home, but he writes in a hopeful strain and hopes to retrieve his losses. He is now soliciting life insurance. The folks have been very anxious about us. The net results of our recent raid are: Three captains, eight Lieuts., 187 enlisted men; two pieces of artillery, 6 lbs. Two Colonels; 78 pontoon boats; 171 wagons, one ambulance, captured and killed 600 mules; 25 yoke of oxen and destroyed 400 stand of arms; marched 275 miles in 9 days (200 of which was marched in 5 days). Tony and I did not get up this A.M. till 9½ A.M.

Sunday, 8. A very pleasant day. Had the horses shod up today, preparatory to march for Huntsville tomorrow, where we expect to rest a couple of weeks. Col. Prosser's command left us today en route for Eastport. Read the newspapers a good deal today. The sunset was beautiful. At sunset took a walk with the Col. to Mr. Gibbs.

CHASE AFTER HOOD

Monday, 9. Cloudy and rainy all day. Marched at daylight. Crossed the Tenn. River on the pontoon bridge, took the road via mouth of Limestone Creek, passed thro. Mooresville and during a very heavy storm went into bivouac at Mr. Tucker's on Dr. Jones' Plantation, about 13 miles from Huntsville. All the officers were quartered in the house of Mr. Tucker. Charley Kirk and I read the President's message* aloud before going to bed.

Tuesday, 10. Signs of clearing in the A.M. but rained some during the day. Marched at 8 A.M. Entered Huntsville and halted at the Huntsville Hotel, my batn being on the advance, at 12 M. I took a wash in the barber shop, bought 4 segars for a dollar! four ginger cakes for a dollar and got my dinner at the Hotel for a dollar. At 3 P.M. went into camp near the Meridianville Pike, three miles n. of town at Mr. Master's house. Made our camp in column of squadrons. Col. P. occupies the house, a very nice one, for his Hd. Qrs. The family is moving. At 4 P.M. I went on duty as officer of the Day and posted the guards and pickets.

The following is an extract from Col. Palmer's report on the campaign.

"The whole distance marched from the time of leaving Decatur, nine days previously, was 265 miles, and about 400 miles from the time of leaving Chattanooga, two weeks and three days previous.

"My entire command numbered less than 600 men, consisting of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania (Anderson) Cavalry, commanded by Lt. Col. Charles B. Lamborn, and detachments of the Second Tennessee and Tenth, Twelfth and Thirteenth Indiana Cavalry, commanded by Lt. Col. William F. Prosser. To these officers and all those under them much credit is due for their gallantry and energy, as well as to all their men, for the dash and courage with which they attacked any enemy that appeared, and for the patient manner with which they bore, on the most scanty rations, the severe fatigue of this expedition. I desire particularly to recommend for honorable mention in general orders Serg. Arthur P. Lyon, of Company A, of the Anderson Cavalry, for repeated acts of marked bravery during this short campaign, including the capture of two pieces of artillery, which fell into his hands on the night of December 28th, six miles from Decatur, on the Courtland road, by a daring charge of our advance guard of fifteen men, which he led on this occasion.

"We took about 150 prisoners after leaving Leighton, including two Colonels (one of whom was left in consequence of his wounds), two Captains and six Lieutenants, and destroyed in all between 750 and 1000 stand of arms, and captured a considerable number of pistols.

"Our entire loss was one man killed and two wounded, all of Lt. Col. Prosser's command, in charge on Russell's force.

"The whole of Forrest's cavalry, except Armstrong's brigade, was at Okolona, Miss., within one day's march of us, when the supply train was captured. He had been sent there as soon as he crossed at Bainbridge on Tuesday evening, to repel our cavalry from Memphis, who had destroyed the railroad for twenty miles near and above Okolona. I do not think General Hood brought across the Tennessee River at Bainbridge more than 12,000 infantry and thirty-five pieces of artillery.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Wm. J. Palmer
Colonel Commanding."

Scout After General Lyon

January 1865

Hardly had the Regiment reached Huntsville when Colonel Palmer received orders to march immediately in pursuit of the rebel General Hyland B. Lyon, commander of a brigade in Forrest's Division. He was thought to have crossed the Paint Rock River when pressed by General Crufts' infantry and to be endeavoring to cross to the south side of the Tennessee River between the mouth of Paint Rock and the mouth of the Flint River.

The diaries lead off, first Ball's then Will's day by day.

Wednesday, 11. Lay in camp and tonight at 8 P.M. boots and saddles sounded very unexpectedly and to the utter disgust of all of us, we being tired out with our late trip. But we had to go, and started out. The night was a beautiful moonlight one and very cold. I was riding my mule. We passed through Huntsville and over a very rough road over the mountains. It being so cold we had to walk afoot most of the way, which was very hard as the most of our boots were completely worn out. I was wearing one high top boot and one short one which is so large I could kick it off and so then it hurt me to walk over the frozen and stony ground. But it had to be did!

Will. Clear and cold. At reveille went out to visit my pickets, and rode outside one mile to Mr. Geo. Jude's house to make inquiries of the roads. Bought 3 lbs. of butter from Mrs. Hunt, his niece, and rode back to camp, after eating breakfast with Mr. Jude, with Mrs. Jude, Mrs. Humphreys and Mrs. Douglass, whom I introduced to the Col. as they wanted safe guards. Found that while I had been out Lt. Taylor had relieved me, and I was immediately ordered to take command of a forage train of 8 wagons which had gone out on the Meridian road for corn fodder. Rode out and overtook the train. Went out one mile beyond Meridian and 7 miles from camp, to Mr. Prewitt's at whose place and the one opposite I got enough fodder to load my wagons. Got a dinner, a piece of cake from Mrs. Prewitt and the promise of one to be sent to me. Also bought a chicken from Mrs. P's waiting maid. On the way back I stopped with Si Morris at Mr. Otey's. Got in camp at dusk. Had hardly got in camp before we received marching orders to go after Gen. Lyon. At 8 P.M. marched with about 180 men, halted in Huntsville about 1 hour for orders and I took advantage of the halt to call on an old fellow clerk at Mitchell's head qrs., Capt. Henry Kaldenbaugh, now A.P.M.G. of the 4th Army Corps. He was glad to see me. Met at his office Capt. Stansbury, who used to be Lieut. on Gen. Rosecrans' staff. Marched out of Huntsville at 10 P.M. taking the road east over five miles of mountain road into Big Cove in Flint River Valley. Halted at 4 A.M. of the 12th.

Thursday, 12. Fed our horses and laid down and slept one hour and a half. We started for the Flint River, and found it deep enough at the ford to swim our

SCOUT AFTER GENERAL LYON

horses. We turned back to another ford, where we crossed the Flint River. My mule being so small I had to get up on my knees on the saddle and escaped a wetting. Some of the men getting wet, as soon as we crossed we made fires to dry by, but before they were well started the advance struck Rebs, not "ile" and away we went, one was wounded and 3 or 4 prisoners. There were 31 of them and they proved to be deserters from Lyon's command. Camped in Big Cove. The gunboats commenced firing at the light of our camp. Communicated with them tonight.

Will. Camped one mile and a half from Shallow Ford, at John Carpenter's house where we fed our horses and rested and slept till 7 A.M. Got breakfast and started at 8 A.M. Went down to Shallow Ford on the Claysville road but found the river too deep and rapid for fording. Marched up the valley thro. swamps a great deal, fed at 2 P.M. at Mr. Ogden's, who was frightened very much by Capt. Harris, our guide, about the 4th Corps and camped across the cove from his house at dark. Tony, Kirk and I slept together among the rocks on the side of the mtn. We were only 4 miles from Brownsboro.

Ball failed to write up the two days following, so Will continues.

Friday, 13. Clear and pleasant. Marched at 8½ A.M. Crossed the Flint River at a very deep ford (Peevy's Ford) and some of the men got quite wet. Learned at Dr. DeBow's that there was a squad of guerrillas on the road to Jones Mill. Col. Palmer took my battalion and we went out that road at a trot. Col. Lamborn went in by another road to meet us at Vienna. Near Jones Mill our advance guard under Sergt. Lyon struck the rebs and shot one and captured two. Went on to Vienna, a town which was burned a short time since by Maj. McBeth of the 2d. Tenn. Cavalry. Fed at Mr. Rivers on the north of the town, and then the whole column went on and camped a little after dark at Mr. Chism's near the mouth of Paint Rock Creek, but the advance guard and Lt. Hinchman went down to the Tenn. R. at the mouth of the Paint Rock and communicated with the gun boat "Thomas", Capt. Morton, which fired a shell at the party before it was recognized as a Federal advance. Learned from Capt. Morton that Gen. Lyon and about 300 of his men had crossed the river during the few preceeding nights on flat boats and rafts, swimming their horses, and had also succeeded in getting across a 12 pounder boat howitzer which had put a hole thro. the forward casemate of the gun boat "Grant."

Saturday, 14. Clear and pleasant. Marched at 7½ A.M. Clarksville, a landing, half way between the mouths of the Paint Rock and Flint rivers was five miles distant and we marched to that point in three columns, one column under my command being on the left, passing Widow Howard's house, where the advance guard and Lt. Hinchman joined me. Reached Clarksville at 10 A.M. and found "Thomas" and "Grant" waiting to transport us across the river. My battalion being in the rear was the last across on the "Thomas" where I got dinner. Fed our horses on the S. side of the river and then marched on the Warrenton road. Four miles from Warrenton we learned that Gen. Lyon had marched that morning for Red Hill where we would camp at night, so we turned off on the mountain road to the right and made a night march till 11 P.M. when we halted and fed. Slept till 1 A.M. of the 15th.

Back to Ball's diary.

Sunday, 15. Just before daylight we came to Lyon's camp. We charged right into the camp capturing it almost entire, while the advance went forward to Gen.

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Lyon's quarters. Sergt. Lyon dismounted, entered the house and captured the General. The General requested to be allowed to go to his room for his clothes. Lyon gave him permission and followed after him. The General, instead of getting his clothes, got his pistol, presented it at the head of Sergt. Lyon and shot him through the head, the ball entering just over the eye, killing him instantly. The General escaped. No man could have been more lamented than poor Pat Lyon. His death cast a gloom over all. The camp was full of plunder the Rebs having just returned from Kentucky. Some of the boys got a \$100 of silk etc. We took prisoners this morning, about 75 of them. More than we had of our own men, Capt. Wagner having been sent along another road. Went up beyond Gen. Lyon's quarters and fed. I went back on a detail with Lieut. Beck to search the General's quarters. Pat Lyon's body lay on the porch. Went in the house and got as much preserves, milk etc. as I could eat and a canteen of molasses. Went down to the camp and as we approached a few Rebs lit out. They had an ox team and wagon and were loading up saddles etc. We burnt everything that might be of use and returned. We left soon on our return back, bringing along the piece of artillery which we also captured and Lyon's body. Took the gunboat "Gen. Thomas" and crossed and camped a mile from the river. On picket tonight and have charge of the post.

Will. We were roused and at 2½ o'clock marched. We now turned our course a little to the left towards the side of the mountain down which we marched, at Cold Spring Gap, which led us to the valley four miles in front of Lyon's camp. We reached the foot of the Mtn. (Sand) at 4 A.M. and immediately marched for the rebel camp which we learned was without guards or pickets on the side towards which we were approaching, but had a strong picket towards Warrenton, which town was 10 miles distant. At 5½ A.M. our advance charged the first camp and the Col., leaving my batn to pick up the prisoners and horses in the camp, went on with Capt. Wagner's batn and advance guard to Gen. Lyon's Head Qrs. Lt. Col. Lamborn had meanwhile taken Capt. Kramer's batn on another road to capture the howitzer. We captured about 70 prisoners at the first camp and then moved on to join the Col. At daylight I passed Gen. Lyon's head qrs. where to my sorrow, and the sorrow of all who heard, I found the dead body of Sergt. Lyon of my Co. who had captured the rebel general in his room, had brought him to the front porch, and had then allowed him to go back to his rooms for his clothes, following him to the door. The house was partly surrounded. In a moment a flash was seen, the Sergt. dropped dead over the threshold, the general rushed out of the back window and made his escape. Our men are very excited and woe be to that general if he falls into their hands. This was at Tom Noble's house. Securing the horses which I found there, including a fine black mare which I shall use myself, I passed on to Widow Noble's where we awaited the return of Lt. Lamborn, and where we got breakfast. Col. Lamborn came in at 8 A.M. with 15 prisoners and the 12 pounder howitzer. At 10 A.M. having secured the body of Sergt. Lyon and placed it in a light wagon, we got the prisoners in line, in charge of my batn, and took up the line of march thro. Warrenton, where we halted an hour and where a Dr. gave me about 3 lbs. of sausage meat. Marched for Guntersville, which town we found had been burned by the sailors from the gunboats. Fed at the house of a sister-in-law of Senator Cobb of Alabama, Mrs. Fennel by name, near the river. At the request of the Col. I went down to the river with Capt. Harris to

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make arrangements for putting us across the river again. Found four boats awaiting us, the "Grant," "Thomas," "Stone River" and "Burnside." Was introduced to Capts. Forrest, Fleet Commander, Morton, Watson and Naylor. We embarked just before dark, after getting dinner at Mrs. Fennel's. Moved down the river 2½ miles and landed at Fearon's Ferry on the other side of the river. On the boat "Grant" I got supper. After we had all disembarked we marched (leaving the prisoners on the hurricane deck of the "Grant") about a mile and a half and went into camp.

Still Will. Monday, 16. Clear and pleasant. At 7½ A.M. we left Lieut. Taylor with all the unserviceable and led horses and 27 men in camp, and marched across a ridge some 6 miles to try and capture 40 rebels, but they had flown during the night so at 12 M we embarked again, and moved some 20 miles down the river to Whitesburg, which is distant only 10 miles from Huntsville by a lovely turnpike. Taylor also came down, and we went into camp at 3 P.M. on Lacy's plantation, 1½ miles from the landing, again taking charge of the prisoners and howitzer. Capts. Wagner and Sellers and Lieuts. Kirk, Hildebrand and I got a good dinner on board the "Grant", on which was Acting Master Sweeney. I took a good warm bath in the open air after we got to camp. Col. P. went to Huntsville.

Ball: Tuesday, 17. Started for Huntsville. On the way rode 3 or 4 miles with a Miss Margaret Parker, a Union girl. She gave me a small silk flag. We delivered up our prisoners, 95 of them, and the cannon and soon were at camp again, pretty well tired out.

Will: Clear and cool and very pleasant. At 8½ A.M. marched and reached Huntsville at 12 M with colors flying, and our prisoners and captured cannon excited considerable remark as we marched thro. the city. At the Court House we turned over the prisoners and cannon to Capt. Kaldenbaugh, and marched out to camp on the Meridianville Pike. During the evening we rec'd orders to march, but they were soon countermanded. Our stock is very weary and much reduced. Our men also need rest. Rec'd letters from home and from Julia K.

A couple of descriptions of the scout by other members of the Anderson Cavalry follow, the first being by Corp. S. A. Abbey. The regiment had just reached the Tennessee River, and were trying to signal the gunboats.

"In the course of a short time we could hear a steamer coming up the river, under a slow motion and exhaust. When very nearly opposite to where we were, the boat, without warning, turned loose with apparently a thirty-two-pound gun. The shell, passing through the timber and striking the surface in our rear, made more noise than any Rocky Mountain thunderstorm I ever heard. Harris ordered us to continue to swing our torches. No other shot was fired, but we could hear a boat being lowered. We could see nothing. When the boat got close enough to hail, the men in it asked who we were, and in course of time they recognized Harris' voice. They came on, and Harris made arrangements for the crossing of the Colonel and the full command on the following day.

"We all remember the crossing of the Tennessee, by taking our horses and ourselves on that pretty gun deck, polished as highly as soap and water could make it.

"After disembarking we shortly began to climb to higher ground, and I remember that I rode with Lyon most all that afternoon, and I recall distinctly

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also that late in the afternoon on winding around that crooked, uninhabited mountain road we heard horses and talk on the road ahead of us.

"Lyon rode his horse like a soldier, always on the alert. The least sound or noise ahead on the road attracted his attention. Throwing spurs into his horse, he said, 'Come!' and we all followed, and in course of 100 yards we ran into two men, one old and one young. They were pretty nearly scared to death at our wild approach, but Lyon saw they were unarmed, and told me to stay with them, and turn them over to Colonel Palmer, which I did.

"The Colonel and Captain Harris, the guide, began to ask questions, and finally Colonel Palmer said that we would take their horses and let them go. The old gentleman spoke up, saying, 'Mister, if you take my horse I will starve to death right here in the road, as I have been unable to use my legs for the past twenty years.' The Colonel smiled and told him to retain his horse.

"I recollect of no incident occurring from there to where we halted late at night. From this place the Colonel sent Harris down into the valley, for the purpose of locating the rebel camps.

"Upon his return, the command moved off the high ground into a valley. After turning to the left and going up this particular valley, Lyon told us what was expected, and directed us in riding through between two rebel regiments, one on each side of the road, to hold our sabers so that they would make no noise. As we learned afterward, there was no picket on that road, the sentries being to the north of the command. Lyon's orders were to go along at an ordinary gait, and if not challenged to pass through these regiments in camp and get to the General's house without a fight, if possible; but if he found it necessary to cut his way through, he was ordered to do so.

"We who composed that twenty (of the advance guard) will all remember our experience with those rebel soldiers lying covered under their blankets, with horses tied to trees and ropes. The fires were dim, it being almost daylight, and there was not a sound. As it was, we passed through, and had begun to trot when one man, apparently on guard at the commissary, called out, 'What are you fellers in such a hurry about?' Some person answered, 'We are always that way.' The next question he asked was, 'What regiment is that?' We answered 'The same old regiment with new clothes on.' By that time we were beyond the challenger. From there to the rebel General's house we traveled at a lope. . . .

"There was in our Regiment but one Arthur P. Lyon. Born a soldier, daring, reckless, and ever alert for a fight, he was the ideal raider. He had no sense of fear and no admiration for cautious soldiers. On this occasion he immediately walked in alone through the gate, leaving the detail outside mounted, and fortunately found a negro boy gathering wood to start the morning fire. He learned from this negro where General Lyon's room was and immediately afterward he rapped on the door, and when the rebel General opened it the Sergeant said, 'You are my prisoner.' The General replied, 'To whom am I surrendering?' Sergeant Lyon told him to a Sergeant of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry. The General asked permission to return and get his clothing, as he was in his night robe. My memory makes it appear but an instant until General Lyon returned and fired a shot from a revolver straight at the Sergeant. We knew it meant death, the stricken soldier

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with a bullet lodged in his brain fell heavily on the floor. General Lyon escaped in his night clothes through the woods in the rear of the house. . . ."

Next is the description by Captain Weand of Co. H., who was with Lt. Col. Lamborn's command during the major part of the scout.

"When near Warrenton we received reliable information that General Lyon with one gun and about 300 men had left the river and marched down Brown's Valley toward Talladega, but were expecting to camp at Red Hill. Now commenced a rapid march, our object being to reach 'Summit', in the rear of or southwest of Red Hill.

"By passing ourselves off as rebels we found that General Lyon and staff were stopping at 'Tom Noble's house.' We were evidently on the right track, for on the afternoon of the 14th Lieutenant Kirk, in charge of the rear guard, permitting Wm. L. Bratton and John L. Yost of Company A to visit a house, they returned shortly after with two captured horses and six of the enemy. Charles Godfrey Leland, in writing his 'Hans Breitman Ballads,' says that 'the type of Breitman as a soldier was a cavalryman in the company of Capt. William F. Colton, named Yost.' In selecting Yost as a type he hit on a very worthy man and an excellent soldier.

"About 4 A.M. of the 15th, it being then very dark, the command was divided. Colonel Lamborn with Kramer's battalion was sent by the Back Valley road to join Palmer's command by a crossroad. . . .

"At this time Lamborn's command was marching on a road parallel with Palmer and also succeeded in picking up a number of men from houses along the road. At one place we observed a white horse tied in the yard. Kramer always had a fondness for a good horse, especially if he belonged to a rebel, so we rode into the yard to investigate and interview the owner. Knocking at the door, a window was raised, and a man inquired 'what was wanted.' Upon being told that we were seeking General Lyon, with dispatches, he replied, 'you can give them to me; I am Colonel Cabanus, of Governor Brown's staff.' We told him 'our orders were to hand them to General Lyon personally, but we could not locate him.' He kindly told us where to find the General, and then seeing his horse being led away, shouted, 'Whoever takes that horse gets shot.' He now saw that we were not friendly, and closing the window he took his leave impolitely through the one in the rear. We got his saddlebags, horse and the information.

"After proceeding some distance we came in sight of a picket force on a crossroad. Colonel Lamborn had been led to believe that we were to encounter a large force in this vicinity, and ordered Kramer with his command to charge, which was done in gallant style. Firing now was heard from several quarters, and we knew that it meant a fight. With Kramer away and the rear guard, under Kirk, not yet up, I was the only officer with Lamborn. When we came in sight of another picket post those composing it were up and acted in an excited manner. By the light of their fire we could see them, while they could not see us in the darkness. Colonel Lamborn, not realizing our position, turned to me and said, 'Lieutenant Weand, charge that post!' To which I replied, 'Colonel, I have but one man on a lame mule.' He again said, 'Charge!'

"Fortunately for me and the mule, just then Lieutenant Kirk arrived with eight or ten men, when the Colonel again said, 'Lieutenant Kirk, charge, charge!' Kirk and myself at once started with our available force, and once away from

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Colonel Lamborn, agreed to approach quietly, and give them a surprise by leading them to believe we were their own men. We succeeded, and rode up to them without shot or hail. One of their number approached Kirk and said, 'this is a d——d mean kind of business,' and 'where in the h——l are the d——d Yankees?' Another said to me, 'Fall in! Don't you hear the firing? The Yankees are on us.' Kirk, placing his pistol to the head of the man who had spoken to him, demanded his surrender, but the fellow, laughing, said, 'Oh, you can't play that on me; it has been tried too often.' A Sergeant just then joined us and the man was placed in his charge.

"We now charged the balance of the party, who fled without resistance. Colonel Lamborn now joined us with a few more men, while coming toward us on a run was a body of the enemy. It was too dark to see their number, but they filled the road and outnumbered us. Bluff was again our game. Colonel Lamborn shouted; 'Colonel Weand, take your regiment up the hill and skirmish! Colonel Kirk's battalion to the right!' and into them we went with shot and saber, yelling like Indians. They turned and fled without a show of fight. To our left was a bank and woods, and in this direction the majority escaped. A few retreated on the road, whom we followed until, reaching a crossroad, they disappeared to our left, and here we came upon their artillery, a twelve-pounder, to which was yoked a pair of oxen.

"Colonel Lamborn now formed us in line, for a new trouble appeared. Coming on our right we could hear approaching horsemen, cheering and yelling. By dawn, as they came near, we saw that it was Kramer and his men, who had evidently been pursuing the party that we had just met, and this accounted for their not retreating by the road on which they had come. Kirk, during the charge, had an opportunity of putting into practice his saber exercise after emptying his revolver. As no dead were found, they no doubt were reported as 'wounded'. Firing now ceased, and it was daylight. Gathering our command and prisoners, Colonel Lamborn marched us over to join Colonel Palmer. . . .

"It seems incredible that our small force could have successfully attacked over twice our numbers and accomplished so much. The ground covered by our different attacks was large and our little force divided, but just before daybreak it was very dark and the yelling and firing of Lamborn's men, charging the force on the road to our left, which had charge of their artillery, with Wagner's command noisily routing out the rebels in their camps, half a mile to our rear and the shouting and yelling of our advance guard attacking General Lyon's escort, so disconcerted the Confederates that they believed our force greatly outnumbered them and that their safety was in flight. . . .

"The enemy now being dispersed, the command was formed for the return march. We had captured two Captains, four Lieutenants, over 100 privates and non-commissioned officers, besides 100 good horses and a lot of plunder they had stolen in Kentucky, consisting of boots, shoes, hats, shirts, silks, gloves etc. I had charge of the rear guard, and for a time was attacked from a distance by some of those who had escaped.

"When we had all arrived at the river we awaited the arrival of the gun-boats. Kirk was ordered to announce our presence by firing the captured gun. He succeeded in firing three rounds, without injury to anyone, we having taken the precaution to give the gun a wide berth, and as the sound of the firing echoed

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among the hills, we heard whistling, and soon saw the smoke of the approaching boats. They came toward us prepared for action, the men at the guns and others were stationed at different parts of the vessels with muskets in hand. A white undergarment, fastened to a branch, announced us as friends, and soon the gun-boats 'Grant,' 'Thomas,' 'Stone River' and 'Burnside' under Fleet Commander Forrest, took us on board and across the river. We were cordially received by the officers, and handsomely entertained during our short stay on board.

"We spent another day in search of part of Lyon's party, who still remained on the north side of the river, and were said to be at Rodger's Cove, but they had taken alarm and disappeared. We succeeded, however, in dispersing Colonel Mead's guerrillas, after capturing several of their number, and gave them a more vigorous pursuit later.

"We now took up the march for Huntsville, where, on our arrival, we turned over our prisoners and cannon to the proper authorities, and received their commendation for our success. The movement was splendidly managed by Colonel Palmer, and our victory saddened only by the loss of that hero, Arthur P. Lyon and the escape of the General.

"Lyon's body was sent to his home, in New York State, under special escort of members of the Regiment; and in the cemetery in which he is buried there has been a monument erected to his memory.

"After Sergeant Lyon's death a Second Lieutenant's commission was received bearing the date of Dec. 28, 1864, the day he led the charge on Colonel Wine's regiment below Decatur, Ala., and captured prisoners and two pieces of artillery."

"The following inscription on his tombstone, at Port Henry, N.Y., is an enduring testimonial to his bravery:

Died for his Country.

Arthur P. Lyon, 2d Lt. 15th Pa. Cav.

Was killed at Red Hill, Ala., on 15th of Jan., 1865

Aged 24 years.

(Other Face)

'Lieutenant Lyon led the advance guard of his Regiment and captured the rebel General Lyon, who, after he surrendered, shot Lieutenant Lyon through the head, killing him instantly. His remains were sent home by his Regiment under escort with the message from his Colonel. 'He was the bravest man in my Regiment!'"

Chase After Guerrillas And Oil

January 1865

The regiment badly needed a rest, both men and horses, and Huntsville in 1865 was a delightful town in which to relax. It lies in a beautiful hill region with Monte Sano, a hill some 1800 ft., close by. On the summit of Monte Sano is a natural well, a great circular hole 40' in diameter and 200 ft. deep. Close to the town is a large spring, one of the largest in the United States, which furnishes the town with its water supply.

General John Hunt Morgan, the Confederate cavalry raider, was born in Huntsville and the Leroy Pope Walker who was Confederate Secretary of War for a time had his home here. He it was who gave the order to fire on Fort Sumter, precipitating the Civil War.

And so the regiment settled down for that well earned rest, but not for long, as you will see from Will's diary which starts with

Wednesday, 18. Clear and pleasant. In camp. At sunset I rode out to Mr. Judd's to get some butter. Took supper there and met three young ladies, the Misses Douglass, Hunter and Fisher. Talked about half an hour to them on "ile".

Thursday, 19. Clear and pleasant. Wanted to go to town today, but Col. P. would not grant me permission. In camp and at Hd. Qrs. all day. Wrote to J.K. and Sis today.

Friday, 20. Clear in the A.M. Rainy at night. At 8 A.M. went on duty as O.D. Visited my guards at midnight and then went to bed in the rain, under our little "dorg" tent. Had muster for December 31, '64 today.

Saturday, 21. Rainy and cloudy. Made out muster rolls for Dec. 31 yesterday. Lt. Blight relieved me as O.D. A Flag of Truce came to our lines today from Col. Meade, Comdg. Confed. Cav. in north Ala. Rec'd a letter from J.K. today. Yesterday rec'd a letter from Chas. G. Leland making inquiries in regard to oil on the Bull Jack road near Nashville. He will be in N. in a few days.

Sunday, 22. Cloudy and drizzling all day. Spent most of the day at the house, (Hd. Qrs.) reading. After dinner (4 P.M.) at the Col.'s request took a ride with him for exercise. At dark stopped and called on Dr. Wharton on the Pulaski Pike, about 5 miles from Huntsville. Was introduced to the Dr's family. He has two intelligent and refined daughters, one about 22 and one beautiful angel-faced girl of about 17. Took tea there and spent part of the evening around their pleasant fire-side, which I enjoyed very much. We arrived at camp in the rain at 9 P.M. and found an order there from Gen. Wood directing the command to march in the morning to operate against Col Meade's partisans on the head waters of the Flint River.

Monday, 23. Cloudy and cold, quite raw. After distributing rations we marched at 10 A.M. Passed a wagon train on the Meridian road and halted to warm up at

CHASE AFTER GUERRILLAS AND OIL

Dr. Circis in Meridian. At Meridian we took the New Market road (to the right) and marched to the Widow Rose's, which we reached at 3½ P.M., and where we camped. Taylor did not come with us on this trip.

Tuesday, 24. Clear and cold. Marched at a little after daylight, my batn. in the advance. Took a road around to the left of New Market, and went on to the Mtns. and at noon stopped at Widow Nance's to feed. Took dinner with the Col. turkey, kraut, sweet potatoes, butter, etc. Left Widow Nance and went up the Mtn on a full stomach, across and down the Mts. to the sink of Dry Creek. Passed down Dry Creek to near Paint Rock River and camped at Mr. Toney's, near which place we captured a few rebels, Meade's men. We had a splendid fire, Kirk and I.

Wednesday, 25. Clear and cold. At 8 A.M. we marched. Went down to Paint Rock River where the advance started about 30 rebels who took up the side of the Mtn., captured 5 of them. Col. P. then sent my btn. and Capt. Kramer's around by the valley road to Cox's distillery on Clear Creek where he was to meet us by coming over the Mtn. Met him near the distillery at 2 P.M. He had met a few rebs and had captured one Lieut. and 7 men, our loss was one man seriously wounded, P. C. Miller of Co. M. Col. P. then went into camp at Mr. Tipton's and sent me with 1st batn. and prisoners to Brownsboro, to turn the rebs over. Started at 2½ P.M. Took the Maysville road, crossed the ridge and stopped at Widow Tipton's (where we captured a reb) to feed. At 5.20 passed on and reached Brownsboro at 8 P.M. Sent two telegrams for the Col., one to Gen. Thomas and one to Gen. Wood. Turned over the prisoners to Capt. Cobb, Comdg U.S. Forces and marched in the cold, clear night to Maysville, where I camped at 10 P.M. on Mr. Madden's place on the edge of the town. Hilde and I stopped at Mrs. O'Neils where we got a splendid bed.

Thursday, 26. Clear and cold. Got breakfast at O'Neil's and marched at 9 A.M. Took the road to New Market, up Hurricane Creek, and at 1 P.M. stopped one mile from New M. to feed at Widow Berry's and sent Lieut. Blight with his Co. to scout at New M. and vicinity. Blight returned at 2½ o'clock and from information I judged that Col. Meade was not in Lincoln Co. Tenn., consequently at 3 P.M. took up the march for Tipton's to join the Regt. Went up the Mtn. at Golden's and took the road to Sharp's Cove via Crabbe's who lived on the bench. Reached Crabbe's at sunset and he guided us on foot two miles over the divide and into the Cove. Halted at John Sharp's expecting to get him for a guide, but he was not at home, so I went on down the Cove, and not till 8 o'clk could I get a guide, a Mr. Murray, 72 years of age, who guided us over the Mtn., down into the first sink of Clear Creek, and thro. two other sinks into the valley itself. The road was very slippery up the Mtn. and down also, and was very steep, so much so, that in some places we had to use our hands in climbing up. The night was very dark and very cold, and everything conspired to make it the hardest night march I ever made. From Mr. Murray's in Sharp's Cove to Tipton's on Clear Creek is but 7 miles, yet it took me from 8 o'clk that night to 1 o'clk A.M. of

Friday, 27 when, not finding the Col. at Tipton's I went into camp there. At 6 A.M. I sent out a small scouting party to find out where the Col. had gone, and at 9 A.M. broke camp and marched to the mouth of Dry Creek, where I found him at Mr. Ducat's, just ready to march. It was now 12 M and I had marched 12 miles. At 12½ o'clk we marched up Paint Rock River, crossed the R. and camped

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at Mr. Bridge's, having marched 3 miles! We are getting plenty of corn, oats, hay and fodder for our horses, and the stock looks well. My pipe got a straw in the stem today and I could not get it out, so I made a corn cob pipe, which smokes well.

Saturday, 28. Clear and pleasant. Reveille at daylight. Marched at 11.45, crossed Paint Rock River, in which we watered our horses, and camped at 12.15, having marched *one mile*, in our old camping ground in the orchard at Parson Tallefero's. Took dinner with the Col. by invitation and spent the evening at the house, where we had pop corn and some singing, in the midst of which we were interrupted by an alarm, a shot fired at the picket post, and we all sprang to our arms, but it amounted to nothing, the vidette had fired at an old white horse.

Sunday, 29. Clear and quite cold in the early morning, very pleasant during the rest of the day. At 11 A.M. marched up the Creek and at 12 o'clk, having marched two and half miles, camped at Mr. Clay's on a little knoll in the woods at the foot of the Mtn. Our horses are getting splendid feed and we are getting a good rest. This afternoon our mess got the fish fever and went down to the creek to catch a school of suckers, but were unsuccessful. However, we had quite an exciting time catching a 4 lb. bass, and after hurting it with a fence rail and a sabre, Lt. Hildebrand stripped himself and went into the cold water after it, and caught it in his hands, so we had fresh fish for supper.

Monday, 30. Clear and very pleasant. Reveille at 4 A.M. We marched at daylight. Before marching Lt. Hinchman made an issue of *turkeys* to the whole command!! Crossed the creek and went up the Mtn., Cedar Ridge, and down on the other side, to the head waters of Larkin's Fork. Stopped to feed at 1 P.M. and Capt. Wagner's Batn. was detached and sent to King's Cove (head waters of Mountain Fork of the Flint River) with orders to join us near Salem that night. We moved on at 3 P.M. up the creek towards Cedar Ridge, which, although quite low, is the back bone of the Cumberland Mts. Went down the Mtn. on the west side, (a very short way down) and camped at O'Keefe's about one mile from the foot of the Mtn. Our mess occupied an old wagon shed, and we had chicken for supper. Capt. Wagner's batn. came in at 8 P.M. Had plenty of straw and made a good bed. Our mess and Wagner's is now one, temporarily.

Tuesday, 31. Clear and very mild, just like a spring day. Marched to Salem, and halted half an hour on the outside of the town, when a citizen gave me a piece of "twist" tobacco, the finest I have seen. Marched then, westward, into the "Barrens" in the direction of Fayetteville. At Gum Spring we captured four prisoners. After marching through the barrens 14 miles we reached the hills which border the Elk River, and came to Kelsoe Station on the Winchester and Fayetteville R.R. Stopped at Kelsoe's to feed, and by invitation of the Lt. Col. took dinner with him. Met Miss Kelsoe, a lively rattle brained girl who had been educated at Georgetown, D.C. Marched on 4 miles from Fayetteville and camped at Mr. Buchanan's, a very old man. After dark Lt. Hinchman went to Fayetteville and came back with 6 lbs. of coffee! and gave me a pound! Very welcome for we had none for a week.

February, 1865

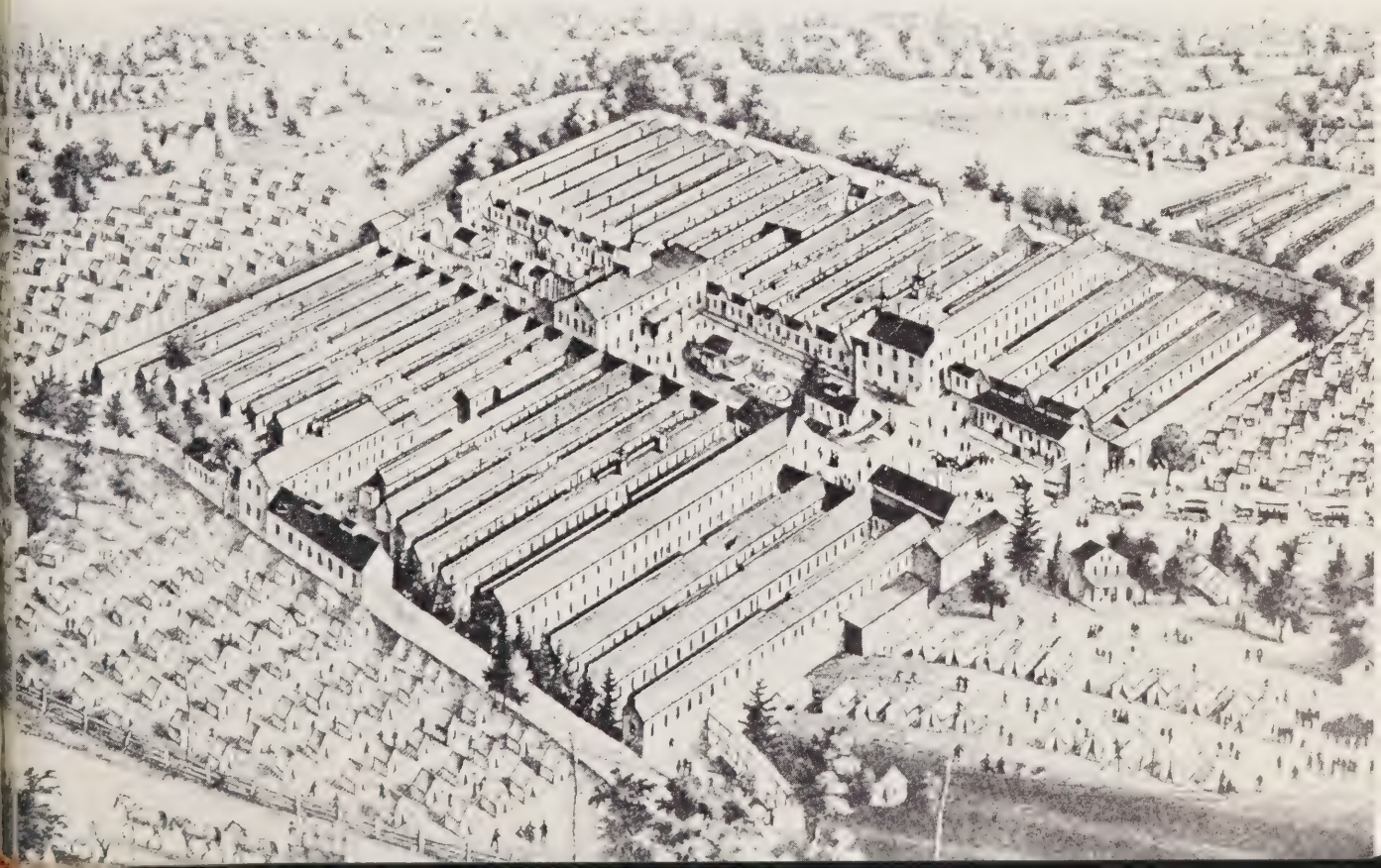
Wednesday, February 1st. Marched thro. Fayetteville, across the barrens, and camped near New Market, near the spot where Col. McCook was killed by bush-whackers.



Fair of the U.S. Sanitary Commission, June 7 to 21, 1864

PLATE 13

U.S. General Hospital (Satterlee)





View from Lookout Mountain

PLATE 14

Lee and Gordon's Mills



CHASE AFTER GUERRILLAS AND OIL

Thursday, 2. Marched three miles to New Market, rainy, and camped on the edge of town at 2 P.M. Line officers "put up" at Col. Whitman's. Met Miss Ray and several young ladies, and spent a lively evening with music etc.

Friday, 3. Marched to Huntsville and went into camp at 2 P.M. Lieut. Taylor had rec'd leave of absence and started yesterday for home. While we were absent a telegram was rec'd directing Ball and me to report at once to Maj. Hoffman, A.A.G. at Chattanooga. B. left yesterday. I immediately made preparations to go and went into H. at 9 P.M. and got a room at the Huntsville Hotel. Cannot conceive what the order's for.

Lieut. John K. Marshall of Co. F. gives a description of guerrillas in general and some incidents of the short campaign.

"From the period in 1862 when our army first occupied the country around Huntsville, Ala., until the close of the war, all the mountainous country to the east of it, with its rich valleys, was the stamping ground of those irregular partisans of the Confederacy generally known to us by the term guerrillas.

"They were not soldiers. They did not do one atom of good toward the establishment of the Southern Confederacy, and, in a military sense, they did the Union no harm. They were an annoyance to us. They would attack a small party which they overwhelmingly outnumbered, or would murder a Union soldier who straggled from his command. The last-named outrage only served to increase the discipline of our army. They pillaged from the Union farmers and made the others contribute to their support. At night small bands of them fired into the railroad trains that passed, and killed and wounded a good many men. They murdered the wounded Gen. Robt. L. McCook in his ambulance. They never attacked an equal number of men and never expected to. They were made up principally of the worst element in the rebel army, who had deserted from their regiments in the field, to get out of fighting, but at the same time, to keep up the semblance of being Southern soldiers and avoid being branded as 'deserters,' and to escape the conscription officers, they had joined these bands. In reality they were only murderers and thieves, banded together to better carry out their purposes, and late in the war the Confederate authorities came to this conclusion, and issued orders for their suppression.

"The guerrillas were provisioned, clothed and assisted by the rebel farmers in the mountain valleys, and late in 1864 was inaugurated the policy of laying waste these places and destroying the crops, so that the guerrillas would have no supplies to draw on. The duty was an exceedingly distasteful one, although considered a military necessity, and we were glad that so little of it fell to our share. About the middle of January 1865, Lieut. David C. White of Company F. was ordered to report in Huntsville to General Wood's headquarters, with a detail of thirty men from the Regiment. Here he was introduced to a Captain McCarty, by one of General Wood's staff officers, and told that McCarty would take charge of the detail.

"They proceeded to Paint Rock Valley and were there joined by the 101st Ohio Infantry, Lieut. Col. McDonald commanding. Here White was informed by Captain McCarty that they were to destroy all the houses in the valley that were being used as harbors for the bushwhackers and that General Wood had ordered it

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done. Lieutenant White felt disgusted at this character of service, but a soldier's duty is to obey all lawful orders from proper authorities, and reluctantly they started down the valley applying the torch to such properties as Captain McCarty designated were to be burned. The pleadings of innocent women and children that their homes should be saved were too much for the Lieutenant and he made a strong protest to McCarty that this was not warfare but simple cruelty and wanton destruction of property, but the Captain insisted on obedience to his orders and his orders were to direct the movements of the cavalry. They were approaching a house at this time and were met in the yard by a woman who pitifully begged they would not destroy her home, as her daughter was very sick in it and could not be moved. Just then she looked at McCarty and recognizing him asked 'what he was doing with the Yankees?' White asked her if she knew him, to which she replied that 'she had known him for years, that he owned property in the valley and had never been in the army.' At this White refused to take any further orders from McCarty and took his thirty men up the valley and reported to Lieut. Col. McDonald that McCarty was not an officer, not even a soldier, and that he declined to serve under him. McDonald told him that 'he (McDonald) had no orders for him; all he was to do was to support the cavalry and was glad of White's stand, as he was opposed to that kind of warfare.'

"Lieutenant White returned to our camp at Huntsville and reported to Col. Palmer. He had misgivings how his conduct would be considered, as McCarty had threatened all sorts of trouble for him for disobeying the orders of General Wood. But Colonel Palmer heartily approved of his action. . . .

"About a week after, while this man McCarty was in Paint Rock Valley, he was captured and shot by those who had suffered from his vengeance.

"These fellows, (guerrillas) as a rule, had good horses, and their riders knew all the trails in the mountains so well that it was hard for us to follow them. They had no camps, but stopped at the different houses instead, and a large portion of our captures was made at them. After our chase of Lieutenant Jones' command and its dispersal, Colton's and Kramer's commands were sent around by Valley road, while the balance of the Regiment crossed the mountain over a rough trail into Clear Creek Valley, and at Cox's stillhouse found a large party, where a short, sharp fight took place.

"Around the house was a fence, which being too high for our horses to jump, halted our mounted charge. Lieut. Chas. S. Hinchman, who led the advance, turned to Philip Miller, of Company M, just in the rear of him, and ordered him to jump off his horse and throw down the fence, but he, bewildered by the firing from the house not twenty-five yards away and by the noise and confusion, was slow in obeying, so Hinchman slipped out of his saddle and did it himself. At the same time a shot, no doubt intended for Hinchman, struck Miller and passed through his bowels. The delay at the fence had been sufficiently long to enable most of the guerrillas to escape, but we succeeded in capturing seven, and among them was the Lieutenant Jones we had chased earlier in the day. We camped that night at Shadrack Tipton's. Miller died that night, and we buried him the next morning, with military honors, in the woods on the side of a hill, and as a fit ending set fire to and burned the distillery to the ground. . . .

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"This campaign was the most remarkable of any for its short marches we ever took. All of our scouting before and after this was signalized by hard marches, all-night rides, which used up both horses and men, and much of our sleep was had while mounted and on the march. Just now we were in a beautiful, rugged country, the weather was fine, forage was plenty for our horses and provisions for the men. After our fight at Cox's still-house, the guerrillas seemed to have left this part of the country, for, although they fired a few shots at our pickets one night, we saw no more of them. . . . About 9 o'clock that night, (Feb. 2d.) while Dager, of Company F, was on vedette on the New Market road, he heard approaching what, from the sounds, he thought was a battalion of cavalry, and gave the usual hail, 'Halt! Who goes there?' and getting no reply fired his carbine, and got back to the reserves. The shot was heard in camp, and almost instantly the different companies were formed in line, and one of them was out on the 'double-quick' to reinforce the reserve picket. Then it was found that the innocent cause of all this was a Dr. Norris, who, in his rattling one-horse shay, was out visiting some patients, and only knew of our presence when a bullet whistled by his ear and went out through the back curtain. This Dr. Norris was a most estimable gentleman, as we found out later, when we became acquainted. He had two brothers in Philadelphia, celebrated as locomotive builders, but he had made his home in this country, where he resided all through the rebellion.

"The next day's march took us to our old quarters at Masten's plantation, just outside of Huntsville, having finished one of the easiest and most pleasant scouts we ever took and both men and horses were in better condition at its close than at the beginning."

Ball, being one of the fortunate whose horse was played out, stayed in Huntsville during the guerrilla campaign. A letter to his father describes his daily doings:

Camp near Huntsville, Ala. Jan. 22d

Dear Father;

It is now some time since I have written home. Till the last two or three days I have really had no chance to write for the last six weeks, we have been so hard run, having been on the go constantly.

All the letters from home I have received, including the one from Julie. We have a natural curiosity here in camp, a little nigger boy we picked up down in Alabam and as soon as it is dark every evening we gather round a big fire and listen to his strange music. He is now at work and I can hardly write. For a wonder we have just had a weeks fine weather, but yesterday and today it has been raining. Huntsville is the most beautiful town, by far, I have yet seen in the south, some, many of the houses are most splendid. They have two large churches that would do honor to any large city in the north. I should have got a pass and gone in to church today, had my clothes been fit, but they are ragged and very dirty. This is the first chance we have had for drawing clothing since last August, and we have been lying on the ground in the mud ever since, so you can imagine my appearance, but never mind, only six months more of this. We have already put up winter quarters twice at Wauhatchie and Dalton, and we are done with winter quarters.

Jan. 24. Was on picket yesterday. Weather very cold again and all frozen in my saddle bags. The regiment can now raise only 150 mounted men and they went

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out on a weeks scout yesterday. Willie is along, I am among the dismounted, having no horse. They have gone after a Col. Meade who commands a party of guerrillas, the citizens say some three or four hundred, but 150 of us are good for 400 of them.

There are all kinds of rumours afloat about the regiment. One that in 20 days the regiment will rejoice, so one of the officers says. Another says that the citizens of Nashville have requested that our regiment be sent to Nashville to assist in restoring civil authority to the State of Tenn. and another that as we are almost all dismounted, and have only six months to serve, that we are to be sent to Pennsylvania to protect the border. So, various are the speculations. . . .

From all accounts we are not likely to remain here longer than two or three weeks. We have drawn new boots and are likely soon to be rigged out again.

I received a letter from Mr. Leland of the 8th inst. which I have answered, directing to Nashville.* These are his words to me. "I shall start in perhaps ten days for Nashville to investigate, and if I can make a good thing of it, shall not forget you, and *will most positively* include you among the winners." So I sincerely hope he may succeed and think he will.

Some confounded dog came last night and stole all our meat some five or six pounds I lifted from a smoke house on our late trip. Tonight if he comes we are going to use our revolvers.

A scouting party of twenty-five got back yesterday, after having been gone five days. They in connection with 150 infantry actually put to the torch one hundred houses, turning out the women and children. This by order of Gen. Wood, commanding the 4th Corps, now at this place. All their meat was burned too, amounting to 25,000 lbs. good hams and shoulders, which could have been brought in. This was done for harboring bushwhackers. Ammunition was found in almost every house. Willie says he would have been dismissed from the service before he would have carried out such orders. Willie and I both very well. Much love to all, only six months more, I call it.

Ever your affectionate son,

Baldwin.

Ball's diary continues:

Sun. 29. Fine day. Moderating a little. A telegraphic despatch for Willie came out to camp day before yesterday. I opened it this morning and it contained an order from Major Hoffman, Asst. Adj. Gen. for Willie and me to report to him at once at Chattanooga. This P.M. I came to town, and as the cars do not go till morning, I fortunately got permission of a Mr. Redman to sleep at his house all night. Took supper with him.

Mon. 30. Got up at 6¼ and just had time to get aboard the train which left at 6½, without any breakfast. Morning cold. Arrived at Stevenson at 11 A.M. Took dinner at the Soldiers Home.

Tues. 31. Moderating somewhat. Stayed at the Soldiers Home last night. Cooked my sowbelly and crackers in the street before I would eat again at the Home. Left Stevenson at 4 P.M. Arrived at Chattanooga at 8 P.M. and put up at the storehouse. Reported to Major Hoffman and found that we were to have a short furlough to Nashville as Mr. Leland wished to see us.

CHASE AFTER GUERRILLAS AND OIL

February 1865

Wednesday, Feb. 1. Obtained a furlough for six days dated today. Engaged getting my pants and jacket altered. Took dinner with Alex Ramsey.

Thursday, 2. Left Chattanooga at 1½ P.M. The regiment not back yet from the scout. After a very rough ride arrived at Nashville at 6.30 P.M. Rained last night.

Friday, 3. Had a great hunt for Mr. Leland. Found traces of him and that's all, and had almost given it up here and was going on to Murfreesboro to try, but as I was writing a letter in the Christian Commission Rooms I accidentally glanced out of the door and who should I see passing, but Leland himself. He immediately turned and took me up to Capt. Paxton's where he is staying. Then I came back to the Sewanee House where I entered my name. Tried to find Wash. Knight's place but failed.

Saturday, 4. Will has not come yet. Found Knight's place today, and he insisted on my moving to his room. Gen. Whipple is going to extend my furlough and Leland and I went twice to the City Hotel but he was not in.

Sunday, 5. Cloudy and cold. Went to church this A.M. Costs 4.00 a day at the hotels here.

Meanwhile Will had returned to Huntsville, received the mysterious orders and had arrived in Chattanooga on February 5th. His diary continues:

Monday, 6. Saw Maj. Hoffman at 1 P.M. and received leave of absence for 6 days to go to Nashville to "meet a friend." That friend could be no other than Mr. Leland, at least so I determined, as I had received a letter from him stating that he was coming out soon to look for oil near Murfreesboro. I saw Maj. Hoffman too late to take the train today, so I took a ride with Capt. Mather to Wauhatchie to stay all night with Reiff. On our way out we stopped at Lloyd's camp.

Tuesday, 7. Rode back to Chattanooga, took dinner with Mather, and started for Nashville at 1.15 P.M. Rode all night. At Murfreesboro met Mr. B. Chandler, rode to Nashville together. Reached Nashville at 6 A.M. At 7 went to the store of A.G. & Co. Took a wash; found Ball and he and I took breakfast together at Basset's. After breakfast went to Capt. Paxton's and saw Mr. Leland. Met Capt. Paxton who is from Philada. and one of Leland's old friends. B. and I room with Sam and Wash Knight near the store. Leland called on us in the afternoon and we arranged matters to start for Murfreesboro in a few days. Saw Mr. Cameron and Mrs. C.

Wednesday, 8. Went with Leland to the State Library with Mr. Kercheral (a lawyer) and secured a geological map of Tenn. by Prof. Safford. Called in the evening on Miss Bell at No. 8 Hospital.

Friday, 10. Got extension of leave for 10 days from Maj. Hoffman (on Gen. Grant's letter) and made arrangement to go to Murfreesboro tomorrow, Mr. Leland, Capt. Paxton, Ball and self.

Saturday, 11. At 2.15 P.M. started for Murfreesboro. Dr. Alexander was on the same train and on the same business! Stopped at Mrs. McFadden's boarding house. Capt. P. and Mr. L. made arrangements with Gen. Van Cleve to get horses and an escort for us tomorrow.

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Sunday, 12. Fine day, cool. At 11 A.M. started. Got an escort of 1 corp. and 6 men from 115 Ohio Vols. at the fortification and took the Wilkinson Pike. At Wilkinson's Cross Roads met Dr. Manson at his house. Went on to the Bolejack road and at *the place* found Dr. A. and a party with an ambulance. Dr. A. told me he had found nothing! And *we* found nothing, not even a trace, and the geological formation was against us, all limestone, no sandstone. Went on to Stewart's Creek, turned back and put up at Dr. Manson's. Spent a pleasant evening. It is fun to see Leland ride.

Monday, 13. In the A.M. visited a cave on the Doctor's place, the entrance to which is very pretty. At 11 A.M. we started to inspect a grindstone Knob on Stewart's Creek. Took dinner at Mrs. Beatty's and had a good time; it is so novel to Mr. Leland. After dinner rode back to Dr. M's and thence to Murfreesboro, reaching the town at dusk. Went to the Depot and waited for the up train.

Tuesday, 14. At 2 A.M. took the train for Nashville and arrived there at 5½ A.M., our search unrewarded! Wrote a letter to Sis describing our trip, on which we enjoyed ourselves very much.

Wednesday, 15. Col. Palmer came down from Louisville today and directs me to go back to Louisville and arrange for getting 400 new horses and 650 Spencer carbines. He will send 3 officers and 200 men up in a few days. Lt. Col. Lamborn is in town and has resigned. He and Col. Palmer called on me in the evening. He and Mr. Leland will go up with me tomorrow and Ball will go to Wauhatchie in a few days. Called at Capt. Paxton's in the evening.

Thursday, 16. Rainy. At 1½ P.M. started with Col. Lamborn and Mr. Leland for Louisville. Took supper at Bowling Green, KY. Had a pleasant ride.

Friday, 17. Arrived in Louisville at 3 A.M.; went to Louisville Hotel, found it crowded and so we had to take cots in the parlor. Got a late breakfast, and at noon we got a room for the party. Before dinner called at Cavalry Bureau and presented a letter of introduction to Capt. Goodenow from Col. Palmer. The Bureau is in no hurry and I cannot get the carbines for several days. Sergt. Wilson came up with me to take charge of the carbines and take them to Wauhatchie when drawn. Spent the evening at the hotel.

Saturday, 18. At 12 M. Col. Lamborn left for home. I was sorry to see him leave, although I did not admire him as a soldier. He took his gray mare and Pompey with him. Called on Mrs. Prettyman in the evening.

Sunday, 19. Rainy yesterday. Pleasant today. In the A.M. we took a walk with Mr. Perch (of J. B. Leight & Co.) to Shippingsport on the canal, and past the Artesian well. After dinner we rode out with Mr. Reamer, Mr. Perch and Dr. Richardson to Cave Hill Cemetery, a very beautiful burying place, and took supper at the "St. Charles."

Monday, 20. In the A.M. met Mr. Cooke (of J. B. Leight & Co.) who is going over into Indiana with Mr. Leland to look for oil lands. Called on General



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Stoneman, with Mr. Leland, and got from him an order to hurry up the carbines; called also on Major Chambliss at Cav'y Bureau. Sent a telegram to Col. Palmer. Our Regt. is to be refitted immediately. Called at Mrs. Prettyman's with Mr. Leland.

Tuesday, 21. Mr. Leland left with Mr. Cooke for Indiana today. Secured the carbines.

Wednesday, 22. Capt. Remont with Lieuts. Weand and Beck and 200 men came up last night.

Thursday, 23. Drew horses yesterday and shipped them to Nashville. Started this A.M. with the men for Nashville by R.R. and arrived in N. at 6 P.M. Put the men in Zollicoffer Barracks. Took supper at Dr. White's and stayed at Knights. Yesterday met MacHaines and Sam Aldridge in Louisville.

Friday, 24. Rainy. Got the horses from the cars, and camped on Mr. Ellison's place on Harding Pike. Remont secured quarters for us of Mrs. Ellison. Spent a very pleasant eve. there. They are very wealthy and refined.

Saturday, 25. Fine day. Moved camp across to some artillery stable.

Sunday, 26. Clear. Went to town in the A.M. Drew some ordnance stores; wrote some letters in the evening. Took supper with Sam Knight, and will stay all night with him.

Monday, 27. Clear. Marched this A.M. for Wauhatchie. Met Mr. Balliot. Camped at Mrs. ———, on Stewart's Creek.

Tuesday, 28. Clear. Marched to Murfreesboro. Camped at Mr. ———'s. Had horse shoes fitted. Little boy and girl danced for us in the evening to banjo music.

March 1865

Wednesday, March 1. Rainy. Marched thro. Beech Grove and we camped at Mr. Steven's. Took supper and spent the evening with Mr. Robertson, with his daughter, a friend of Miss Mary Lusk's; very refined and well educated. (Rebs)

Thursday, 2. Rainy, very heavy. Marched thro. Manchester and camped near Pelham.

Friday, 3. Would have marched to Cowan but could not cross Mud Creek on a/c of high waters. Went up the Mtn. across the Tracy City R.R. and down into Battle Creek. Camped at Mr. Tate's and sent Remont with 1st Batn. across the creek, which was barely fordable.

Saturday, 4. Marched at 9½ A.M. taking a trail up the Mtn. to Sweden's Cove. In crossing the creek to join me Tommy Ginn of Co. A was drowned. Arrived at Bridgeport at 8 P.M. and drew forage from the post. Had to ford Jones' Creek. Sent a telegram to Maj. Betts at Wauhatchie.

Sunday, 5. Cannot cross the Tenn. River on a/c of high waters, the pontoon bridge has been taken up. Called on Col. Felix Prince Salm, comd'g Post. At 11 P.M. rec'd a dispatch from Col. Palmer who is at the head of Sweden's Cove with the Regt, en route from Huntsville to Wauhatchie.

Monday, 6. Clear and pleasant. In camp.

Tuesday, 7. Col. Palmer arrived this afternoon. Gen'l Stoneman arrived this A.M. with a force of about 3,000 cavalry. Floored the R.R. bridge, crossed the River and took cars for Knoxville. The Reg't arrived in the evening via King's Cove, and camped near me.

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Wednesday, 8. Pleasant. In camp. Went to town with Capt. Wagner, who is in command, in the A.M. In the afternoon went in with Garner and two others to Provost Marshall's Office and drank ale.

Thursday, 9. Crossed the R.R. bridge and marched in a heavy rain across Sand Mtn. down at Trenton into Lookout valley, camped at Squirreltown. Met Reiff there with forage.

Friday, 10. Marched to Wauhatchie. Arrived there at 11 A.M. and turned over my horses to Lieut. Johnson, Regt. Qm. Fixed up my shanty and put up my desk. The horses were issued to the companies in the afternoon. Col. Palmer is to command a Brigade in General Stoneman's command, and has been nominated for Brev't Brig. General.

Saturday, 11. In camp. Pleasant day. Hard at work on Ordnance Returns. Sent off one for 3rd Qr. of '64.

Sunday, 12. Pleasant. Wrote to J.K.; and home to Sabe to invest \$150 for me in coal stock.

Monday, 13. Lieut. Taylor arrived today from home, gay as a peacock, with some good segars. Our mess is now living well out of boxes from home.

Tuesday, 14. Col. Palmer arrived today from Knoxville. The following Commissions have been rec'd. Major Betts to be Lieut. Col.; Capts. Wagner and Garner to be majors; Lieuts. Hildebrand, Weand and Schiede to be Capts. of Cos. B. H. & K. (Capt. Sellers, Co. H. has resigned) (Lieut. Weand will not accept because it would allow Sergt. Anderson to be 1st Lt. of Co. M.) and Sergts Ramsey and Conaway to be Lieuts of Co's H. & B. Lieut. Reiff to be Ad'jt. Col. Palmer today appointed to his brigade staff; Capt. McAllister to be A.A.A.G; Dr. Alexander to Brigade Surgeon; Lieut. Johnston to Brigade Q.M.; Lieut. Hinchman to be Brigade Commissary and Lieuts. Taylor and Conaway to be Aides. Some thought I would be A.A.A.G. but I hardly expected it. McAllister is a man of more mature judgment, altho. not acquainted with the routine of the office.

Wednesday, 15. Rainy. Spencer carbines have been issued and our Sharps turned in. Ball went back to his Company yesterday and messes with Ramsey and Neiman. We are pushed very hard to get ready for the campaign. Our wagon train has been turned in and a new pack mule train organized in charge of Sergt. Black of my Company. Rec'd a startling letter from Sis a few days ago in reference to a certain family. Have answered it.

Two months are lacking in Ball's diary, probably one little black leather book has been lost, but a letter to his father gives some idea of what he was doing while waiting for the next campaign.

Chattanooga, Feb'y 21, '65

Dear Father;

Here I am again in old Chattanooga after an absence of six months of wandering over the face of the earth, and up and down in it, having been on the mountain tops and in the caves of the earth.

I suppose you have received Willie's letter giving a humorous description of our unsuccessful search for oil and guerrillas.

We obtained an escort of five men and set out from Murfreesboro and soon were at the locality. The road runs for about three miles through interminable

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cedar thickets. As we were slowly moving along closely examining the ground whom should we run on but Major Alexander, the surgeon of our regiment, with a party of about six men who were engaged in the same search as we. He said that he had looked thoroughly but could not find it. We did not let on that we were on the same errand. I don't see how it is, for we could not be mistaken as so many others noticed it at the same time. One Bates, of our regiment who died at Dr. Manson's, the same house Maj. Ward died in, told Mrs. Manson that he had observed it also.

We stopped at a Mrs. Beatty's, about nine miles from Murfreesboro, and took dinner. She seemed glad to see us and did her best to entertain us, playing the piano and talking. She admitted she was rebellious and that her husband was in Hood's army, and showed us his picture. We had been told before arriving at her house that six rebels with arms passed her house the day before, so we asked her about it. She said, no, they had not (passed) and that she had never seen a guerrilla. She said the young men frequently went into the woods to shoot game, and that many we thought guerrillas were not. We told her any we caught in the woods with guns would be imprisoned as bushwhackers.

Mr. Leland entertained them by singing some German songs accompanied by the piano. We enjoyed the whole trip hugely. After we left the house we asked the men if they had got any information from the niggers. They said that they told them that Mrs. Beatty's husband was the leader of a gang and that they had all taken supper there the night before. So you see how completely we were taken in by a Rebel woman. After we left we recollected having seen a *boot jack* in the room, an article of furniture a lady has little use for.

We visited the spot where we had the fight in which Ward and Rosengarten were killed. We could see the marks of the fight still on the trees and the bones of the horses killed. I was surprised that we were so near Murfreesboro at that time, being only $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the town. The marks of Forrest's attack on the town are now added to those of the old Stone River battle.

Leland did not appear to be any disappointed and said that if he was successful in Kentucky or anywhere else that we should still have an interest in it. I had laid the most glorious plans for the future, when I should be worth a million or so, which would have been no idle dream, if we had found oil. I was going to buy the best country place in the United States and put you all on it; wouldn't it have been grand? The disappointment does not go at all hard, however, and we still survive.

Will left Nashville the 15th inst. for Louisville, the Colonel sending him there to draw four hundred horses and six hundred and fifty Spencer carbines which can be discharged seven times without reloading, so you see we're not to remain idle this summer; there's no rest for the 15th Pa. I have fortunately got rid of the job of bringing horses from Nashville, and shall go out to camp at Wauhatchie soon.

I heard the Colonel tell Will to get the horses down in as good condition as possible as we were going on an important expedition, probably with Gen. Thomas to Montgomery and Mobile. I heard last night 1500 infantry were to be mounted beside the cavalry and some artillery. It may be, however, that we are to go some other way, maybe to East Tenn. to anticipate Lee's evacuation of Richmond.

COLUMN SOUTH

Sam and Wash Knight think now of getting another steam engine of more power and sawing boards and planks. They would soon make a fortune at that. Any amount of men are making their thousands at Nashville and elsewhere.

Many are going into cotton raising this summer, leasing the cotton farms around Murfreesboro and Huntsville. It is risky business unless you can get close to town as the guerrillas are so numerous. Most all of the officers of regiments mustered out here remain here and go into business of some kind.

Mr. Chandler left Nashville the other day on the train for Athens, Ala. They were run off the track and at the same time attacked by Guerrillas, who were beaten off by the train guards, not however till the guards had one man killed. Mr. Chandler had about \$15,000 with him at the time. If they had captured the train Chandler would have lost all his spondulics. He was going down to purchase cotton.

Money could be made here this summer raising potatoes alone. The bottom lands here are rich and large crops could be easily raised, no manure needed. It is never used in this country, and the land can be cheaply rented, say \$5.00 per acre for one year. Fifty acres, two hundred bushels to the acre. A very reasonable crop would be 10,000 bu. at \$2.00 per bu.; would be \$20,000. The expenses would be less than \$5,000. Mr. Cameron will get \$50,000 or more from the Government for his hill here.

The ground hog came out of his hole one day this month and returned without seeing his shadow, a sure sign of the near approach of spring weather. We have had fine spring weather for the the last few days. No more winter weather in the army. Alex. Ramsey I left at Nashville on his way with the 200 men to Louisville for horses. A sicker man of soldiering you never saw. If you see Ned Patteson give him my regards.

With much love to all, I remain ever

Your affectionate son

BALDWIN.

Feb'y 22.

I most forgot to say that I got one of the boxes you sent yesterday. They have been lying in the Express Office here for some time and we have had no chance till now of getting it. One of the boxes, the small one I believe, cannot be found. They have it down in the books at the Express Office as arriving here, but it is missing. I should think they would be responsible for it.

The box I have got has been knocked about in the most awful manner. Half the cans of peaches have been broken, and the liquor has run out over everything. The towel and book sent Willie are pretty badly soaked, and the peaches fermented and some of them rotten. The milk is very thin and has a very dark appearance and the boys are afraid to eat it.

Charles Leland, in his "Memoirs" describes the search for oil, and Ball and Will must have stuffed him full of something besides food!

"Through General Whipple's kind aid the brothers Colton were at once brought up from the front. With them and Captain Paxton we went to Murfreesboro, and at once called on the general in command, whose name I have forgotten. He struck me as a grim, brave old commander, every inch a soldier. While we conversed with him a sergeant entered, a man who looked as if he lived in the

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saddle, and briefly reported that a gang of guerrillas were assembled at a certain place some miles away—I forget how far, but the distance was traversed in an incredibly short time. The general issued orders for a hundred cavalry to go at once and ‘get’ them. They ‘got’ them, killing many, and the next morning, on looking from my window, I saw the victors ride into the courtyard, many of them with their captives tied neck and heels, like bags of corn, over the cruppers of the horses. A nice night’s ride they must have had. But the choice was between death and being cruppered, and they preferred the latter to coming a cropper. Strange that the less a man has to live for the more he clings to life.

“The general thought that if he gave us a corporal and four men, and if we were well armed, that we *might* go out on the Bole Jack road and return unharmed, ‘unless we met with any of the great gangs of bushwhackers.’ But he evidently thought, as did General Whipple, who did not heed a trifle by any means, that we were going into the lion’s jaws. So the next morning, *equo iter ingredi*, I rode forth. I had some time before been appointed aide-de-camp to Governor Pollock, of Pennsylvania, with the rank of colonel, and had now two captains and a corporal with his guard. It was a rather small regiment.

“We heard grim stories that morning as to what had taken place all around us within almost a few hours. Three Federal pickets had been treacherously shot while on guard the night before; the troops had surprised a gang of bushwhackers holding a ball, and firing through the windows, dropped ten of them dead while dancing; two men had been murdered by —— and his gang. This was a noted guerilla, who was said to have gone south with the Confederate army, but who was more generally believed to have remained in hiding, and to have committed most of the worst outrages and murders of late. . . .

“Once there was an alarm of ‘bushwhackers’. I should have forgotten it but for the memory of the look of Baldwin Colton’s eyes, the delighted earnestness of a man or of a wild creature going to fight. He and his brother had hunted and fought guerillas a hundred times, perhaps much oftener, for it was a regular daily service at the front. Once during a retreat, Baldwin (eighteen or nineteen years of age) fell out of rank so often to engage in hand-to-hand sword conflicts with rebel cavalymen, that his brother detached four to take him prisoner and keep him safe. Daring spirits among our soldiers often became very fond of this kind of duelling, in which the rebs were not a whit behind them, and two of the infantry on either side would, under cover of the bushes, aim and pop away at one another perhaps for hours, like two red Indians. . . . Baldwin Colton himself had been so knocked about during the war, and so starved as a prisoner in Southern hands, that he looked back on a sojourn in that *ergastulum*, Libby Prison, as rather an oasis in his sad experiences. ‘It wasn’t so bad a place as some, and there was good company, and always *something to eat*.’ The optimist of *Candide* was a Mallock in mourning compared to this. . . .

“The place where the oil had been seen was near a conical rocky hill called Grindstone Knob. We examined carefully and found no trace of it. The geology of the country was unfavorable, much flint and conglomerate, if I remember, and wanting in the signs of coal, shales, etc., and faults or ravines. I may be quite wrong, but such was my opinion. No one who lived thereabout had ever heard of ‘ile.’

COLUMN SOUTH

Once I asked a rustic if any kind of oil was found in the neighborhood in springs. His reply was, 'What! *ile* come up outer the ground like water! H——! I never heard of sitch a thing.' *There was no oil.*

"At the foot of Grindstone Knob was a rather neat, small house, white, with green blinds. We were somewhat astonished to learn from a negro boy, who spoke the most astonishingly bad English, that this was the home of Mas'—(Beatty). Yes, this was the den of the wolf himself, and I had no doubt that he was not far off. There was a small cotton plantation round about.

"We entered, and were received by a good-looking, not unladylike, but rather fierce-eyed young woman and her younger sister. It was Mrs. (Beatty). The two had been to a lady's seminary in Nashville, and played the piano for us. I felt that we were in a strange situation, and now and then walked to the window and looked out, listening all the time suspiciously to every sound. It was easy enough for Mrs. ——, the brigand's wife, to perceive from my untanned complexion that I had not been in the field, and was manifestly no soldier. 'You look like an officer,' she said to Captain Colton, 'and so does *that* one, but what is *he*?' meaning me by this last. We had dinner—roast kid—and when we departed I gave the dame five dollars, having the feeling that I could not be indebted to thieves for a dinner.

"We had gone but a little distance when we saw two bushwhackers with guns, and gave chase, but they disappeared in the bushes, much to the grief of our men, who would have liked either to shoot them or to bring them in. Then the corporal told us that while we were at dinner ——'s 'faithful blacks' had informed his men that 'Mas' had been at home ever since 'Crismas'; and that at eleven o'clock every night they assembled at the house and thence went out marauding and murdering.

"I paused, astonished and angry. It was almost certain that the bushwhacker had been during dinner probably in the cellar under our feet. The guerillas had great fear of our regular soldiers; two of the latter were a match at any time for half-a-dozen of the former, as was proved continually. Should I go back and hang —— up over his door? I was dying to do it, but we had before us a very long ride through the Cedar Barrens, the sun was sinking in the west, and we had heard news which made it extremely likely that a large band of guerillas would be in the way. . . ."

A letter from "Sis" to Ball, in answer to his of February 22d follows:

Well, my dear brother, here comes another of the yellow envelopes with the Eagle and the arrows and the shield that always come from home. Two of them lie on the table beside me directed to you and Willie and preparation being so far complete, here goes. Orrie, just now turning around from his book says, "As usual, Sis, as usual writing letters every Sunday night to the boys," and so it is, and so I hope it will be until the middle of next August, a little more than five months from now, when I expect to cease sending epistles of all sizes, lengths and qualities to the sunny south. Hurrah! I dreamed the other night that you both were home and that I, reflecting that you must go away again, began to boo-hoo at the thought of another awful parting, whereat I awoke and finding it was all a vision and that you were still far away, (not in a "happy land" though) with the famous inconsistency of the female sex, I continued on with my tears till sleep again soothed my

CHASE AFTER GUERRILLAS AND OIL

woes. What do you think? Your prophecy has certainly proved correct. Gus Cummings after appearing in church several Sundays in his uniform with an old shabby pair of shoulder straps on, to intimate to beholders that he had been an officer from the beginning of this inhuman contest, sir, this morning came in in all the glory of citizen's clothes, shining with newness and evidently intending to adopt that style for the future. Ugh! isn't he ugly and pompous and aren't they a lovely tribe?

There was a young farmer named Gus,
Who got himself into a muss,
Till at last Uncle Sam
Who is not fond of lamb

Granted him a commission, accepted his resignation and saw him safely out of the fuss.

On Friday evening we had a call from Theodore Burtis, who had his wife at the Continental, and the next day I went down to call upon the lady. I was rather disappointed in her, she looks as old as he does, which is a great pity, I think. He is 27 and ought to have a wife at least 3 or 4 years younger, it seems to me. She looks sallow and seems quiet and talks through her nose, but I hope she will make him a good wife. There's no accounting for tastes. But then I only saw her a little while and she may be very lovely and younger than she looks. Theodore has improved greatly and is a very handsome fellow. I was very glad to see him. He inquired after you both and sent his regards. Apropos of regards I had a letter from the general on Friday who says, "Mind and give my love to the boys!" He then hailed from Cincinnati, but was not yet coming home. I expect he is exploring Kentucky with Mr. Lea, who is out there now, but don't know about it yet. He seems quite hopeful and may make something by his voyage yet. He says it was worth a thousand dollars to him to see his "pets", you and Willie, out in that desolate Southwest, but I guess you'd rather have had the chink, wouldn't you? He does think so much of my two brothers (queer too, isn't it!!!) and talks so much of you in his letters, Mother is quite ready to eat him up when she reads them.

We expect two visitors this week, Auntie and Jule. Auntie will be like a whirlwind rushing about this house, you know her way. I am quite curious to see what she looks like after 6 years residence among the sand men and mosquitoes. Sure!! Jule seems to be having a dashing time. I believe I sent Willie her last letter, so I'll enclose this week's to you, to keep you posted with regard to her proceedings. She is coming, I believe, on Friday or Saturday next and will stay two weeks. Don't I wish you were to be here for the same space of time.

You'd laugh to see Orrie, who has a stomach-ache and is in consequence indulging in a cup of ginger tea. Instead of drinking it, he sips it with a tea-spoon and smacks his lips as if it were cream nectar. Do you remember that foamy beverage! Oh for those happy times when we were boys together!

We received your long letter from Chattanooga, last Monday, Feb. 27th. I cannot tell you how sincerely we lament the loss of that magnificent country place. I am truly very sorry that you were disappointed for I thought *maybe* a streak of good luck was going to shine upon the younger scions of the C. family. However, maybe it is yet to come. Hope on, hope ever, care killed a cat. All's well that ends well.

COLUMN SOUTH

Mother has been quite sick, during the past week; had to have the doctor. It was another attack of congestion of the lung, but she is up now and much better. Still she looks very thin and pale. I am just getting better of my cold which threatened to become pneumonia at one time last week, but I took care of it and the oppression passed off. I believe that is the sum total of our ailments.

The lovely people next door are singing. The music is as melodious as a concert of felines, in fact very suggestive of one. Tomorrow we look out for a letter. With love from all, mother especially, I am yours with lots of kisses and good hugs,
Sis.

On March 5th the regiment left Masten's plantation, just outside of Huntsville, and marched to their old camp at Wauhatchie, where they arrived on March 10th, having met Will and his outfit on the way.

So once more the Regiment and the two brothers were together.

Beginning Of The End

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH PENNA. CAVALRY,
March 15th, 1865.

"CIRCULAR ORDER.

"Two pack mules for each company will be the only transportation allowed for the coming campaign. One of these will be used for carrying ammunition, the other for use of officers' mess and carrying such cooking utensils as are absolutely required for the company. Officers will only take such baggage as they can carry on their horses. The men will be required to carry sixty-three rounds of ammunition in all, two horseshoes and the necessary nails. No baggage will be carried by the men other than that allowed on a summer campaign, except overcoats, which may be taken if desired. Every man must be taken along, fully armed and equipped. Where companies are short of horses, they must get from companies having a surplus. Arms and equipment for men absent on furlough will be left by company commanders with Corporal Isaac C. Davis, at regimental storehouse, who will issue them to them on their return.

"First Lieutenant Chas. E. Beck will be left at Chattanooga to superintend the proper storing of regimental property and to bring on to the regiment such men as may return from furlough within a period designated by the Colonel commanding.

Chas. M. Betts,
Major Fifteenth Cavalry."*

On March 16th the Regiment, under the command of Lt. Col. Betts, moved to Knoxville to join Palmer, now Brevet-General in command of a brigade composed of the 15th Penna. Cavalry, 10th Michigan, and 12th Ohio cavalries.

"Early in February, General Thomas ascertained from various sources that a remnant of General Hood's army, under Generals Cheatham and S. D. Lee, were on their way from Mississippi to South Carolina, to reinforce the army opposing General Sherman, and that other fragments of the Confederate Army of the Tennessee—a skeleton corps—under General Richard Taylor, and seven thousand cavalry, under General Forrest, remained in Mississippi, with headquarters at Meridian.

"February 6th, General Grant directed that General Stoneman should be sent on an expedition to penetrate North Carolina and well down toward Columbia, South Carolina, to destroy the enemy's railroads and military resources which were out of the reach of General Sherman; and on the 13th, General Grant directed General Thomas to prepare a cavalry expedition to penetrate Northern Alabama and co-operate with General Canby in his movement against Mobile. Preparations for both expeditions were completed about the same time, and on the 22d of March Generals Stoneman and Wilson moved as respectively directed."*

Will's diary starts with

COLUMN SOUTH

Thursday, 16. Baggage and surplus stores were packed yesterday to be stored in Chattanooga. At 1 P.M. we commenced loading our horses and men on the cars to be transported to Knoxville. Started at 8½ P.M. Reached Cleveland at daylight of

Friday, 17 and are moving along very slowly. The officers of the 1st and 2d battalions are in a box car and having a good time. Fed our horses at Sweetwater and cheered General Thomas as he passed in a special train. We have passed through a beautiful country.

Saturday, 18. Arrived at Knoxville at daylight. Got breakfast at the Franklin Hotel. Unloaded our horses at 9 A.M. and fed them in an orchard near the pike. At 12 M Colonel Palmer arrived with the balance of the command and we all marched north a mile and a half and went into camp at 3 P.M. I went on duty as O.D.

Sunday, 19. Clear and pleasant. Was relieved as O.D. at 9 A.M. by Capt. Hildebrand. In camp all day. Called at Brigade Headquarters in the evening.

Monday, 20. Clear and pleasant. Went into town in the A.M. Wm. Murphy of W. C. Murphy & Co. cashed a draft of \$50. for me on Cameron, Grier & Co. Bought a few things and returned to camp. In the afternoon we had an inspection, mounted, and drill by battalions.

Tuesday, 21. Rainy. Marched at 9 A.M. In going through town we were reviewed by Maj. General Stoneman. Camped near Strawberry Plains. Had a severe hail storm in the evening.

Wednesday, 22. Clear. Marched to Mossey Creek and camped at 2 P.M. Visited the grave of Lieut. Lingle. (His old company sodded and planted flowers on his grave.) Judge Peck lives here. He owns a large mineral land containing tin, zinc, etc. in Emmets Cove and Smoky Mtns.

"The cavalry division in East Tennessee, commanded by Brigadier-General A. C. Gillem, comprised three brigades, under the respective command of Colonel Palmer, Brigadier-General Brown, and Colonel Miller. It was concentrated at Mossy Creek on the 22d of March, in readiness for movement into North Carolina under the personal direction of General Stoneman. It was known at this time that General Sherman had captured Columbia, South Carolina, and was moving into North Carolina. Rumors were current that General Lee's army would evacuate Richmond and Petersburg, and might force a passage through Lynchburg to Knoxville. To guard against such a contingency, General Stoneman was directed to move toward Lynchburg, to destroy the railroad and resources of that region, and then sweep through Western North Carolina with the same destructive intent; and the Fourth Corps was ordered by General Thomas to advance from Huntsville as far into East Tennessee as it could supply itself, to repair the railroad as it advanced, and form at last with General Tillson's division of infantry, a strong support to General Stoneman, should he meet the enemy in such force as to drive him back.

"On the 24th, General Stoneman moved to Morristown, and there detached the Third brigade, Colonel Miller commanding, to make a detour from Bull's Gap, to reach the railroad between Jonesboro and Carter's Station, in the rear of a force reported to be in the vicinity of the former place. The other two bri-

BEGINNING OF THE END

gades advanced directly forward, and encamped on the night of the 25th ten miles west of Jonesboro. Here all incumbrances were left, save one ambulance, one wagon, and four guns with their caissons."*

Will's diary continues with additional descriptions made by Capt. Weand of Ball's Company, the latter with quotes.

Thursday, 23. Clear and very windy. Marched to Morristown passing through New Market, where we learned that Schofield had formed a junction with Sherman, and that Jeff Davis had resigned. (False rumor.) Camped at 3 P.M. Four horse shoes and nails issued to each man. Called on Col. Palmer in the evening and had a conversation about minerals etc.

"In Morristown we had a cordial, hearty welcome from the loyal citizens. These people came from all the surrounding country to see us, and while perched on their rail fences greeted us with smiles and many ludicrous expressions. At this place four horse-shoes and nails were issued to each man, which has a smack of a hard campaign in it."

Friday, 24. Clear and pleasant. Marched at 9 A.M., each man carrying 5 days rations, 150 rds. of ammunition and four horse shoes. Marched near Buffalo Creek and camped at 5 P.M.

Saturday, 25. Marched at 7 A.M. Camped near Bratsin's Mills. The advance struck 50 or 60 rebels here, and my Co. was on picket duty one hour.

"Met the first rebel force to-day, consisting of about sixty men of General Vaughan's command. Company E of our Regiment had the advance, and charged with such spirit that they were driven off, leaving four prisoners in our hands. No serious loss on our side, except that Sergeant McNair's horse was shot and gave him an ugly tumble in a ditch."

Sunday, 26. Marched at 7½ A.M. Passed thro. Jonesboro, left Johnson's Station to the left, went up Doe River Cove and camped near the Watauga River at 11 P.M. Made a hard day's march. (Here Miller's brigade joined them, having found the force he had expected to meet had fled the previous night.)

Monday, 27. Clear and warm. At 8½ A.M. I started with 100 men from the 1st Batn. under orders from Col. Palmer to go on over Stone Mtn., into N 6, pass through Valley Couza and take and occupy a gap in the Blue Ridge till the column came up. He directed me to feed at the first opportunity. I went on some 15 miles and fed at the mouth of Roan's Creek on Watauga River. At 1.15 as I was moving the column out, Maj. General Stoneman came up, inquired for me and asked me what my orders were. I told him. He then said, "Were you ordered to feed?" I told him I was. "Well, sir," said he "either you have disobeyed your orders or my orders were misconveyed to you. You can halt here and report to Colonel Palmer." It was cutting, but what could I say! A few minutes after, he sent for me to go up Roan's Creek 5 miles and wait till relieved. Marched up and took post at Mr. Grindstaff's. Had a false alarm.

Captain Weand marched with the regiment this day and his description of the night march up Stone Mountain follows.

"Moved early to find something for our horses to eat, and found a short feed for them on the south bank of the Watauga River. Marched eighteen miles, and bivouacked on the mountain pass near the top of Stone Mountain at 4 A.M., on the 28th. Our march this night was one that those who participated in will never

COLUMN SOUTH

forget. The road at times ran close to dangerous precipices, over which occasionally a horse or mule would fall, and in like manner we lost one of the artillery caissons, but no man was hurt. Many loyal citizens built fires along the road and at dangerous places, and also at difficult fords over the mountain streams. Looking back as we toiled up the mountain, the scene was grand and imposing as the march of the column was shown by the trail of fire along the road. Occasionally an old pine tree would take fire and blaze up almost instantaneously, looking like a column of fire. It was an impromptu illumination, and the sight of it repaid us for the toilsome night march."

Tuesday, 28. Relieved by a major of the 8th Tenn. Cav'y and at daylight marched to join the command. Till 11 A.M. marched in rear of the Tenn. Brigade, up the Mtn, then filed past them. Passed the Tenn. line and entered North Carolina, striking granite rocks. Overtook the Regt. at 3 P.M. feeding. Reported to Col. Palmer who took the matter up with Gen. Stoneman. At 5 P.M. marched to New River and camped, my squadron separate at a house.

"After a rest of four hours, we started at 8 A.M. and marched until 1 P.M., when we halted at Sugar Grove, N.C., and after an hour's rest went on to Boone. Here the rebel Home Guards foolishly tried to stop our march, but the advance brigade went at them at once, and killed six, wounded three and captured fifty-six, while our only casualty was one man wounded. We continued our march through the valley and across the Blue Ridge, which is not so difficult to ascend or descend as the Great Smoky range."

Wednesday, 29. Marched at 7 A.M. Passed through Flat Gap of Blue Ridge and entered the valley of the Yadkin. Passed some beautiful marbles. The country is very piney. Camped in a plowed field at 11 P.M. after crossing the Yadkin twice. Very heavy rain.

"Started at 8.30 A.M. and marched over a good mountain road, coming down to the Yadkin River, which we forded twice to secure forage, the last time when it was raining hard and so dark that the horse in front could not be seen, and many an unfortunate one got a thorough soaking in the river when his horse stumbled over the rocks. Got as far as Wilkesboro, and went into camp at a fine plantation, which gave us an abundance of forage for both horse and man."

Thursday, 30. Heavy rain till 10 A.M. Marched down the north side of the river and camped at Mr. ———, after crossing Reddies River. Went on duty as Brigade officer of the Day. Very busy with my pickets which were fired on.

"Rained hard all night long and everything was wet through when we moved, early in the morning, down the stream four miles to a point opposite Wilkesboro, crossing Reddies River. The water rose so rapidly that the balance of the command could not cross, and we were on this side alone, but in no danger, unless the enemy should come at us in boats."

Howard A. Buzby of Company E had been ordered to remain on the other side of the river until Generals Stoneman and Gillem with the other two brigades should arrive. He relates what happened when they *did arrive!*

"Generals Stoneman and Gillem, at the head of their troops, are coming, and after saluting, I told Stoneman I had been left and why, and so down to the river we went. I saw at once that the river had risen a foot or more and was running

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wild. 'How long has it been since they crossed?' Stoneman asked. 'Easily an hour and a half,' I replied. Swearing does not look well in print, nor sound well in talking, so what he said you will not know.

"I would have tried had he let me, for I knew 'Camelback' could swim it, but he ordered one of his staff, on a fine, big strong horse, to try it. He was hardly in, however, before his horse began to flounder about. Stoneman swore at him to come out, that he would drown the horse. It may seem strange to you, but some cavalry officers would as soon lose a man as a horse. I thought both man and horse would be drowned, but after some trouble they got out. I also thought that Gillem's last day had come. In fact, I thought everybody around Stoneman would be killed. He fairly roared like a lion, and in his roaring would say, 'Palmer on one side of the river with those Pennsylvania boys and me on this side! Gillem I am going to see what you have.' So we drew back from the road and Gillem's troops passed in review before us.

"Of all the reviews that were ever seen this one beat them all. The very heavens had opened their floodgates, and the water was coming down in sheets, which accounted somewhat for the appearance of the troops on the outside, and several whisky stills, which had been struck back of the Ridge, accounted for their appearance on all sides. The number of 'wounded' was startling, and a good many were 'dead', for corn whisky is fearful stuff. With the rain coming down in torrents and mud knee-deep, and the stuff warm in the stills, our brave allies were driven to drink. Stoneman blamed the officers for this, and was calling them down. . . .

"All the carriages and omnibuses along the route had been confiscated. There was a carriage of the George Washington kind, filled with soldiers, their big boots sticking out in all directions. Here was the stage coach, which in times of peace had run between Rutherfordton and the Blue Ridge, filled to its capacity, with some on top. If my memory serves me right, this caravan of carriages and buses reached a mile or more. All the different kinds of carriages were there. General Stoneman was a powerfully built man, standing six feet four, with a face that showed the marks of long and hard service in the field. He would stop the parade occasionally and make a general reduction of Captains and Lieutenants. But when the 'wounded' came along in the carriages he said something like this: 'By—— if — I — I'll — you to —— where in —— this beats —— they ought —— to be —— be killed —— if I don't ——.' "



Friday, 31. Clear and pleasant. Marched 12 miles down the river. Camped at 2 P.M. The 2d and 3d brigades are on the other side of the river marching down.

April 1865

Saturday, April 1. All Fool's Day. Morton sent me to report to Colonel Betts. Fooled. Marched at 10 A.M. Camped at Elkin's Factory at 2 P.M. General Stoneman is at Jonesville opposite. An ample issue of commissary stores was made here, including honey, butter and chestnuts!

COLUMN SOUTH

"Marched through extensive pine forests to-day, where few inhabitants were found. About 4 P.M. we reached the village of Elkin,* where we found a large cotton factory, in which sixty girls are employed. All of them welcomed the Yankees. We did not molest the mill, which was a fine one, but connected with it was a storehouse filled with supplies of flour, meat, butter, honey, molasses, tobacco and chestnuts, all of which was a perfect Godsend to us. We miss our 'hard-tack' very much, now that it is all gone. In place of it flour and cornmeal are issued, which usually is mixed with water and fried, but if we stop long enough the colored women bake it for us, and how good it tastes!"

Sunday, 2. Visited the cotton mill, with Mr. Clark, supt., and called at Brigade Hd. Qrs. Marched at 12 M. Reached Mt. Airey at 9 P.M. Camped ten miles from town at 11 P.M. Mather took out 60 men in pursuit of a wagon train.

Monday, 3. Clear. Marched at 5 A.M. Passed through a ridgy country. Crossed the Blue Ridge and fed near Hillsville. Rested 4 hours and marched at 7 P.M. Mather failed to capture the train and Phillips took his Company on and captured and burned it. Marched till 2 A.M. and went into camp in a drenching rain.

"Started on time with our Regiment in the advance. It was learned that a rebel train was in our front, going to Bristol. Lieutenant Phillips with his companies G and E was sent after it, and captured the twenty-two wagons which composed the train, and destroyed them. On arriving near Hillsville, Va., a few Home Guards made some resistance, but soon let up when they found we wanted to get into the town. Here we found supplies of flour, butter, etc., and all the men were supplied with tobacco. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when we went into camp."

Tuesday, 4. Marched through Jacksonville and fed 6 miles beyond on the Christianburg road and got some sleep. At 4 A.M. the 1st battalion and Companies E & M saddled up to go on a raid with Major Wagner. Marched at 5½ P.M. Took the road over Bent Mtn. towards Salem on the railroad. Rainy all night. Went up the Mtn. Marched till 2 A.M. of the 5th.

"Off again at daylight, and at noon entered the pretty village of Jacksonville, where we were met by two citizens, a lawyer and a doctor, who, in regulation style and with the aid of a large white flag, surrendered the town to us. It was not necessary for them to have done this. It looked to us ridiculous, as just now anything we wanted we took. But these people have been so deluded by their papers that they are under the impression that to burn houses and rob them of all we can carry off is our mission here, and they are relieved when they find the mistake.

"There had been assigned to the brigade a young telegraph operator, John J. Wickman, who, when opportunity offered, rendered valuable assistance. Before reaching Christianburg we had learned that the office of the telegraph company, was in a freight car at the farther end of the town, and before the Regiment reached that place, Lieutenant Hinchman, with a small detachment with Wickham, was sent to capture it, and learn what he could of the movements of the rebels from the dispatches he could gather in. Making their way round the town in the evening they reached the car without discovery, and captured the operator at his instrument. Wickham began calling 'Lynchburg' but recalling the fact that the operator there would know a stranger was telegraphing, forced the Christianburg operator to send the messages. He asked if they had any news of the Yankees, and kept up the con-

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versation for some time, until a pointed question by Wickham, about the rebel forces, aroused the suspicion of the Lynchburg man, who said, 'I believe I'm talking to the Yankees now.' Wickham then took the key and told him truthfully who he was, and at that the Lynchburg man let out with all the 'cuss' words he was able to recall, and even these could not express his feelings at having given any information that could give aid and comfort to the enemy, and especially was his blasphemy heaped on the poor operator who had been forced to send the messages. But here Wickham stopped him, and wired back that he should not blame him, as a fellow with a pistol at his head is apt to say just what the fellow who holds the pistol wants him to say. That ended the telegraphing, but the operator at Christianburg thanked Wickham for the message he sent, as it would put him right with his associates in the rebel service."

Wednesday, 5. Halted till daylight and then posted on. Went down the Mtn. into Back Creek. Captured two or three rebs and some horses. Fed at 10 A.M. My company on rear guard. Marched on and at 2 P.M. Capt. Hildebrand with Co. B. received a flag of truce surrendering the town of Salem. I remained on post 3 miles from town, till 3 P.M., then marched on, went into town, sent my Co. on to join the column on the road to Big Lick and remained in town with my rear guard till 5½ o'clock, took dinner with Capts. Hildebrand and Lloyd at the Salem Hotel. Met Dr. Terrill. After dinner we started to join the column; found that it had fed and marching on had captured a wagon train of 8 wagons laden with hay. I stopped with my Company to burn it. Overtook the column again at Big Lick Bridge at 9 P.M. Major Wagner burned the bridge. Then moved on; burned a car loaded with commissary stores at the station and at 2 A.M. camped at Mr. Buford's, near the Peaks of Otter. During the night we passed through a flat gap in the Blue Ridge. Took breakfast with Mr. Buford.

"Mr. Buford had relatives, Colonels and Generals, in both Northern and Southern armies, and treated us courteously. Before breakfasting with him he took several of the officers into his yard, where there was a great slab of granite, on the side of which was inscribed 'Peaks of Otter,' and on the upper surface were two depressions used as basins. We washed in these, so we could say we had bathed our faces on the 'Peaks of Otter.' This granite slab had been intended a few years before as Virginia's contribution to the Washington monument, but had been broken in bringing it down from the peaks."

Thursday, 6. Marched at 7 A.M. passing through a beautiful country. Last night it rained hard. Clear today. At 2½ P.M. the town of Liberty was surrendered to us by flag of truce. I was detailed by Major Wagner as Provost Marshall and ordered to parole the sick in Hospitals there, (some 100 in all). Met the rebel surgeons, very pleasant gentlemen; Drs. Blackford, Moore, Seldon, Friarson and Board. At 4 o'clock finished and went on to overtake the command which I did at Little Otter Creek on the Lynchburg Turn Pike. Left the pike and took a left hand road which ran over to the bridge over Big Otter Creek. Capt. Lloyd remained there with 3 companies and Maj. Wagner took the balance back to Little Otter Creek Bridge. Both were destroyed. We then returned to Lloyd's camp and went into camp at 1 A.M. of

Friday, 7. In camp all day. Had a good rest. Scouting parties bring in word that there is some 1500 troops in Lynchburg. Maj. Wagner held a council of war

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and it was decided not to attack the town. A scouting party from Liberty reported that Stoneman was not advancing* so at 11 P.M. we marched on Lynchburg. Passed Forrest Station and at daybreak of April 8th drove in their cavalry pickets on the Forrest road. One man, King of Co. D was killed accidentally. Took the cross road to the turnpike; fed at Clays Mill with Mr. Dowdy; buried King; moved on to the Pike, turned south; sent a scouting party to within 3 miles of Lynchburg and our column struck 40 rebs returning to town, 7 miles out. Had a brisk little skirmish; drove them to the woods and moved on. Corporal Curren, Co. B., was wounded in the breast. Passed thro. New London, took the Rocky Mount road; crossed Goose Creek and camped at Mr. Johnson's, 32 miles from Lynchburg at the junction of the Salem road. Took supper with Mr. Johnson and spent the evening at his house. Had some singing with two of his daughters. To bed at 11 P.M.

(Corp. Curren was left at a citizen's house, as they had no ambulance with them.)

Sunday, 9. Marched at 7½ A.M. Crossed Goose Creek; took the Rocky Mount road and were followed by 5 rebs who annoyed us a great deal. We finally drove them off by wounding one of them. We are on the direct Danville road and do not know where our forces are. Hear a rumor that they passed through Rocky Mount, Franklin County on Friday on the road to Henry Court House. Crossed the Staunton River by bridge and camped 7 miles from Rocky Mt. I was on duty as O.D. We occupied an empty building for Hd. Qrs.

Apparently, no one in Will's outfit had yet learned of the fall of Richmond. It was on Sunday morning, April 2d, that Richmond first heard that General Lee's lines had been broken below Petersburg and that he was in full retreat toward Danville.

At once a great exodus commenced; the Government by 8 P.M. had removed the archives and had left the city for Danville, Va. By night many fires had started, either by incendiaries or by bombs from the arsenal which had been fired to prevent its use by the Union army. "Some seven hundred houses, from Main St. to the canal, comprising the most valuable stores and the best business establishments, were consumed."* Mobs forced open the commissary depot and a struggle for the countless barrels of hams, bacon, flour, sugar, whiskey, etc. followed until the flames reached the depot itself.

At 9 A.M. of the 3d of April the Union forces under General Weitzel entered and soon put out the fires and restored order.

On April 9th General Robert E. Lee surrendered his Army of Northern Virginia to U. S. Grant at Appomattox Court House! The Confederate Government was then removed to Greensboro, N.C.

"The movement of Major Wagner's battalion around Lynchburg was of much greater importance than we had at that time any idea of, as it was a factor in bringing about the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on April 9th, at Appomattox, less than 20 miles off. When General Lee was forced out of Petersburg and Richmond, it was his intention to move south, by way of Danville, join General Johnston's army and overwhelm that of General Sherman. But the rapid movements of Sheridan's cavalry and the advance of our infantry forces headed him off from Danville, leaving the Lynchburg route the only one open to him.

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There had been rumors that General Thomas was to move through East Tennessee and Virginia, and the report of Major Wagner's force at Lynchburg gave great concern to the Confederate Commander, as it looked like the advance of the Army of the Cumberland. Lee was then at Amelia Court House, and waited twenty-four hours to find out the situation at Lynchburg. It was a fatal wait for him. The old tactics of following up the enemy had been superseded by that of heading him off, and the twenty-four hours which Lee lost gave Sheridan's troopers and Ord's Infantry time to get in his front at Appomattox."*

Another version of the raid towards Lynchburg is given by George Neil of Co. D.

"On the fourth of April, 1865, the First battalion of the 'Fifteenth', and details from the Second, in all about two hundred and thirty men, under the command of Major Wm. Wagner, left the Regiment at Christiansburg, Va., on a rapid march for the neighborhood of Lynchburg, to do what damage we could to the Southern Confederacy by making a demonstration on that place.

"Just at this time General Grant had broken up the rebel lines around Richmond and Petersburg and was pushing Lee's army to that last ditch. Our force, approaching from the opposite direction, created some consternation and confusion in the rebel lines, which was the main object obtained. . . .

"Our commanding General had little doubt of Wagner being able to reach the vicinity of Lynchburg, but he had serious misgivings of his ability to join the Regiment again, and his orders allowed him, after making his demonstration on the town, to go north in case he found the rebels had closed up in his rear and prevented the return march.

"It was after nightfall when we left the Regiment. As if to hide our start, a heavy downpour of rain drenched us, but it also hid our march from rebel sympathizers who would carry the news of our approach, and the result was that the next day we marched through a country which had never known the tread of hostile forces, and so we were not expected. The good horses of the farmers instead of being run off and secreted, were kept in their stables, where we found them, and traded our played-out ones, without the usual dickering, which goes along with a horse trade.

"Passing through Salem, Va., and nearing Big Lick, we learned that a trainload of provisions was about leaving that point for the rebel army and we tried to capture it, but the clatter of our horses' hoofs as we charged through the town gave a warning to the train crew and they started too soon for us to intercept them. Horseflesh cannot equal the steam engine for strength and endurance and, while we had some hope at first, the train gradually pulled away from us and escaped. It was some consolation to burn the bridge over the Roanoke river and to feel that our enemy would not use that track for some time to come. To make up for our loss we captured at a small station, called Coners Springs, an express car filled with tobacco and provisions, and, after taking as much of these as we needed, gave the balance to the negroes, who were always our friends and naturally gravitated to us, and then burned the car.

"We stopped one night at Beaufort. If anything was needed to prove that we were in the enemy's country, the constant fire from the bushwhackers did it. Always from such a long distance as to be harmless, their fire was kept up and the ping of

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their bullets added to the excitement, and served to drive away the monotony of long and tiresome marches. While we were under fire all the time, no particular attention was paid them, nor did they succeed in hitting any of our men or of stopping the march of the column. When we neared the town of Liberty, we were met on the road by the Mayor and the Town Council, who, carrying a white flag to show their peaceful errand, surrendered the place to us. . . .

"After leaving Liberty we reached the Big Otter River, which was spanned by two high trestle railroad bridges. These were enclosed and roofed over with pitch pine, being dry as tinder, were in good condition to burn. All the fences in the neighborhood were levied on and the rails piled inside the bridges. It was nine o'clock in the evening when all was in readiness for the torch. From this place the distance to Lynchburg was eighteen miles, and Major Wagner, giving his men two hours rest, started for that place at 11 P.M., first firing the two bridges. They burned rapidly, and when the entire framework burst into flames, the column started on its march, burning also one other railroad bridge nearer Lynchburg. Wagner endeavored to reach that place in the early hours of the morning and, if he found the enemy unprepared, to capture it. He had no definite idea as to what force he might encounter, and, although his orders called only for a 'demonstration', it left him at liberty to capture the town, if he believed he could do so. When about five miles from the place, the first of the rebel pickets were met, and these were hastily driven back two miles, capturing two of them. King, of Company D, was killed in this first attack. The reserve picket was found to be in such force that Wagner did not care to hazard an engagement, and after a volley or two marched his command over to another road at a point within three miles from Lynchburg and fed his horses and men. The coolness of the Major in thus inviting an attack and waiting for it, must have impressed the enemy that his force was greater than it was, for they made no effort to drive him away.

"After a leisurely wait the battalion started back on another road. The advance guard met a force of rebels, and in the action which followed Corporal Wm. J. Currin of Company B, was severely wounded. That night the camp was made at Goose Creek.

"At this time Major Wagner heard that the Yankee cavalry was marching to Salisbury to release our prisoners there, and he determined to move south and rejoin the regiment if possible. The bushwhackers were more annoying this day, and exhibited greater boldness in their operations. Heretofore they had been satisfied to take a long shot at the column which, while it may have pleased them, did us no harm, but now they boldly rode up to within a few hundred yards of the rear guard, fired a volley and then raced off. They kept this up for six or seven miles and were successful in shooting one horse. To stop this annoyance one company was placed in ambush and waited till the enemy came along, and then suddenly fired on them at close range, killing two and taking several of their horses. This put a stop to their operations for that day.

"The next morning we left camp in a heavy rainstorm, crossed a mountain, passed through Franklin Court House, and marched to within seven miles of Henry Court House, where a halt was made to feed. Major Wagner here learned that General Basil Duke, with fifteen hundred men, was at the Court House waiting to oppose our further progress. The enemy had located our line of march, and had

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also sent troops from Danville to head us off, and had planted a battery so that it would sweep the road we must take. To avoid all this calamity, Wagner took to the left across the country, forded a river, and that night passed so close to the rebel troops that strict orders were given to light no matches, nor to talk loud, and to hold the sabres to prevent them rattling. The march was kept up all night and was a continuous one of twenty-four hours.

"The next day we crossed the mountains again into North Carolina and about nightfall our advance guard ran into a detachment of twenty rebels, and by a quick charge dispersed them and recaptured three men of the Eleventh Michigan the rebels had as prisoners.

"Our march took us through Lewisville and Huntsville, and at 5 P.M. on April 12th, we crossed the Yadkin. Passing through Mocksville during the night, the Regiment was reached at three o'clock next morning, during a heavy rainstorm.

"This camp was three miles from Salisbury, which had been captured that day. During the last three days and four nights the battalion had marched two hundred and seven miles."

The return to join the Regiment as Will saw it, with Weand's comments in quotes.

Monday, 10. Marched at 7 A.M. Passed through Franklin Court House, and learned the 1st Brigade passed through on Friday night. Took the road to Henry Court House. Learned that Col. Betts had also stopped here and that the 10th Mich. had had a fight near the Court House, with 400 rebels and had driven them. Just before starting we learned that 1,000 cavalry (rebs) had just arrived at the Court House from Danville and that Jeff Davis was at the house of Mr. King, 15 miles this side of Danville and that the 1st Brigade had taken the road to Leaksville, N.C., so we made a detour of the town and went on our way, my company being advance guard. Crossed Smith's River; marched all night and halted to feed at daylight of

Tuesday, 11 at Mr. Mather's near Sandy Ridge. Got breakfast and slept till 10 A.M. Marched on, Co. B in advance, till dark, forded Dan River at Red Shoals Ford, and halted to feed at Mr. Vaughns; recaptured two prisoners of the 11th Mich. Cav. Marched at 8 P.M., my Company in the rear. Passed through Salem at 2 A.M. Sent letter home by Mather who goes back to Knoxville.

"About dark the advance guard ran on to twenty rebels and recaptured three of the Eleventh Michigan. Halted here and fed. We marched again at 10 P.M., passed through Germantown about 3 A.M., also passed through Salem, N.C.; marched forty-six miles.

"Among the rebels captured here was Thomas W. Wheat,* who had the distinction of having loaded the first gun that fired on Fort Sumter. He was in a South Carolina battery, and Captain Hallenquist, who commanded, pulled the lanyard which discharged the gun. Wheat's captured comrade told us of this, and our good-natured Major Wagner said to Wheat: 'So you are the man who caused all this trouble? What did you fire on Fort Sumter for?' 'Because I wanted to capture it,' retorted Wheat. With others he was given his parole and an extra lot of provisions, and started off for his farm, way off on the Oostanula River."

Wednesday, 12. Fed at daylight near a mill. Marched on at 7 A.M. towards the Yadkin River. Crossed the river at Shallow Ford; passed through Huntsville

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and met a party of paroled prisoners. Fed on the Mocksville road, and marched at 9 P.M. Very dark and rainy. Forded South Fork of the Yadkin, and found the command 4 miles from Salisbury at daylight of the 13th.

Meanwhile Ball was in Christianburg, Va. with the rest of the command, and since his diary is meager of details, their actions are better described by Capt. Weand and others.

"April 5. The Regiment is at Christianburg, which is a beautiful village, with a fine seminary. We had the opportunity, and soon all the negro women in town were baking bread. We took our first lessons here in destroying railroad tracks. When we left Knoxville we had thirteen ambulances, but our march had been such a rough one that all were broken down. The medicines were all lost, and what sick men we had were sent to the Confederate hospitals here.

"April 6. Rested all day, and at 10 o'clock at night started on our march, which was kept up all night and until noon of the 7th, when we stopped to feed. Crossed the Blue Ridge again at Kennedy's Gap. It was late at night when we went into camp, too tired to get supper. We seize all the horses as we go along, and get so many, that as those in the column become exhausted, a fresh one is at hand, and the exhausted one is abandoned. Passed some extensive Confederate stables, but the rebels had left no horses in them.

"April 8. A charming day, and the country presented a magnificent appearance. Marched from 3 A.M. until 3 in the afternoon, to Henry Court House. The tenth Michigan, which was in advance of us, had a fight with Wheeler's cavalry, and drove them. If we are working hard we are living well. There are chickens, ham, eggs and biscuit for the men and plenty of forage for the horses. Captured some stockings, which were intended for the rebel army.

"April 9. Started at 2 in the morning, passing through a fine section of country, the home of the aristocratic Virginia tobacco planters. The houses and yards are beautiful. Tobacco is so plentiful that all are smoking very fair cigars. We captured some fine horses, for although the stock has been run off in the woods, the negroes tell us where they are concealed, and if we have time we go and get them. Reached Danbury a little after dark, having marched forty miles.

"April 10. After a sound sleep, jumped into the saddle again at 6 A.M., and reached Germantown at noon. This is unlike the Germantown that many of us know, as it is without paint or whitewash, and laziness is apparent all over it. At 6 P.M. we reached Winston and Salem.* Each has a name of its own, but the two towns are really one. Here we met with a most cordial reception, very different from the usual greeting we receive. The ladies cheered us, and brought out bread, pies and cakes. The towns were settled by Moravians, from Bethlehem, Pa. The people showed much enthusiasm at the sight of the flag we carried. Old men wept like children and prominent citizens took off their hats and bowed to it. Some women got on their knees, while we heard such expressions as: 'Look at the old flag!' 'God bless it!' 'Let me kiss that flag!' 'Once more the flag goes through our town.' There are plenty of stores here, and in the center of the town one of the finest seminaries we have seen in the South. It was a charming place and they were good Union people, but we had no time just then to do more than acknowledge it.

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"At 9.30 in the evening the command left, and at 11 had reached Kernesville, where Captain Kramer with eighty-six men left us and took the road to Jamestown."

Kramer's raid is described by Will's good friend, Frank Remont.

"Approaching Jamestown, N.C., toward morning, the tooting of a locomotive caused us to quicken our pace. I had the advance guard of twelve men, and charging the town to the railroad depot, we drove the Confederate guard and captured seven cars and a lot of merchandise stored in the depot. Here we halted, to make a thorough job of burning our spoils. At the same time a charge by the larger part of the command resulted in the capture of the railroad bridge over Deep River, and this was also fired and consumed. Our great success was undoubtedly largely due to the fogginess of the morning, for the rebels were in greater force, but our exact number was concealed by the haze, in consequence of which the enemy quite likely exaggerated our forces.

"One of the men placed on picket while the work of destruction was in progress at the depot was George Alexander. His horse, like many others in the command, had become unserviceable from hard riding. Instead of going back to the depot when relieved he went out in the country, on an independent scout, in search of a fresh mount. At a plantation in the distance he found one horse, which he would have confiscated had not a young lady pleaded so hard not to be deprived of the only one they had that he granted her request and allowed it to remain.

"Walking back to the point in the road where he had tethered his exhausted beast he found quite a number of horses tied to the same fence, and, as he came nearer, discovered many men lounging about, one of whom was in the act of examining the contents of Alexander's saddlebags. When the fellow had desisted, at Alexander's command, the latter inquired of the stranger if he 'had seen the lot of rebels we captured in Jamestown.' 'You're one of Wheeler's men, are you not?' retorted the man, and that was the first intimation Alexander had that he stood in the midst of rebels. Though they wore a uniform of varied colors, there was sufficient blue to induce such a mistake; while, on the other hand, his own was so stained and disfigured by soil and grease as to make it sufficiently unrecognizable to mislead the foe. The men were cooking and eating, with their arms and accouterments lying along the fence.

"Alexander quietly backed out of their midst. As he did so he leveled his carbine and coolly informed them that they were prisoners of war, and that the first man who dared to move would be instantly shot in his tracks. Not a man stirred. Keeping them constantly covered, he reached the fence and succeeded in destroying their arms by bending the barrels of the guns between the fence rails. Thus far he controlled his captives without trouble.

"They had carelessly placed their weapons where they could not now reach them without taking a shot from their captor, and no one cared to lead in such a hazardous venture. Had they been able to take concerted action and move suddenly in a body they could have overpowered their guard in an instant, for there were thirteen Confederate soldiers and ten colored men in the party. But a loaded gun is an argument the power of which cannot be understood by those who have

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never had the experience; and incredible as it may seem, Alexander successfully controlled his twenty-three prisoners, possibly by a species of hypnotism built upon a foundation of bluff.

"Not permitting them to saddle, he compelled them to mount bareback, and driving them all before him he proceeded toward Jamestown. By the mighty power of constant reference to the deadly effect of his loaded weapons he dominated his mob of prisoners for over a mile, when he was met by George Stone, of our company, who helped him take them in. But it was well for Alexander and Stone that they had but a short distance further to go to reach their command, for the prisoners, gradually awakening to the fact that they had been captured by one man, and realizing the discredit this would reflect upon them, grew more and more ugly in mood and difficult to manage. Swearing and cursing at themselves and each other, they would soon have worked themselves up to the pitch of braving all hazards in a break for liberty or revenge: 'I told you this was a Yank when he came down the road, but you wouldn't believe me.'

"When we rejoined Captain Kramer our little advance guard of twelve men took in its train thirty-five prisoners and sixty horses and mules, besides having captured and destroyed two cars loaded with cotton, 1000 stands of arms, fifty barrels of flour, five bales of cotton cloth, twelve sacks of salt and several barrels of molasses, all belonging to the Southern Confederacy.

"Lieut. Ed. Smith, of our company, with five men captured and destroyed a factory (at Florence) where arms were made for the rebel government, and among the property he burned were 800 completed guns and 2500 partially completed, as well as all the machinery for producing them.

"When the smallness of our force is considered and it is remembered that the Confederates were in larger numbers all around us, with General Beauregard in still greater force at Greensboro, but five miles distant, I think our men cannot be indicted of egotism in regarding this as a very creditable affair."

At the same time that the above raid was taking place Major Garner and 100 men (including Ball) were sent to burn the bridge over Reedy Fork, which they accomplished on the 12th. Ball notes in his diary that on April 11th he first learned of Lee's surrender, and on April 13th he says: "Left camp at 7 A.M. Marched through Huntsville. Here I broke open a store and let a big crowd of women in. Marched through Mocksville. Whiskey 10 inches deep in a cellar floor. Got supper here! Forded south fork of Yadkin at midnight, very deep. About to go into camp when news came that rebels were in Salisbury about 9 miles distant. So we left, marched all night, and had great difficulty getting our horses across a creek, the bridge being burned."

April 14 they joined the regiment near Statesville.* Garner and his men captured a number of men and horses and brought the first news of the whereabouts of Pres. Jeff Davis. It seems he had crossed Reedy Fork just one hour before Garner arrived there to burn the bridge.

In order to prevent the enemy from sending any forces to block Kramer and Garner, Colonel Betts with ninety men moved to make a demonstration on Greensboro, where the Confederates were supposed to be in heavy force. Lieut. Charles E. Beck of Co. C. gives an interesting account of this raid.

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"Just about daylight a colored man was picked up who said he was the servant of Colonel Johnson, who commanded the Third South Carolina Cavalry, who were in camp about a half mile distant. He said a good portion of that regiment was scouting, to ascertain the position of the Yankees. They must have gone into camp in some of the farm-houses, as they could easily have found us if half an effort had been made; but so great was Colonel Johnson's confidence in his scouting parties guarding his camp that he had neither picket nor camp guard to warn him of danger, and his command was just then at the homely duty of cooking breakfast.

"All this information Colonel Betts drew from the colored man who had been sent by Colonel Johnson to mail a letter in a nearby post office. It was not hard to do so, as all the colored men in the south were our friends, and this particular one jumped at once to the conclusion that we were Yanks.

"Colonel Betts was just now in a 'state of mind.' The Confederate force far outnumbered his command. Each one recognized the fact that as soon as our presence was known we would have a fight on hand, in which we could hardly hope to be victors. Our Colonel laid the situation before the other two officers, but beyond the assertion that they would do anything he ordered, received no suggestions, and he then quickly concluded the safest course was to charge the camp.

"The dispositions were soon made. I was given ten men, mounted on the best horses, for the advance, with instructions to charge the camp as soon as sighted and to make all the noise possible, and the rest of the column could follow. The men on the poorest horses were to barricade the road at the point where we turned to the right, and protect our rear from any of the scouting forces which might return at any moment. Then the order to advance was given. Soon the camp came in sight, our advance and main column took up the charge, and the surprised enemy fled at once, after firing a few shots. One of these shots was by Colonel Johnson, who made an earnest effort to kill Adjutant Reiff, but shot his horse instead.

"The rebels fled to a neighboring meadow, and took cover in a ditch, where they might have made a good defence and beat us off, but our attack was so sudden that they never had time to get their second wind, and on demand they surrendered. The whole action and its results demonstrated what General Palmer had so often drilled into us, that a bold, dashing charge by a small body of good troops would overcome a much larger force.

"After eating the breakfast which our late enemies had prepared for themselves, cutting the spokes of their wagons, destroying their guns and camp equipment and mounting the prisoners on the poorest horses, we continued our march to within a short distance of Greensboro. At this point Serg. Selden L. Wilson was detailed with ten men to destroy a railroad bridge on the outskirts of that town. After remaining here sufficient time to enable the battalions, under Garner and Kramer, to accomplish the work assigned them, our detachment started back for Salem."

Sergeant Wm. McGee, Saddler of the advance guard on the raid to Greensboro adds an incident, which may have been the reason the charge was so "dashing"!

"A little before daylight we found a covered wagon by the side of the road. A white man was asleep in the wagon and a negro also asleep beside a log. Some

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of the boys found a keg containing five gallons of tar-heel whiskey. The other boys took the keg and pushed on up the hill. I stayed with the captured, and turned them over to Colonel Betts when he came up. I then rushed after the advance. After going about a mile, found them off in the road filling their canteens from the keg. After that duty was performed we took a drink all round from the bung of the keg. We then went forward, in high spirits, and were ready for anything that might happen."

It should be remembered that Colonel Betts's force numbered only ninety men, and they captured and returned with 60 men and 120 horses of the South Carolina Cavalry!

While the various raids just described were being made around Greensboro, General Stoneman captured Salisbury. Captain Weand tells of the result.

"In capturing the place General Stoneman got over 1000 prisoners and eighteen pieces of artillery. One of the rebel batteries was manned by 'galvanized Yanks', those who had been prisoners in Andersonville, but had gone into the rebel service to get something to eat. As they were charged by our men their cannon was fired over the heads of the charging party, who, as they came nearer, were greeted with cheers for the old flag. Two hundred of our men, Salisbury prisoners, were recaptured, but the great majority had been hurried farther south. The men we recaptured were emaciated and gaunt looking. In the burial ground, attached to the prison pen, thousands of our men sleep. A great fire in the town that night lighted up the heavens, while the bursting of shells sounded like a heavy battle. Salisbury had been a hated place, and was paying dearly for its iniquities."

By the night of April 14th the three battalions of the Regiment were together again and were camped near Statesville, N.C. Will's diary with Capt. Weand's follow.

Saturday, 15. Slept from 8 A.M. till 3 P.M. Marched at dark. Went on as O.D. in the A.M. Very dark march. Fed at 11 A.M. of the 16th, Easter Sunday. Found some eggs and we had them boiled. Moved on at 2 P.M. and at 8 P.M. camped near the Catawba River.

"April 15th. Daylight showed us that Statesville is a very pretty town. It was said that it had been picked out as the future capital of the Southern Confederacy, but from present appearances the latter won't need a capital. We meet now plenty of returning Confederates, and they give interesting accounts of the fall of Richmond and Lee's surrender. They say it was Phil. Sheridan and his cavalry that did the mischief. They never saw any fighting equal to what our cavalry did on that campaign. All are glad it is over, and to get home once more. After resting in camp all day our command started on the march at 6.30 P.M., and after midnight reached Taylorsville, and went into camp. There was considerable firing at us by the rebels on the march, but it was harmless, so no attention was paid to it. The word has been passed around that as the chief object of the campaign, the destruction of railroads and the capture of Salisbury, had been attained, the whole command will now return to East Tennessee. General Stoneman, who has been in command, has gone back to Knoxville, and General Gillem, who is the next in rank, is on his way there, while the brigade commanded by Gen. Wm. J. Palmer

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is to go to Lincolnton,* to pick up and parole all returning rebels who have not yet surrendered but simply 'slid out, as the jig is up,' as some of them expressed it."

Monday, 17. Marched at 8 A.M. Crossed the Catawba River at the Horse Mill on the bridge. Across the river my company was detached and ordered to report to Col. Trowbridge at Newton to guard Sherril's Ford, below the Statesville R.R. bridge. Reported at Newton at 2 P.M., got a guide and moved out. Four and a half miles out struck 40 men of Gen. Duke's command, and ran them two miles. Learned from prisoners that Gen. Duke's brigade crossed the river at 11 A.M. and had just passed the crossroad on the road to Lincolnton and that Vaughn's brigade was following. Dispatched the information to Col. Trowbridge and crossed the road between the two brigades. Sent 10 prisoners to Col. T. Reached the Ford at 10½ P.M. and camped in Mrs. Sherril's yard. Made the house my headquarters. Placed a picket at the ford; got supper and went to bed, a feather one.

Tuesday, 18. Very pleasant. Sent 11 prisoners to Col. T., also a wagon which came into my lines, containing 5 trunks, one containing the assets of Bank of North Carolina, including \$850 in gold and large amount of Treasury notes; one containing assets on an estate in hands of guardian; one belonging to Mrs. Gov. Vance, containing clothing, silver plate and a caddy with two lbs. of fine green tea which I confiscated for my men, it being an article of Commissary stores. The other two contained clothing.

Wednesday, 19. Pleasant. Sent a dispatch to Beatty's Ford and rec'd an answer from Maj. Wagner. (Maj. Wagner was at the Vesuvius Iron Furnace,* paroling men from Lee's army.) In the A.M. Sergt. Branthower captured Lieut. Col. J. Lane of artillery from Lee's army. He is the son of General Lane of Oregon, a West Pointer. Had some conversation with him. He's a very decided reb. Took a swim in the Catawba River. After surrendering his army Gen. Lee went to Washington with Grant.

William L. Bratton, one of the men in Will's company, tells of the capture of Lt. Col. Lane, but has a different idea as to who did the actual capture.

"My horse had done such heavy service that his back was very sore, and it had every appearance of a fistula. In the meantime I had been fortunate enough to capture two horses, one of which I wanted to use, but the necessities of one of our sergeants and another soldier were deemed much greater by Captain Colton, and he ordered that they should get the horses, although I, of course, felt like any soldier would, that I was entitled to first choice. Being very head-strong I was determined to get a new horse, if possible, and started out on a raid 'all by myself, alone.'"

His raid was successful, for after some minor adventures with a young boy, a Confederate sergeant, some ladies, and a blacksmith, he returned with two fine horses and reported to Will that in the nearby town of Factoryville there were more horses and a number of confederate soldiers. Bratton continues with his raid.

"I reported to Captain Colton, and got a new mount, of course. When I told him what I had discovered he detailed four others, and told me to go down to Factoryville and see if we could capture any more horses or gather in any prisoners. We also took with us a volunteer negro servant of Company B.

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"Having come over the road before, of course I acted as advance guard, and was very much surprised, before we had reached the village, to meet one of the finest looking Southern gentlemen I had ever seen, one of the Buffalo Bill stamp in build and looks. He looked like a fighting man, however, and I took the precaution to search him. Finding a six-barreled revolver upon him, he was turned over as a prisoner to the colored servant who accompanied us.

"When we were within about 300 yards of the village I told the boys the best thing we could do would be to make a dash right into the place, which we did, and rode some 400 or 500 yards without any opposition. Then we scattered around to see what we could find in the house where I had been a few hours previous. I gathered in Col. Lane, of the Virginia army, who was a Colonel of artillery, and said to be one of the sons of Senator Joe Lane, of Oregon. The other son was said to be in the Union army.

"I found out that they had made and were making a great deal of cloth for the Confederate army at Factoryville, and I told everybody that we were going to destroy the factory, and I wanted everyone to get pillow cases, mattresses and bags of all kinds and fill them with cotton and take them to their homes, for we would burn all the cotton in a short time, and we did not want them to suffer by it, but we would not allow any more cloth to be made there.

"In a short time bags of all kinds, filled with cotton, were being carried by the people. I do not know how much they took, for in a few minutes someone told me that there were some horses hidden on the island in the Yadkin River. The island being right opposite Factoryville, we forded the river, scouted over the island, but could not find any, and returned to Factoryville, doing no further damage and finding no more soldiers.

"We had gone about a fourth of a mile when a mulatto, about twenty-five years of age, appeared suddenly on our left, coming through the woods. He was leading three elegant horses and riding another equally as good. He was making a bee line for freedom, he frankly told us. Of course we accepted the horses and brought him along with us.

"When we reached camp from the Factoryville raid the Colonel we had captured was very much depressed, but he was treated so nicely by our Captain, who put him on his parole, that when he passed our camp fire, at which we were making our evening meal, he recognized several of the boys who were on the little raid, and complimented them very highly for the manner in which they had acted throughout."

The rest of the Regiment had remained in Lincolnton and Capt. Weand continued with his diary.

"April 18th. Lincolnton. This is a pretty town, of about 1000 inhabitants; they are extremely rebellious, bitterly so, but with it all are refined and intelligent. They have hardly felt the ravages of war, and we are the first 'Yankee invaders to pollute their soil.' But even with these sentiments the proverbial Southern hospitality governs them, and invitations to dinner are generously given, while the colored people are eager to help us by baking biscuits and cakes for the men. Cigars are plentiful, too, and for a time the pipe is discarded and we revel in some of the best the town affords.



Military Bridge, Tennessee River, Chattanooga, Tennessee

PLATE 15

Antietam Bridge (Later called Burnside's Bridge)





Group of Elderly Coltons

PLATE 16

Headquarters of General Thomas at Chattanooga, Tennessee



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"It was here that we lost Corp. Geo. J. French. He was on picket at the time, and was shot by a bushwhacker, dying shortly after being brought to camp. His gentlemanly manners had endeared him to all, and his loss was felt deeply. So far on this campaign our loss has been very light, only fifteen men. . . .

"April 19th; A good many prisoners and disbanded men were brought in and paroled. We were visited by three Confederate officers under a flag of truce, bearing despatches from General Sherman announcing an 'armistice' between his forces and those of General Johnston. . . . They also brought us an order from General Sherman to join his command, but before we could get started orders came from our commander, General Geo. H. Thomas, ordering us to return to Tennessee. One of the flag of truce escort was Colonel Prentice, son of the editor of the *Louisville Journal*. He said: 'There will be no further need for my services in this war, but in case of a foreign one I am a United States man.'

"We buried Corp. Geo. French today with military honors, in the Episcopal graveyard, and several of the ladies in the town contributed wreaths of flowers to place on his coffin. It is pleasant to record this of them, and also of the change in their feelings toward us in twenty-four hours. They say we are not destructive and are so gentlemanly, and wish their own soldiers were more like us."

On April 20th Will and his men returned to Lincolnton and his diary continues with some additions by Capt. Weand.

Friday, 21. Looked around the town a little. Fine place, some wealth and refinement. Met Squire Phifer and Mr. Carleton. Took dinner at Mrs. Stowe's. Had a dress parade at 6 P.M. Fine display for "raiders." After dress parade moved my company out on plank road and camped with the rest of the battalion. Came into town in the evening and slept at camp in an old log house.

Saturday, 22. Fine weather. In camp till 2 P.M. then rode to town and heard the astounding intelligence of the *Assassination of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward*. The news came in by flag of truce which brought a despatch from General Sherman, announcing the armistice and directing General Stoneman to march to Chapel Hill and draw forage there, and containing a safe conduct through Johnston's lines. But as neither Stoneman or Gillem are here, we await the action of Gillem. Dress parade. Ball came out to see me in the evening.

Sunday, 23. Received orders from Gillem to march to Rutherfordton. Marched at 8 A.M. Passed through a poor country. Camped 6 miles from Rutherfordton, near the 2d Broad River at 8 P.M. Had fresh pork for supper.

"Our General had strong hopes that we would join Sherman, and possibly such would have been the case had not General Gillem, who was off some distance with his brigade of Tennesseans, sent for General Palmer to join him, when threatened by a rebel force.

"These Tennesseans in their present condition do not add any strength to the Union forces. In the beginning and during most of the war they had suffered terrible cruelties at the hands of the rebels. They had been hunted and shot down as unworthy of any humanity being shown them. Their homes were burned and their families driven away, and all because they were loyal to the flag, but now that the tables were turned and disloyal families were at their mercy, they repaid what they

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had suffered by an indiscriminate pillage. The result was a demoralized command, and their General knew they were in no condition to fight an organized force, no matter how small."

April 24. Entered Rutherfordton about 9 A.M. It is a very ordinary town, and the two days' stay of the Tennesseans did it no good. They stole everything they could carry off, put pistols to the heads of the citizens, persuaded them to give up their pocketbooks, and even took the rings from ladies' fingers. The sympathy we used to feel for the loyal Tennesseans is being rapidly transferred to their enemy.

Wednesday, 26. Warm and very dusty. Gen. Palmer received orders last evening from Gen. Gillem to march for Knoxville. The war is considered over! Marched at 1 P.M., 12th Ohio and 10th Mich. in the advance. Took the road to Asheville via Hickory Nut Gap. Everyone rejoiced at the prospect of going back to Knoxville and perhaps, soon, home. Marched 12 miles and camped near Mrs. Whitesides. Lloyd and I rode out over the hills for butter and eggs, no success. Camped at 6 P.M.

Thursday, 27. Warm and pleasant. Passed through Hickory Gap and saw one of the most beautiful of scenes. A fine waterfall, 350' sheer fall. Bold precipices and a roaring mountain stream. Broad River. Passed over Blue Ridge and camped at Mr. From's at the foot of the mountain. Camping at 1 P.M. During the evening a despatch from the War Dept. via General Stoneman was rec'd ordering General Palmer to take command of the Division and march into the country south and west of the Catawba River and eat up supplies to prevent them from reaching Johnston's army, and announcing that the armistice was at an end. We were very much disappointed.

The brothers said little in their diaries regarding the fall of Richmond and the assassination of President Lincoln, but their "Sis" wrote two letters describing Philadelphia's reaction to both events, events less than two weeks apart.

Philadelphia, 4th April
1865

My dear Willie, and B. too,

Is the world enchanted, or am I crazy? Which is it, oh cavaliers of mine—can you tell? For such days never dawned upon the peaceful city of your birth as these two which are now closing with thunder of cannon and cheer of street.

9th April. Thus far I wrote, and was interrupted by the advent of a visitor and obliged to close, not my port-folio, but the atlas that serves the same purpose, and this is the first moment I have felt like continuing, having been sick ever since. But let me tell you of the reception in Philadelphia of the wonderful telegrams that flashed across the wires last week, setting sober men crazy and shaking fat old beer-drinkers into patriotica convulsions that all the hot baths in the world couldn't alleviate. Well, here's the story that I hope to live to relate to "generations yet unborn". It was Monday morning, and I was writing a little note coolly in my own room never thinking that at the same moment the red, white and blue was streaming from the Spotswood House in Richmond, when suddenly, like the voices of a jubilant crowd, the bells began to ring. "Good lack," quoth I, "a fire," and thinking no more of it, on I wrote. I had just finished an exclamation and written the words "dies felix" happy day (excuse me for translating—"Its a way we have in

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the army.”) when the roar of a cannon shook the windows. I looked out, and already from window after window around us, the dear old flag came waving out. In two seconds I was down stairs and found Mother weeping into a pair of boyish trousers with a hole in each knee. She had rushed to the “garden gate” and asked a man what was the news. “Richmond’s taken,” quoth he gloomily and walked on (Copper-head?). I shook and the tears began to start—oh well, I saw men crying later in the day. To stay in the house was impossible. By this time the church bells were jingling merrily, and now and then across the tumult I could hear the tones of the State House bell triumphing gloriously over the strong West wind and sweeping by to the Schuylkill, which was already gay with streamers. Canal boat and barge and little skiff ran some rag of the national tri-color to some extempore mast and shared in the great rejoicing. I cast about in my mind, as I hurried in my walking dress upon what loyalest of loyal families should I call, for it was absolutely necessary to congratulate somebody, and be congratulated in turn, so I went down to Flanigan’s. I found Mrs. F. at home and the house covered with bunting, only waited a moment to be devoured by the children, who were wild, and then flew down Chestnut Street. How the people were flocking down! and louder and louder grew the cheers, heavier and heavier the roar of the artillery of peace. The bells vied with each other, the shrill whistles of twenty steam fire-engines rent the air with unearthly clangor, boys dragged the old hose-carriages through the streets, covered with flags, and sober Philadelphia was drunk. The great feeling of universal brotherhood awoke from its long, long sleep, the mysterious tie that humanity ignores, asserted its rights. For one day we were all Americans and victors. In every other house somebody was trying to run out the flag, Father being at the office and Joe at school, you know, and men in the street, seeing their confusion, rushed in and helped the poor nervous, fluttering patriotesses. In front of the Continental, a man threw himself upon the ground and kicked up his heels in sheer exuberance. Some said it was whiskey, but I thought it was Richmond. Men hugged each other, I saw ’em do it, and shook each other’s hands off almost. Ladies walked about with their handkerchiefs in their hands waving them at each familiar face—the stores were deserted—but oh the flags. From Schuylkill to Delaware, Chestnut St. (all the others too, but I only went on that street) was full of fluttering emblems of triumph. The Union League was in its glory. Its members were to be met rushing from every direction and crowded the halls and steps and pavement, cheeks glowing, eyes gleaming. Laughter and joy seemed the only feelings, for laughter was a *feeling* last Monday. Meanwhile the guns from the Navy Yard answered the guns from the Arsenal, Satterlee Hospital spoke to Summit House,* and the fierce congratulations shook the very ground. I could go only to 8th Street; below was a confused mass of life. Eagles walked out upon bulk-heads and held the stars and stripes in their mouths; the steam fire-engines were all in State House Square, steam up, whistling frightfully and men working at them as if to put out Richmond forever. And still men crowded down and women too. All upper ten down, in groups, pushed in among Five Points, for we’ve plenty of 5 pointers here, haven’t we, and didn’t shrink from its rags and squalor and vice, for oh! the poor creatures looked eager and happy and proud for once and we were all Americans, you know.

And now I am going to write another leaf to Willie and send this to you, my brother. It will only be a continuation and I might write all in one to both, but I

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want you each to get a letter from home, where all of us are waiting in hope but oh, in fear sometimes for news from you and for your home-coming, which we think will be *before* Sept. 8. We talk of you from morn till night and trace you on the map and, for the rest, you must see Willie's letter. Yours written on Mar. 16 and mailed in Knoxville the 23d came and so did Willy's of the 23d with the money. Goodbye, with a thousand loves from Mother and all of us, and prayers for your safety and success, I am

Always devotedly

Your loving Sister.

Home, Thursday, 20th Apr.
1865

My darling Brothers,

The rain is pouring heavily down on this draped and mourning city. I hear the bells of the cars ringing across the steady splashing of the storm. Now and then a gun booms heavily across our ears and brings a shiver of pain as we listen, a people thrice bereaved, a land in tears. Far away on your wearisome marches, do you know tonight of the grief that has bowed all our hearts to the very dust, that will bring tears to your eyes and grief to your hearts. And mingled with this bitter pain common to millions, we have the added ones of fear and uncertainty and hope deferred, for you, oh our dear ones. We know where the dead leader of us all lies tonight, but what happy sky looks down upon you, what happy ears listen to your voices by the camp-fire this evening? Oh, if across the tolling of muffled bells and the booming of minute guns, one whisper of your safety could but steal to our ears, this anxious home would be joyful again. We have seen your general's report. We know you were in fights, for your regiment is particularly mentioned, but I do indeed trust that the good God who has spared you hitherto has had His everlasting arms about you still and will bring you from the midst of death and danger to our hearts and arms again. How anxiously we look for the news, scarcely *hoping* for it as yet, wishing that the weeks may fly like hours until that happy one shall bring us a sight of the well-known hands once more. Oh dear boys how happy shall we be when you are with us again. It seems like looking forward to some Elysium. Oh, Johnny, come marching home!

And the President is dead, dead. Oh how does the news come to you. Who first whispers the horrible fact, and with what blanched faces and stricken hearts do you listen, and learn, perhaps for the first time, how you loved him, the good and true and faithful; martyred as so many of your comrades have been, for his sublime principles, his devotion to the Truth, his love for all of us. Truly, says our minister, never has a death since that momentous one upon the cross a thousand eight hundred and thirty-three years before, been nobler, been more truly a sacrifice. Oh, if it may be but a sacrifice to redeem us all from strife and wickedness.

Last Saturday—awful day—how well I remember all its sickening hours, (the little boys have just gone to bed and run back poking their bright faces in the door to say Goodnight to "Baldy and Willy," can't you hear them?) I came down and not finding half a dozen eager heads over the morning Inquirer, I ran down to look under the door, seeing it there and smiling to think I had preceded all the anxious crowd of news-seekers, I hurried along but before I reached it the dull

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morning light shining under the door showed me the one awful word MURDER. My blood ran cold, a hundred thoughts ran through my mind as I stooped to pick up the sheet. Who so great could be murdered that the journal should write his name in capitals on its first column, when but the day before such names as Grant and Richmond had stood proudly beneath the nation's flag. How I ever told them I don't know, but the grief I do know. Indignation and shame and oh so much love were in the tears that fell from every eye, while every head was bowed in anguish. It is little better now. We feel that we are a nation of orphans, and every one of us bewails a father slain, and slain by those to whom his last words were words of mercy and love—oh dies irae—what day of wrath deep and awful enough, will dawn for the wretches whose hearts and hands have murdered the purest, noblest, most unselfish heart that ever beat on this earth.

We sat down to breakfast, but no words were spoken, the meal was a useless ceremony. Was there not one dead in every house! Afterwards Julia and I went down town. Oh boys, it was only a week before and we had gone down with far other thoughts, and had looked into strangers' eyes and met there a sympathy that made us all friends. We asked for sympathy now—but then its token was a smile, now—tears, tears, tears. Old men stood feebly about, half stunned, with the ready tears of second childhood upon their withered cheeks; little boys, brave little fellows, who scorned the weakness, stood in knots and did not know they were crying. Already a few flags were at half mast; they were draping the P.O. in 18th St. with black. I went in and asked if the latest news was that he was dead. A man turned to answer me, rough, strong, and poor, a young man, but he had no words—his lips were quivering, his eyes blinded. Another said, "Yes." On we went. Everywhere the houses were being hung with black, the joyous colors that flaunted their triumphant folds the day before, were sombre with crepe. Every face was grave, all was quiet. On the League steps, men stood silently, and shook hands with averted faces, they dared not meet each other's sad, shocked eyes; their manhood feared it might break down. But oh—who should be ashamed of tears at such a time. And still the solemn crowd grew denser and the silence, the awful silence, where only steps are heard and here and there a whisper, more profound. The land was one vast house of death; all we were children whose father lay dead, and our hearts seemed broken.

On Sunday morning Mr. Calkins preached a most wonderful sermon. Boys, I have heard of eloquence, I have dreamed of it, but I never heard it before. That young man, as he stood there, under the heavily draped organ and gallery and behind the pulpit which was shrouded with black, his face pale with its great grief, his dark eyes flashing with the awful excitement of the hour, was like no man I ever saw, and when he lifted his trembling hands, and began his prayer in a faltering voice—"OH God, a nation of orphans is at Thy feet to-day. We cry for our father and he is not"—what a scene, not one mourner before him but hundreds, all thinking with unutterable grief of the still form in the darkened house miles away; the voice hushed whose every tone was merciful, the heart stilled whose every throb was love—love—and—for us. In the evening Dr. March addressed us. It was another bereaved heart telling its sorrows.

And what a week has this been—stores closed—the streets from Delaware to Schuylkill, long, long avenues shrouded with black drapery; from every house the

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dear flag, tied with crepe—and to-day, still every window bowed tight as if a corpse lay in every house; and every tongue praises him whom all our hearts hold dearer than any human name not of our blood.

A large meeting of ladies was called at the Union League on Tuesday, who decided that the ladies are to dress in mourning as generally as possible and all are to wear a crape badge upon the left shoulder for 90 days. Well, we all feel like doing it—why I don't know, but to testify a little of the respect we feel for the honored and kingly dead. Oh, how little I knew how dear he was to me, and by what a sad providence have I come to know my own heart. I went out in the rain to-day, in my little black bonnet and how truly I *was* a mourner.

From all I can hear from trustworthy sources, I am inclined to believe that Mr. Johnson is a temperate and respectable man, and worthy of his office. Perhaps, indeed, God's purposes with the dead were ended, his noble mission nobly fulfilled, his work on earth ended. He has given the work to be perfected into other hands. Never can they be as dear to us, as those that were lifted at Gettysburg, over that city of the dead; those that only two short weeks ago, grasped the weak hands of every soldier in the hospitals at City Point and thanked him for his efforts in the great cause. Oh what a price must the nation pay for its heroes!

And now I must talk no more of this, but my heart is full of it and full of sympathy for what I know will be your grief and pain. How your hearts will cry for vengeance—and not such vengeance as *he* would have taken—this man whose only weakness was his merciful heart. I wish you could have looked upon your city to-day; could have seen the thousands upon thousands of flags, the miles of sombre drapery, the solemn faces of the sorrowing people.

At home we are all as well as usual. Neuralgia has gripped me tightly and makes me as thin and shaky as an old woman. I suppose it will go away when it gets ready. It came the 1st day of last July and has never said farewell really yet. Pleasant!

Jule sits here reading Master Humphrey's Clock, and weighing 111 pounds as comfortable as possible. Julia K. was to come to tea to-night, but it poured so dreadfully, that she couldn't get around.

Orrie had one of those enormous artificial spiders dangling in the doorway this afternoon, to the horror of every one of us. Its horse-hair legs went into Sabe's eye, tickled my forehead, got entangled in Mother's curls, and caught Father's beard, besides nearly terrifying our table attendant into fatal fits.

Mother is pretty well, but *so* anxious about you. Jule and I don't let her be alone a moment if we can help it, and try to keep up her spirits with talking of what we will do when you come home, darlingest of brothers and dearest of sons.

"Roll swiftly on, ye wheels of time,"

as Susan Hooker used to say—to whose remains—peace.

Mr. Leland went to Western Virginia last Saturday, but left so much love for you both. He had a letter from you, Willy, and a map, a guide book or some treasure of the sort which you sent him and which tickled him amazingly. He is to be gone a month or so, and I miss him you may be sure. The illustrious Miss L. comes here very often and writes notes the remainder of the time to me.

I must go to bed. Julie is waiting. She sends heaps of love, so do we all. Oh

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fly to us in dreams to-night, and say you're well and happy and on your way home at last. Goodbye, my dear, dear brothers. No one thinks of you oftener than
Your loving Sister.

Pursuit Of Jeff Davis

April 1865

Upon learning, unofficially, that Lee's army was to be surrendered and that a Union cavalry force was reported to be moving to the south around the west side of Danville, the Confederate Government was hastily removed to Greensboro, North Carolina. During the move they passed over a bridge a very short time before it was destroyed by the Union cavalry. (This was the bridge over Reedy Fork, destroyed by Major Garner.)

On the morning of April 12th Generals Johnston and Beauregard arrived for a council of war with the Confederate President, and the members of his Cabinet who were with him, namely: Benjamin, Secretary of State; Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, and Reagan, Postmaster-General.

At this meeting President Davis reiterated his firm belief that in spite of Lee's possible surrender, the South still would have effective armies in the field, ample supplies had been collected, and they had a "vast extent of rich and productive territory both east and west of the Mississippi, whose citizens had evinced no disposition to surrender."* Although both generals heartily disagreed with this sanguine opinion, the council broke up with no decision having been made. However, that afternoon the Secretary of War, Breckinridge, arrived with the confirmation of Lee's surrender and a second council was held the morning of April 13th. At this meeting General Johnston spoke freely of the condition of his army; how it was "melting away like snow before the sun, and I am hopeless of recruiting it."* He urged that he might make terms with General Sherman. After some hours of conference, with all the Cabinet members, save Benjamin, siding with General Johnston, it was decided to do as the general suggested and the outcome was the Armistice between Sherman and Johnston.

Before learning of the result of Johnston's conference with Sherman, Davis, his Cabinet, his staff, General Bragg, and a wagon train containing, besides the archives and personal property, about \$275,000 in gold, left for Charlotte, North Carolina. After a hard trip over rough roads and mud they arrived at Charlotte on April 18th. Here they found Brigadier Basil W. Duke who had come in the day before with the remnants of his command, endeavoring to reach General Johnston, and General Ferguson with his brigade of cavalry. That afternoon they learned of President's Lincoln's assassination and two days later that the Armistice between Sherman and Johnston had been disallowed* by the Federal Government.

Immediately Mr. Davis decided to attempt to join Generals Taylor and Forrest, who were in Alabama. He was accompanied by his cabinet members with Generals Duke, Ferguson, Dibrell, Colonel Breckinridge, and their deleted brigades as escorts. After several days of slow travel, during which Secretary of State Benjamin disappeared, they reached Abbeville, South Carolina. (Benjamin escaped through Florida to the seacoast and from there in an open boat to the Bahamas.)

PURSUIT OF JEFF DAVIS

At Abbeville Mr. Davis called his last Council of War and urged his officers not to give up hope. He told them that "Three thousand brave men are enough for a nucleus around which the whole people will rally when the panic which now afflicts them has passed away." To say that his officers were surprised is to put it mildly! When he was at long last persuaded that the people and troops were not panic-stricken but worn out, that to continue the war would be a cruel injustice to the Southern people, and that all means of supporting a war was gone, he rose and left the room saying dejectedly, "All is indeed lost!"

That night they marched for Washington, Georgia. Before crossing the Savannah River each man in the escort was given \$35.00 in gold. At Washington the greater part of the escort disbanded. General Breckinridge had remained with the cavalry on the other side of the Savannah River and Mallory left "to attend to the needs of his family." Davis, realizing that his escort was too small in number to fight and yet too large to escape observation, left with twenty picked men and officers as escort. General Duke and Col. Breckinridge marched with a few of their troops on different roads from those taken by Mr. Davis in order to divert attention and were fairly successful as will be seen.

Following is the part "our" Regiment played in the pursuit of Jeff Davis. Ball's diary leads off with Capt. Weand's more detailed reports in quotes. Where Will's days are more descriptive they will be used.

Friday 28. Left camp at the foot of the Blue Ridge and turned back on the same road, Palmer receiving a despatch that the Armistice was broken. Marched 25 miles to Rutherfordton, where we camped.

"This morning other orders were received from General Thomas by courier from Nashville, bearing a despatch from the Secretary of War, Stanton, saying that the Sherman 'armistice' was disallowed and that we were to return and continue the war, 'living on the country' and 'pursue Jeff. Davis to the ends of the earth, if necessary, and never give him up.' General Palmer was to take command of the whole division and get in Gen. Joe Johnston's rear, destroy his communication and supplies, and do him all the damage possible. It was some disappointment to the men. The greatest desire was to get letters from home, but to offset that, Stoneman was gone, and Gillem, who had asked for and received a leave of absence, had gone too, and our Colonel, as Brevet Brigadier General, commanded the whole division. So we marched down the mountain again and took up our quarters again in Rutherfordton, where the citizens furnished us horses and corn. They did not do so willingly. They supposed we had left them for good, and at once began bringing both horses and corn into town from the places where they had been concealed, and we got back just in time for them."

Saturday, 29. Travelled eastward 25 miles and camped at an old rebel's house seven miles from Shelby. We soon went through him for all his chickens and garden, stuff. We just got well fixed for the night when boots and saddles sounded and to our disgust we soon moved out taking the back track. At midnight camped again till morning.

"The orders were to concentrate all the division at Yorkville, S.C., and to prepare for fighting again, so we marched 23 miles in that direction. At the same time we received a large package of posters, which as we marched along were displayed on trees and all prominent places. They read:

COLUMN SOUTH

'\$100,000

'REWARD IN GOLD

'Headquarters Cavalry Corps. Mil. Div. Mississippi.

'Macon, Ga. April 28th, 1865'

'One hundred thousand dollars' reward will be paid to any person or persons who will apprehend and deliver Jefferson Davis to any of the military authorities of the United States. Several million dollars of specie reported to be with him will become the property of the captors.

'J. H. Wilson

'Major General.'

"The news we have of Davis is that he has an escort of four brigades of cavalry, under Basil Duke, Ferguson, Dibbrell, and one made up of scattered detachments, none of which had been included in the surrender to Sherman. With these was a small wagon train, said to be loaded with specie, which the Confederates estimated at \$10,000,000.

"Colored men visit our camp at night, and tell us they heard an officer tell their master that Mr. Davis was in camp a few miles off, at a certain place, but when a detachment of our men was sent there nothing was found. The white people seem to be doing all they can to throw us off Davis' trail and impart false information to their slaves, knowing the latter would lose no time in bringing it to us."

Sunday, 30. Started at daylight. At noon crossed the line into South Carolina. Our company turned off to the left and we had a hard ride to Vivensville and lay in ambush to capture a railroad train, but they heard of us being there and failed to come to time. We are picking up many horses today. We arrived at Spartansburg* after dark. This is a very pretty town. Each one in the mess now has a ham. Tonight we have flour, sugar and soda issued to us. Made 45 miles.

"Started on our march at 5 A.M., crossing Broad River at Island Ford, and the South Carolina Boundary line at 9 A.M. Reached the pretty town of Spartanburg at night. This was the first State that moved to go out of the union and just now none of them is more willing to come back. One of the most prominent citizens of Spartanburg, a Mr. Shivers, made a speech on our entrance into town, asking us to respect private property. In conversation afterward with our Hospital Steward, Chas. P. Sellers, he said: 'I was as bad a secessionist as there was in the country. We are badly whipped and very willing to return to our former allegiance, and my feelings are an index to those of most all.' The people were surprised to find us in this part of the Confederacy. We found plenty of rations here. This is the oldest town in the State, the center of wealth, and has many fine residences.

"It is a positive pleasure for the men to take up their old civic pursuits once more. Company G was placed in the town, and Sergeant Jos. R. Lonabaugh was in charge of the guard. Originally a printer, he naturally took up his quarters in the office of the *Carolina Spartan*, to the expressed disgust of its editor, Mr. Trimmier. Lonabaugh told him that he was a printer, and to prove it took a 'stick' and turning to a case of type set up the following extra:

PURSUIT OF JEFF DAVIS

'Spartanburg, S.C., April 30, 1865

'This evening, about 5 o'clock, Brevet Brigadier-General Wm. J. Palmer arrived in town with his brigade of Yankee cavalry. Much to the relief of the citizens, no private property was disturbed, strict orders having been given to prevent it. It is to be hoped that their conduct may meet the approval of our citizens, and that they may learn to know the Yankees and not find them such devils as they were led to imagine they were.

'Philadelphia.'

"This was published the next day, and brought Lonabaugh an invitation to take supper with Mr. Trimmier."

May 1865

Monday, May 1. We are having the most delightful weather. We are now after Jeff Davis who is making his way south with a cavalry escort of 1600 men. Left town at 8 A.M. and moved south over a beautiful road passing many fine residences and capturing many good horses and mules. Camped at dark after a very fatiguing march. A flag of truce came in tonight announcing the surrender of all rebel forces east of the Mississippi. The 1st Battalion arrived from Laurensville. (The 1st battalion was Will's, and he captured a camp of 17 men and 50 horses besides a number of other prisoners, all of whom he paroled. That night they camped at Abbeville. Abbeville has been called "the cradle and the grave of the Confederacy." Here on Secession Hill it is claimed a meeting was held on Nov. 22, 1860, that started the Secession, and in Mr. Burt's house was held the last Confederate Cabinet meeting in late April, 1865.)

Tuesday, 2. Left in hot pursuit of Jeff Davis, marching on the same road old Jeff passed along yesterday. Crossed the Saluda River, marched all day and all night till 2 A.M. when we reached the beautiful town of Anderson.*

"Early in the morning a detail was sent out to pick up horses, and as they reached the only bridge over the Saluda River they found it burning. They picked up two Confederates, and brought them to camp. Adj. J. C. Reiff, on questioning one of them, who had belonged to Dibbrell's cavalry, learned that Jeff Davis and his party were only a few miles ahead with a mixed group of wagons, Generals, Officers and their staffs and his Cabinet. The prisoner stated that Jeff had with him a force of cavalry as an escort. He told too, of the large amount of specie, which they estimated at \$10,000,000, he was carrying along in the wagon.

"Seated on a log, Colonel Betts held a council with the seven or eight officers with him, and with the exception of Reiff they were for pressing after Jeff Davis and his party, insisting that with our organized force we could defeat all the disorganized escort which Davis had. Reiff maintained that our efforts were to capture Jeff, and not merely to whip his men; that if a fight should take place the result would be a number killed and wounded, and in the confusion the man we most wanted to take prisoner would escape. Colonel Betts concluded to be governed by Reiff's reasons and at once hunt up General Palmer and report the situation to him. It was said that Davis and most of his generals were headed for the rebel armies across the Mississippi, and the policy on our part would be to hasten across the Savannah River, head him off and force his surrender. Just then Corp. J. P. Fullerton, with ten men, arrived from General Palmer with orders to

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march to Anderson Court House, and by a forced march we reached that place at 2 o'clock in the morning, where we met Lt. Anthony Taylor with further orders."

Wednesday, 3. Brown's brigade had been here ahead of us and they tore up things generally. Broke open a jewelry store and stole \$100,000 of jewelry. After marching all night was placed on picket duty till daylight, Marched 2 miles and fed at a little town. Then marched 15 miles slowly over an awful dusty road and through a very sterile country. Arrived at Athens at 3 P.M. Howell Cobb and two brigadier Generals are in town. Several pieces of cannon were in position here, but only for defense against the mob, everything being in readiness to deliver up to us. Camped in town and I was placed as safe guard at Mr. B. R. Carroll's house, a large school for boys. His family are very nice people. He presented me with one of his histories. He has his darkies out every night as guards against the mob. This is May 4th.

"The wealthy men of Charleston, in order to save their fine old Madeira and port wine from being used by the Yankees when they captured that city, had sent it to Anderson Court House for safe-keeping, and we got it all. Nearly all our men had a canteen full, and barrels of it were emptied in the gutters of the streets by standing orders from General Stoneman, who was fearful of its demoralizing effects on his troops. When General Gillem's division reached North Carolina, a short time ago, they ran across a distillery, from which they took enough apple whiskey to intoxicate the whole force, and Stoneman wanted no more of it.

"*May 3.* Started at 8 A.M.; crossed the Savannah River, and got into the State of Georgia. Continued marching until 2 A.M. The column was continually fired on by bushwhackers, but no one was hurt. We learned today that the greater part of the confederates had reached the Savannah, near Petersburg, and had there disbanded, but a small force with Davis and his Cabinet were reported to be at Washington, Ga., about 18 miles away, and to find the correctness of the report General Palmer sent the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry there to investigate. The Colonel of the Regiment started, and when nearing the place was met by a flag of truce, under Colonel Breckenridge, who asked time to consider whether or not to surrender. Instead of forcing the issue, the Colonel stopped and sent back to General Palmer for instructions. Breckenridge having stopped the Tennesseans, Davis and his party went again on their wanderings.*

"*May 4.* At daylight on the march again, going through Danielsville, and reaching Athens at noon. This is another beautiful town; the fine weather, roses in full bloom, and the air filled with their fragrance make a happy resting place. In this place 500 rebels were encamped, but not a shot was fired at us, which seemed strange. Plenty of rebel Generals were here, and all mingled with us with the greatest freedom. There is nothing exultant about our men. The people treat us kindly and appreciate the treatment we accord to them. Howell Cobb lives here, and is at home. We have opened communications with General Wilson, whose forces are coming in from the West, and between us expect to bag Jeff Davis. The trains are running between Augusta and Atlanta, Federals and Confederates traveling together. In this town yesterday Confederate money had some value, but today it has none. In the town barber shop, which was well patronized, a Confederate officer offered a twenty-dollar Confederate bill for a shave, and the barber refused

PURSUIT OF JEFF DAVIS

it, on which the officer twisted the note into shape, lit his pipe with it and stalked out of the shop."

Will's diary describes his arrival at Athens.

Thursday, 4. Clear and dusty. On duty as O.D. Marched to Danielville, fed and got our breakfasts; moved on and at 3 P.M. entered Athens and our regiment camped on the campus of the University of Georgia in town. Capt. Lloyd made arrangements for our meals at Rev. Dr. A. A. Lipscomb's. Dr. L. is Chancellor of the University and is a most finished scholar and gentleman and treats us with the utmost courtesy. He was for a long time a regular contributor to the Editor's Table of *Harper's Magazine*. He is a very decided and enthusiastic rebel. His daughter, Ella, and son Frank, just home from the army, are pleasant and his little boy, Andrew, is a perfect trump. Spent a pleasant evening there. Took a swim in the evening with Capt. McAllister, Lt. Conaway, Lt. Reiff and Lt. Beck and Lt. Blight in the Oconee River.

Athens is located on a hillside in a bend of the Oconee River. It was founded in 1801 as a site for the University of Georgia, which is the first chartered State University in America. It was considered one of the most beautiful cities in Georgia. A double-barreled cannon was made here during the Civil War, believed to be the only one of its kind in the world, and in 1954 was still on the lawn of the City Hall.

Shortly after the arrival of the regiment in Athens Lt. John Conaway was sent for by General Palmer, then with his staff occupying the house of Howell Cobb, and advised that Davis, in the disguise of a miller, would be on a train which should arrive at daylight in the town of Madison about 35 miles south of Athens. Lt. Conaway continues:

"A battalion of the Tenth Michigan Cavalry numbering about 200 men, was ordered under my direction to make this hurried night march, with orders to be at Madison* before daylight.

"We moved out about dusk, and as I took my place at the head of the column there rode alongside of me our telegraph operator, John J. Wickham, a young man who had been on duty at our headquarters and proved himself to be not only an expert telegraph operator, but a brave and dashing fighter.

"The first and only obstacle we encountered on the expedition was the Oconee River. We reached its banks in the night and in the woods. A flatboat took twenty horses over at a time, and when forty were across we moved forward, leaving the balance of the command to follow. It was a strange country to us, and there were many forks and crossroads, but by hastily awakening the people in their houses we were able to keep on the right road.

"We arrived at Madison in ample time. Wickham tapped the wires, and reading by sound ascertained that the train was on its way west of Augusta. A detail was immediately ordered to tear up a portion of the tracks, and with pickets posted we waited.

"The train soon arrived, composed of six cars, loaded down with unarmed rebels on their way to their homes from Lee's surrender. Jefferson Davis was not among them. This was ascertained, to our satisfaction at least, by a close inspection by Wickham and myself of every man on the train. We were filled with great anxiety

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lest he might escape us, and which he very likely could have done had he been disguised in the garb of a private soldier, as neither of us had ever seen him, and our only knowledge of his appearance was what we remembered from the pictures of him which had been published at different times in the newspapers.

"The inspection being over, there appeared on the scene a small party of elderly gentlemen, in citizen's clothes, with a large wagon drawn by a good team of mules. They stated to us that they were the officers of the State Bank of Alabama, at Montgomery; that the Confederate Government at Richmond had passed a law confiscating all the specie of the Southern banks, and ordered it turned into the Confederate treasury; and that to evade the execution of this law they had loaded all the books and specie of the bank in the wagon and taken to the woods, and, learning of the occupation of Madison by Northern troops, had come in to surrender them to the care of Union forces. My recollection is that the president of the bank had a written permit or order, signed by General Wilson, or one of his officers, directing him to report to General Upton at Augusta. There were books and papers and fifteen boxes of silver, and a keg of gold said to contain \$80,000. These were loaded on the train, and with the officers of the bank were started on their way to Augusta. All this valuable property might have been taken and divided among us, but not a dollar of it was disturbed. Such an idea never entered my mind, and I am sure it never did Wickham's. We were after Jeff Davis and nothing else.

"We encamped near the town, Wickham and I putting up our dog tent opposite the house of a lawyer by the name of Billips, then a member of the Confederate Congress. We slept very little, and after an inspection of the outposts I had just laid down when a 'contraband' crawled under the tent and informed me that Jeff Davis and his party were then encamped in the woods, about three miles off, in a direction which he pointed out. He told me that he got this information at his master's house, that a man from Davis had been there for milk, and that if a company of our men were sent they could capture him. A scouting party was immediately ordered in the direction named, but nothing came of it. Several other scouts were made in different directions, but without result, either in capturing Davis or obtaining any information of special importance. I never doubted the truthfulness of what the 'contraband' said, for he undoubtedly told me just what he had seen and heard, but there can be little question that this was part of an arranged plan to mislead and deceive us in our efforts to effect the capture of the chief of the Southern Confederacy.

"The next day we were joined by the balance of the Regiment under Colonel Trowbridge."

Will's diary continues with Capt. Weand's in quotes.

Friday, 5. Warm and clear. Relieved as O.D. by Lt. Morton. Met Major-General Reynolds, C.S.A. Called on Dr. Lipscomb in the A.M. at the University Library with Dr. Alexander. Met Maj. Barnwell, C.S.A. from Beaufort. Had a very interesting conversation. General Upton, U.S.A. occupies Augusta and we sent letters home this A.M. by rail, via Augusta and Savannah per the hands of the Express Agent, Mr. Williams. Atlanta and Macon are occupied by General Wilson and we are in communication by rail.

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Saturday, 6. Clear and warm. Met Misses Wise and Peters at Dr. Lipscomb's. Took a ride in the A.M. to Major Garner's camp in Cobbham, west end, and from there rode out a mile and a half to the High School to see Ball who is on duty there as a safe-guard. Met Mr. Carroll Jr. and Mon. Chabernet. At 5 P.M. went down to the Oconee and took a swim with Ball, then walked out to the high School and took supper with him and Mr. Carroll's family. After supper we took a smoke and had a pleasant conversation on the upper piazza. Athens is a most beautiful town, magnificent porticoed houses ensconced among trees and shrubbery, making it the most delightful place I have seen. The streets are 47 miles long, total. The residents are mostly wealthy planters.

Sunday, 7. Very warm. Went to the Epis. Church in the A.M. Had a long conversation with Dr. L. in his home library after dinner. News came in at noon by a scout that Jeff Davis was seen by him in the A.M. At 3 P.M. and 4 the general sounded and at 5½ P.M. our Regt. started out; crossed the Oconee twice before reaching Watkinsville; passed thro. Salem and across the Apalachie River during the night and at daylight of the 8th stopped to feed at Mr. Perkin's where I found a train of 5 wagons* laden with specie, plate and valuable personal property belonging to banks and citizens of Macon. They were sent to Athens under guard. Marched to Thurlow's Bridge from which place I went with 5 men to Madison on the R.R. to communicate with Lt. Conaway, A.D.C.; found he had started an hour before I got there with a battalion of the 10th Mich. for Edonton. Wrote a despatch to him in Mrs. Brown's parlor where about a dozen young ladies had congregated and were holding a jubilee over the departure of the Yanks. They were having a very lively, pleasant time, and some of them were very beautiful. Sent the despatch and then went with Mr. Billips and wife next door to their house where I had some supper and at 11 o'clock laid down on a lounge to get some sleep.

Captain Weand tells of an episode which occurred before the regiment left Athens.

"Sergeant Izett of Company K. was on picket duty and early Sunday morning he saw a colored girl, coming up the road through the pines, crying most distressingly. She was well dressed and bright looking. Following close behind was a young rebel officer, mounted, with his revolver drawn. The Sergeant halted him and demanded an explanation. The young rebel said he was driving his remaining slave back, and claimed he had a right to do so, as he was a paroled officer. Izett had no particular use for negroes. He was a war Democrat, an excellent citizen and a good church member, but he gave the rebel a scathing lecture, such as he never had before. He was sorely tempted to shoot the rebel, and the fear of the church did not prevent him from using the 'cuss' words that the ungodly use, and he set the captive free."

Capt. Weand's diary continues:

"*May 7th* One of General Wilson's scouts reported Davis to have been twenty-five miles south at 3 A.M. He had been in Davis' company as a Confederate soldier, going home, but left as soon as he could and reported to us. Marched at 6 P.M. by way of Georgia Factory to Watkinsville, where Major Garner was detached with his battalion to pursue General Bragg, who is reported in the vicinity of Fair Play. . . .

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"Scouting parties were out in all directions, but nothing definite was learned until a dispatch was received from Major Garner saying that Davis and General Bragg had passed through Fair Play at 3 A.M. The command immediately started for that place at 3.30 P.M. and arrived at 10 P.M. We crossed the Appalachian River at Furlowe Bridge, from which place Captain Colton was sent to Madison to obtain information. After waiting at Fair Play for the return of this party we started again at 1 A.M., and marched until 6 A.M. when we halted near Covington to feed."

Tuesday, 9. Rec'd answer from Lieut. Conaway and started to join the Regt. via Fair Play, at 4 A.M. Passed Fair Play and Union Meeting house, and at 9 A.M. joined the Regt. in camp at Mr. Strong's 6 miles from Covington. Reported to the Lt. Col., got breakfast and took a nap with Joe Reiff on the grass. In the afternoon Lt. Sharp, 12th Ohio, came in with Major General Wheeler, C.S.A. having captured him in the A.M. He was sent to Athens under guard. At 5 P.M. started with my company to Union Meeting house to guard the cross roads. Reached that point at 8 P.M. and camped at Mr. Anderson's. Got a couple of blankets and slept on the porch.

"*May 9.* Major Garner's battalion was guarding the fords and ferries on Ocmulgee River. Scouting parties were out in all directions, and information from one of those, from the 12th Ohio, said they were chasing the Davis party, but it turned out to be General Wheeler, and his staff, who were captured and brought to Colonel Betts, who had his headquarters at the house of a Mr. Strong.

"When the news of his capture spread around our camp many of the boys strolled over to get a look at the man whose command we had been fighting ever since we joined the Army of the Cumberland, and who had on two occasions burned our wagons. But he and his party were treated with all the courtesy due to prisoners. No word of derision was uttered that could reach his ears. He was not communicative, but a sullen expression marked his countenance; dejection was in his looks; fatigue and want of sleep and rest had nearly worn him out. He would have liked to have stayed that night with his friend, Mr. Strong, but Col. Betts could not gratify that desire, as our orders were to move. Wheeler rode a little spotted horse, apparently an Indian pony. Gradually we learned that it was one captured from General Kilpatrick, of Sherman's command, and later on it was sent to its rightful owner. General Wheeler was sent under guard to General Palmer at Athens."

Wednesday, 10. Clear and warm. Sent out for forage and subsistence. Slept nearly all day. After supper took a ride on the stallion. Gen. Bragg was captured today by Lieut. Phillips and paroled.

(The capture of General Bragg is better told by Corp. William Spang of Company E.)

"We were moving in a southerly direction, and every day seemed to develop more wagon tracks, until the roads had become so congested with material, that the Confederates had taken down the fences, creating new roads, about fifty feet wide or more, directly through the farms, as an outlet for their hurried retreat southward. About 6 A.M. on the morning of May 10th, while our Regiment was moving on the main pike, we came to a smaller road leading to the left, which contained a number of ambulance wagon tracks.

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"Lieut. Samuel Phillips halted his company there, and made a detail of about seven men from companies E and G, including Serg. Levi Sheffler and myself. Sergeant Sheffler was in command, and we were to follow the wagon tracks on the small road. We marched about two miles, and coming to a little church or country schoolhouse, we noticed that inside the rail fence, part of which had been taken down, were wagon tracks leading in. There were also the remains of a small camp fire in the field, made possibly the night before.

"After a considerable march we turned to the right and began ascending another road, with fresh wagon tracks, leading through a large forest, until we came to a stone building located in the forest. We halted there, and I climbed in through the window. The interior looked to me as though it had been a meeting place for Masons or Odd Fellows, and had been quickly abandoned. There were a couple of tables and chairs, and scattered on the floor were some newspapers and manuscript. We then continued to follow the wagon tracks downward through the forest until we came to the open road along which we had been moving. We were scattered along, not observing any special discipline, but keeping an eye to the surroundings. We were now west of the town of Monticello and Concord, a short distance north.

"Nearing a cottage, we hurried along the road until we came up to it. Sergeant Sheffler had captured General Bragg a few moments before I arrived, and Bragg had just seated himself on the porch with a large map of the State of Georgia thrown over the back of the seat. Bragg was in full gray uniform, and had endeavored to conceal his identity by removing the buttons and insignia of his rank from his discolored uniform. About a half hour after Sergeant Sheffler had captured General Bragg, Lieut. Phillips and his men arrived on the scene. Lieutenant Phillips spoke to the General, and after a short conversation with the boys, he and the General walked away about forty yards. They went to a rail fence, climbed on it and sat there talking for about three-quarters of an hour. Then Lieutenant Phillips made preparations to leave, as we heard that he had paroled the General.

"In the meanwhile Sergeant Sheffler and myself had been searching the General's effects. We found his gold-mounted spurs, and on them was engraved 'Presented to Gen. Braxton Bragg by the people of the State of Georgia, for his gallantry at the battle of Missionary Ridge.' We also found his sash, field-glasses, woolen blankets and other articles. While we were searching, Bragg came to the wagons, and saw us uncover two new U. S. uniforms. Bragg requested that they be not taken from him, as they had been presents, and in the absence of the Sergeant and myself declared upon the honor of a soldier that he had never worn them. A trunk was also taken from the cottage, which proved to be the property of Mrs. Bragg. She opened her batteries by reminding us who we were, and said that she had never been so insulted in all her life as to have her effects searched by a set of Yankee hirelings. While she was giving vent to her eloquence she was at the same time tearing up a letter or dispatch into very small pieces, and by the time her tirade was exhausted the ground was covered with small bits of paper, reminding me of the 'beautiful snow.'

"Shortly after Mrs. Bragg's harangue, Lieutenant Phillips demanded that Sergeant Sheffler give up all he had that belonged to the General, the sash, field glasses

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and spurs, which Bragg's colored servant saw Sergeant Sheffler take, as he had been watching us while we were searching, and had reported it to Lieutenant Phillips or to Bragg.

"In a short while after Lieutenant Phillips made a detail of about eight men, including myself, which was to escort the General and Mrs. Bragg on the road. We mounted our horses, and Mrs. Bragg, the General and myself rode together. I found him pleasant company, but reserved and very much of a gentleman. Mrs. Bragg had nothing to say except to engage in an occasional conversation with the General. She had expressed her opinion to the Yanks an hour before. And now, while I think of her, she was good looking, had black hair and eyes; in fact, a perfect type of a Southern brunette."

Captain Weand had this to say of the capture of General Bragg.

"Lieutenant Philips, commanding a party, captured General Bragg below Concord and west of Monticello, together with his wife, staff officer, three wagons and one ambulance. He stated that he was on his way to General Wilson's headquarters, to be paroled. Philips sent him with a Sergeant and ten men to report to General Wilson. General Bragg's wife was not altogether amiable. She scolded our men and applied all sorts of epithets to them, but the principal burden of her song was the disgrace of having been captured by a Philadelphia fireman.

"At 9 P.M. orders came to push on, as all trace of Davis' trail had been lost, and the Regiment moved to Rock Bridge, where we arrived and fed at 6 A.M., having marched twenty-six miles."

On the ninth the companies were separated, and as Ball said, "We are completely scouting all the roads in this part of the country and following many wagon tracks in vain. The regiment is separated and scattered, each company by itself." Ball's company went to the west, scouting south to Oak Hill, then to within 34 miles of Atlanta before they were joined by the battalion. Will's diary continues with Weand's in quotes.

Thursday, 11. Clear and pleasant. At 12½ A.M. rec'd despatch to march after the regiment via Covington and Rock Bridge. Started at 1½ o'clock, reached Strong's at daybreak; fed there and passed Covington at 8 A.M. Marched on, very hot, through Oxford, where there is a Methodist College; passed a camp of the 12th Ohio; passed through Sheffield, over Rock Bridge and found that the regiment had taken the road to Atlanta! Followed on, and at 12 M. halted for an hour. Passed through Decatur at dark. Had a very heavy shower at 2 P.M. which wet me and the night was very cold. Reached Atlanta and found our camp on Marietta St. at 10 P.M. Drew 4 days rations for the Co. and slept with Hildebrand in a little shanty. Atlanta is almost entirely ruined, Gen. Sherman's shells during a siege of two months having destroyed nearly every house in the town, and when he left he set fire to all the warehouses. Marched 54 miles.

"Soon after starting we received orders to proceed to Decatur, and thence to cross the Chattahoochee, and guard all the fords between Sandtown and Suwanee and westward to Atlanta. Moved to the latter place, where we drew four days' rations for the men and two days' forage, the first supplies we have drawn from the Government since leaving East Tennessee. There was a bustle in camp when the ration wagons came out to give us a supply. The last of Uncle Sam's provisions we

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had was six weeks before in East Tennessee, and since then we had been living off the country, and had the 'fat of the land,' but were tired of it. Three hearty cheers from the boys greeted the hard-tack, coffee, sugar and flitch, on which we regaled ourselves, and nothing ever tasted sweeter to us than these rations which we had once despised."

Friday, 12. Marched at 5 A.M., cold. Started for the Chattahoochie River to guard it, but after our battalion had crossed Peach Tree Creek, the orders were countermanded and we were ordered to the west side of the Coosa River, via Sandtown and Jacksonville. Countermarched through town and took the road to Sandtown; passed through a miserable sandy country and found no ferry at Sandtown. Went on to Campbellton and started across at dark. My company was across first and after putting it in camp with Capt. Kramer's battalion, I went up to Headquarters and got supper and had some singing. As I have no blankets I slept in front of the fire at headquarters in the long cabin. Marched 34 miles.

"Started at daylight, but before we got our positions to guard the fords orders were received to move the Regiment to Asheville, west of the Coosa River, and from that point, in connection with the rest of our brigade, guard all the intersecting and Crossroads from Croxville and Wills Valley south to Wilsonville, on the Talladega Railroad, and to intercept all parties bound for the trans-Mississippi department. The Regiment crossed the river at Campbellton by a small ferry, and encamped on the west bank."

The reason for the march to the west is explained by a letter from General Palmer to Major Bascom, Ass't Adjutant General, dated May 12th.

". . . I have had the country thoroughly searched from Washington west to the Chattahoochie River, and from Athens to Lawrenceville south to Milledgeville, Monticello, and McDonough. My belief is that Davis has not yet crossed the Chattahoochie River, but that he is lying by until search shall have ceased. This belt, however, is so thoroughly exhausted of corn that I have determined to send Brown's and Miller's brigades under General Brown to the line of the Savannah River from Dooley's Ferry, near Lincolnton, northward to Knox's bridge, on the Tugalo, to feed there as long as practicable without starving the people, and to arrest stray parties of armed Confederates going westward. These orders were sent to General Brown yesterday, with instructions as soon as forage becomes scarce to move to Greenville S. C., and vicinity to await orders from you.

"With the First Brigade, which is as much as I can feed on this route, I have determined to march rapidly across the belt, exhausted by the campaign against Atlanta, and place it west of the Coosa River for the purpose of guarding that line from Will's Valley south to Wilsonville, on the Talladega and Selma Railroad. . . . I have received no orders from you since the one to follow Davis, until I believed further search useless, and I am acting upon that. . . ."

In a letter to Major Bascom, dated May 6th, Palmer had recommended that Brown's and Miller's brigades be immediately recalled to East Tennessee. These brigades were composed mainly of men from East Tennessee, formerly under command of General Gillem. Palmer wrote: "The reason I recommend that Brown's and Miller's brigades be immediately recalled to East Tennessee is because their officers for the most part have lost all control over their men. A large number of the

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men and some of the officers devote themselves exclusively to pillaging and destroying property. General Brown appears to have given them *carte blanche* in South Carolina, and they are now so entirely destitute of discipline that it cannot be restored in the field and while the command is living on the country."

Saturday, 13. Clear and warm. Marched at 5½ A.M. Passed through Villa Rica and found no forage, so we camped and grazed our horses. Marched 22 miles.

"Our march this day was through a very barren country, entirely stripped by our army in the Atlanta campaign. The citizens had to haul corn for a distance of 100 miles, in many instances. We marched thirty-six miles until 9 P.M. and then turned our horses into a large field to graze and rest, as it was impossible to find anything for them."

Sunday, 14. Marched at 5 A.M. Passed through Pine Grove and learned that Jeff Davis had passed through on Wednesday. Camped by battalion 1st and 2nd. (Major Garner joined us today.) Camped at Mr. Caruth's. The country we have been passing over has been a ridgy, gravelly, barren waste, from Chattahoochie River to this place and is said to be so still further west. We are now in Alabama.

"Moved forward at daylight, and by sending small parties to different farm-houses, over a distance of twelve miles, we got our horses fed. Marched twenty-eight miles through Possum Snout and across the Tallapoosa River and went into camp at 6 P.M. The ford was a deep one and the bottom rocky. From necessity some of the men were mounted on mules, which are not as safe as a horse to ride in such cases. Lieutenant Morton seeing E. H. Engle, of his company so mounted, told him to ride by his side and he would protect him, as his horse was sure, but in the middle of the river Morton's horse stumbled and fell and took Engel's mule with him, so that both riders had to wade ashore in water nearly up to their necks. Little incidents like these gave great enjoyment to those whose horses got over safely, and the bath the two got was needed sadly by all in the Regiment. Our rapid and lengthy marches were very hard on our horses, but we captured sufficient from citizens to keep generally well mounted. In most cases this was only a forced trade of our wearied animals for fresh ones, and in many cases after ours had been rested up they proved better than the ones we had taken. Not a half dozen of the men returned with the same horse they started with, and some of the men used up twenty horses on the campaign."

Monday, 15. Clear and warm. Marched through White Plains where we fed at 4 P.M. Marched on to Jacksonville and camped at dark at Williams. Got supper at Mr. Crow's. *Black* is the name of the man we fed with at 4 P.M. He is very penurious, owns a large plantation and lives at his negro quarters.

"Started at 6 A.M.; crossed Dugdown and Terrapin Mountains, through Shoal Creek P. O., White Plains to Jacksonville, where we camped at 7:30 P.M. A courier from the Tenth Michigan, marching parallel and south of us, brought word that Jeff Davis had been captured at Irwinville by the Fourth Michigan Cavalry. This news caused great cheering by the men of each company as the word was passed down our line of march. It was mortifying to lose our prey after all our hard marches and sleepless nights and our only consolation was that we made his capture easy for others to accomplish. It was as Gen. Geo. H. Thomas remarked to his

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staff at that time 'General Wilson held the bag and Palmer drove the game into it.' At Jacksonville, Captain Scheide with his Company K was detailed to communicate with General Wilson's forces at Montgomery, Ala."

The capture of Jeff Davis and his party occurred, actually, on May 10th.

On leaving Washington, Ga. with his small escort his objective had been to go below the points occupied by the Union troops and then turn westward to join Generals Forrest, Taylor, and Maury. If that proved impossible his intention had been to join Generals E. K. Smith and Magruder west of the Mississippi.

However, on about the third day after leaving Washington he learned that his wife and children, escorted by his private secretary and seven paroled soldiers, were just a short distance ahead of him, their intention being to reach the Florida coast. Davis hadn't seen his family since they had left Richmond and fearing that marauders of either army might molest them, he at once turned east and that night was able to join them. For their protection he traveled with them until they reached the outskirts of Irwinville in south Georgia. Here, believing that there was no longer any chance of marauders, he determined to leave them to continue on with his original purpose.

If he thought they were free from molestation he was badly mistaken, for two detachments of General James H. Wilson's corps were hot on his trail. One, with Colonel Harnden, three officers, and 150 men of the 1st Wisconsin had picked up his trail at Dublin where he had crossed the Oconee River, and the other, the Fourth Michigan Cavalry with Lt. Col. Pritchard in command, had come straight down the west bank of the Ocmulgee River. The two detachments met at the little town of Abbeville, twenty-five miles north of Irwinville. Here Harnden gave Pritchard all the information he had received of the whereabouts of Davis and his party. It was decided that Harnden should follow on the trail of the supposed Davis party and that Pritchard should continue on down the river indefinitely or until he found something further to justify his leaving it. The plan was immediately carried out. Within a few miles of Abbeville Pritchard met a negro from whom he obtained information which removed all doubt that the party Harnden was pursuing was indeed that of the Confederate President.

In the excitement due to this information Pritchard failed to send a courier to Harnden notifying him that he was changing his course and would join in the pursuit. This was most unfortunate as will be seen.

In order to march as rapidly as possible Pritchard chose seven officers and 128 of his best men and struck off by a roundabout road through Bowenville to Irwinville. He made as rapid progress as possible as he had about 35 miles to go and he hoped to join Harnden, whose road was nearly 15 miles shorter.

Pritchard arrived in Irwinville about 1 A.M. of the morning of the 10th and naturally caused much excitement in the sleeping town. He restored quiet by assuring them that he was the rear guard of Davis's escort, and received the information that the party he was looking for was encamped about a mile and a half north of the town. Guided by a negro they moved noiselessly northward until within a short distance of the camp. Here the Colonel sent Lt. Purinton and 25 men through the woods to the Abbeville road north of the camp for the purpose of cutting off any

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chance of escape, while he, himself, moved to within a few rods of the camp and waited for daybreak, as he felt there would be more chance for success if the attack should be made in daylight.

Meanwhile, Harnden had marched hurriedly along the Abbeville road until night, when he camped in the forest to rest and graze his horses, knowing he must be in close proximity of his prey. He started as soon as it was light and had only gone a short distance when he found a detachment in front of him which at once opened fire on him. Thinking it was part of Davis's escort he returned the fire. In the skirmish which followed two men were killed and one officer and three men severely wounded, "before either party learned that they were fighting Union men instead of Confederates." Pritchard, hearing the noise of the firing, leaving the camp surrounded by his men, hurried toward the sound of battle and there met Harnden riding towards him.

Naturally, the noise of the firing awoke Davis and his party just as Pritchard's men were surrounding the camp.

There are two different stories regarding the actual capture; Jeff Davis's version and that told to General Wilson by the men who captured him. In some ways they are substantially the same.

Jeff Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" says that he was ready to leave on the afternoon of the 9th when one of his staff returned from the little town of Irwinville with the information that a marauding party was expected to attack them that night. Davis therefore concluded to remain with his family for another night, leaving his horse saddled and his pistols in their holsters.

He was awakened by the firing and stepping out of his tent recognized the troops as Union cavalry. His wife begged him to leave and after a moment's hesitation he picked up what he thought was his own "raglan" or water-proof coat without sleeves. He says, "it was subsequently found to be my wife's, so very like my own as to be mistaken for it." As he started out of the tent his wife threw her shawl over his head. He had only gone a short distance when he was ordered to halt by a trooper, "to which I gave a defiant answer, dropping the shawl and raglan from my shoulders, advanced toward him; he leveled his carbine at me, but I expected, if he fired, he would miss me, and my intention was in that event to put my hand under his foot, tumble him off on the other side, spring into the saddle and attempt to escape." However, his wife rushed forward and threw her arms around his neck and so his chance was lost!

The other version as told by General Wilson follows: "Captain Hudson with a sergeant claimed to be the first man to ride up to the central tent in the camp, and was about to dismount when he saw a woman *en déshabille* through the opening of the tent front who asked him not to intrude upon the privacy of ladies, but to give them time to dress. As she followed this with the declaration that there was no one but ladies in the tent, and that it belonged to 'Mr. Smith and his friends,' he was about to grant her request, but just at that moment he also heard sharp firing up the road, and, leaving a trooper to guard the tent, he rejoined his detachment and hastened to the fighting line.

"This brings us to the actual capture of Jefferson Davis and his party a few minutes later by men operating under the immediate direction of Lieutenant Julian G. Dickinson, adjutant of the Fourth Michigan. In compliance with Pritchard's

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orders, that officer, after taking the necessary precautions for the security of the captured camp and sending forward several men who had straggled, was about starting to join the colonel when his attention was called 'to three persons dressed in female attire' who were apparently just leaving the tent and were moving toward the thick woods near by. Turning his horse toward them, he sang out: 'Halt!' but as this failed to stop them, he repeated the command in a more imperative tone, which drew Corporal Munger and three men from the cordon about the camp, with carbines advanced. This brought the party promptly to a standstill. In the fright and confusion which followed it became evident that one of the party was Mr. Davis in disguise, and that the others were Mrs. Davis and her sister, Miss Howell. . . .

"Corporal Munger later claimed to have been the first to recognize Davis under his disguise by his boots and spurs, while Col. Harnden, in his account of the capture, says that John H. Reagan, Confederate postmaster general, was the first man he and Pritchard saw, and that Reagan pointed out Davis to them, whereupon they rode up, dismounted, and after saluting asked the person indicated if he was Mr. Davis. To this he replied: 'Yes; I am President Davis.' Harnden adds that up to that minute no one actually engaged in the arrest knew certainly that their principal prisoner was the person they were looking for.

"On counting the captured party, it was found that it consisted of Mr. Davis, Mr. Reagan, postmaster general, Colonel Burton N. Harrison, private secretary, Colonels Johnson and Lubbock, aides-de-camp, four younger officers and thirteen private soldiers, besides Mrs. Davis, Miss Howell, her sister, two maid servants, four children, and several colored servants and teamsters. One of the party, a private soldier, in the confusion succeeded in slipping into the woods and getting away.

"As both Harnden and Pritchard had been notified before starting that Davis was escorted by a party variously reported at from ten to fifty picked men, who would probably make a desperate fight, they had fully made up their minds to take him dead or alive, and this doubtless accounts for the sharpness of the fight between the Wisconsin and Michigan men.

"The women and children were carried by two army ambulances, while six army wagons carried the baggage and personal effects of the party.

"News of the capture reached me two days later by Pritchard's written report to Minty, who in turn brought it to me at the Lanier House. On entering my office, this natty and dashing officer, hastily saluting, called out in an exultant tone: 'General, we have captured Jeff Davis, and, by jingo, we got him in his wife's clothes!'

"Minty's first words brought me instantly to my feet, but those which followed and the manner of their delivery suggested that Minty might be treating the subject with untimely levity, whereupon I replied: 'General, that is most important news, but I trust there is no mistake about it.' It flashed through my mind that Davis's capture would be hailed throughout the North as the end of the Rebellion, and that if he were really caught in his wife's clothes it would overwhelm him and the Confederate cause alike with ridicule. The severity of my manner was instantly followed by a serious expression on the part of Minty, who said: 'It's all right, General; here is Pritchard's dispatch by a special courier.' Harnden himself,

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sad with disappointment that the actual capture had been made by another, appeared shortly afterward and not only confirmed Pritchard's report, but gave the details substantially as set forth in this narrative. . . .

"Of course, I sent off my first dispatch on the strength of the information brought in by Minty, saying amongst other things that Davis was captured 'in his wife's clothes,' which was literally the fact.

"Although both officers and men declared that when arrested Davis was endeavoring to escape in disguise, I gave no details and specified no particular articles of clothing. My report, however, was instantly flashed to all parts of the country as well as to all parts of Europe. It was published everywhere in the newspapers and illustrated journals with details and amplifications from the imagination of the writers and artists who commented upon the event and supplied details according to their own fancy. So far as I know no officer ever asserted that the Confederate chief was caught in crinoline or petticoats as worn in those days, and yet his friends everywhere hastened to deny the allegation as published in the newspapers, and many went so far as to declare that Davis was not disguised at all and that the whole story was a tissue of falsehoods.

"It will not be forgotten that the country was at that time hung in black and overwhelmed with sorrow for the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and that so long as the Confederate chiefs were at large, threatening to carry on the war more fiercely than ever, there could be no assurance of peace. But when the news came that Jefferson Davis had not died 'in the last ditch,' but had been caught trying to get away in woman's clothing, it was evident to all that the war was ended completely and forever. The illustrated journals made this more certain than ever by depicting the disconsolate chieftain, seated at the edge of 'the last ditch' with his dress drawn up over a hoop skirt, revealing a pair of cavalry boots and spurs. That picture without reference to its literal truth was also republished throughout the world, and did quite as much as all the regular reports and narratives together to restore public confidence and to bring back to the faces of the people the smiles which had vanished from them when they heard of the wicked and senseless assassination of Lincoln three weeks before at Washington.

"The precise articles of Davis's disguise were a lady's water-proof cloak, buttoning down in front, and known in those days as an 'aquascutum,' which he doubtless put on at the instance of his wife. In addition, he wore a small, black, long shawl, with a colored, cross border, wrapped about his neck and over his soft felt hat. To the ordinary soldier the 'waterproof' looked exactly like a woman's coarse gown for rough weather, and while put on over an ordinary suit of Confederate gray, it was certainly intended as a disguise by Davis and his wife, and was so taken by those who saw it on him. If it had proved successful and Davis had escaped by its use, his friends would doubtless have fully justified its use. The dress and shawl were delivered to Colonel Pritchard and by him turned over to the Adjutant General at the War Department, where they can doubtless be inspected by such as are curious to know their exact form and construction. . . .

"As Davis and his escort were on the way to my headquarters they found the streets of Macon crowded with men and women who had supported or sympathized with the Confederacy, but not a single one of whom gave them a kindly greeting or a word of recognition. While Davis and his party were closely guarded no one

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was prohibited from showing them personal respect or from offering them a friendly salutation. From the fact that all stood silent I have never doubted that from that time at least Davis had lost most of his popularity in that community. Neither then nor afterward, while at Macon did a single Confederate leader or a single personal friend make inquiry in regard to him. Not one soul showed the slightest interest in his behalf while he remained at that place.

"Of course, I received and treated the Confederate President with every courtesy and consideration, assigning him and his party the best rooms in the hotel and, as soon as they had refreshed themselves, I directed my own steward and servants to give the tired and hungry travelers the best dinner the resources of the hotel and the town could supply. It is pleasant to add that they ate as heartily and with as much freedom from annoyance as if they had been my personal friends and honored guests.

"Shortly after dinner I received Mr. Davis in my official apartment and conversed with him till his train was ready to start which was set for five o'clock that afternoon."*

Mr. Davis and his party were sent by train to Augusta and from there by river steamer to Savannah. Included in the party were Alexander H. Stevens, vice-president of the Confederacy, Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Confederate navy, Mr. Reagan, Mr. Hill, a Confederate senator for Georgia and Mr. Clement C. Clay.

General Joe Wheeler and staff were also included in the party. General Wheeler, as we know, had been captured by a detachment of Palmer's brigade, but neither Will nor Captain Weand had told of the forged parole with which he had tried to pass himself off as a Lt. Sharp. So suspicious did his conduct appear Palmer deprived him of his liberty and sent him to Washington.

From Savannah to Hampton Roads the party was conveyed by a gun-boat and at Hampton Roads Jeff Davis was separated from his family and confined in Fortress Monroe.

General Wilson tells of the reasons for and final outcome of Mr. Davis's imprisonment. "While it has been frequently contended that it would have been better to 'build a bridge of gold' over which Davis might escape, it must not be forgotten that the assassination of President Lincoln had changed the feeling of the country from one of indifference to one of intense anxiety that the leaders of the Confederacy, as well as all persons who might have been engaged in that wicked and unfeeling crime, should be arrested and brought to punishment. And it was doubtless as the exponent of that feeling that the Secretary of War took such an intense interest in the pursuit and capture and the safe transportation and imprisonment of Davis. Both Stanton and President Johnson were accused of vindictive feelings toward him. In common with most military men I supposed that Davis would at least be tried by a military commission for levying war against the United States, but from the fact that he was never brought to trial before either a military or a civil court, it cannot be successfully contended that he was vindictively treated, although confined in a casemate with irons on his wrists. The most that can be said against that treatment is that it was foolish and unnecessary. While it is true that every effort was made for the next six months to find proof connecting Davis

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with the plot to assassinate the President and his cabinet, all efforts in that direction finally failed and the charge was properly dismissed along with all other charges against the great prisoner. After nearly half a century in the full light of every fact disclosed, it does not appear that there was ever the slightest justification even for the suspicion that Mr. Davis had either personal or official knowledge or responsibility for the wild and dastardly plot to murder his great contemporary. That he was not only permitted in the end to go free, but to die of old age in peace, redounds to the glory of our common country as well as to the moderation if not to the magnanimity of both Stanton and Johnson. Both were at times foolish and arbitrary, but neither was a corrupt or a wicked man.

“As before stated, the capture of Davis and his family, following, as it did, the capture and destruction of the last Confederate arsenal, storehouse, and stronghold and the disbandment and parole of the last Confederate army, made peace not only certain but effective and permanent. Our task was done, and done well. . . .”*

Homeward Bound

May 1865

The war was over, certainly, but General Palmer had to wait for orders from General Thomas, and the days seemed long to the men in the Regiment. The diaries grew shorter and shorter; Will's petering out completely. Capt. Weand's, sometimes, tells of what they were doing in greater detail, but the excitement was over and all their thoughts must have been on Home!

It will be Ball's diary from now on with Weand's, as usual, in quotes.

Tuesday, 16. Left camp and marched through town directly west. Ten armed men captured two of Co. L and stole their horses and arms. Garner remained back in town with four men and they said they would have the major too. I hope they may be successful! Capt. Lloyd with a party was sent back to lie in wait for them. He had orders to capture none. Marched 23 miles and forded the Coosa river at 4 P.M. three-quarters of a mile across at Ten Mile Ford. Traveled up the river 3 miles and camped in a good plantation on the river. Am on picket duty tonight. It has been very hot today. Yesterday a courier came up with us with a dispatch to to the effect that Jeff Davis has been captured near Irwinville by the 4th Mich. Cavalry. Took a swim in the Coosa River.

Corporal Anderson of Co. F was with Major Garner and tells of their experiences.

"When the Regiment started from Jacksonville, Ala., on the morning of May 16, 1865, Major Garner was left there to parole Confederate soldiers and to receive a dispatch which was expected. I was ordered to stay with him. I had three of my company with me, and we made ourselves pretty comfortable in an old drug store.

"The Major went to the house of one of the most influential citizens, and was courteously received, and took the parlor for his office. He was busy filling out paroles, and the parlor was crowded with ex-Confederates. Suddenly he heard a woman call out, in a frightened voice, 'Oh, they are going to kill him!' and turning, saw two belligerent looking fellows, dressed in Confederate uniforms, with pistols in their hands. They came at the Major in a threatening manner, but just then the owner of the house spoke up, 'For God's sake, gentlemen! don't kill him here, because you will spoil my carpet.' At that his assailants grabbed the Major by the coat collar, pulled him out of the house and into the street.

"Quite a crowd of citizens had gathered by this time, and among them the Mayor of the town, whose son was one of the Major's assailants. He told his son that 'it was an outrage to attack him in that manner; that if they injured him it would certainly result in harm to the town; that the war was over, and that the Major had a right to be there,' and a whole lot of other stuff like that. But the young fellow replied, in a loud and savage voice, that the Confederacy had not been vanquished—it had been overpowered—and that he proposed to 'keep up the fighting by killing every d——d Yankee who came into their country.'

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"But where was the Major's guard all this time? I had not looked for any disturbance here, and my men were in a back room of a drug store, playing cards. I knew nothing of the outrage until I strolled to the front of the store, and then saw the crowd and the 'Johnny' who had hold of the Major's collar. Calling my men at once we grabbed our carbines and ran to his assistance and when he saw us he yelled 'blaze away!' which we did to good effect. The fellow who had hold of him let go at once, and we all ran out to the public square, firing for all we were worth, and soon had them scattered and running. As soon as we could gain our horses we wanted to give them a chase, but the Major restrained us, and said, 'Boys, just take it cool, for you gave them all they wanted. They won't bother us anymore.'

"Soon after a squad from our Regiment joined us, having been sent back by Colonel Betts, who had become somewhat alarmed for our safety. Some of Wheeler's men had captured two men of Company L, relieved them of horses, arms and valuables and then set them free. This had occurred shortly after the Regiment left us, and possibly it was the same party we met."

Wednesday, 17. The mosquitoes were awful last night on picket. Milked three cows before daylight this morning. Arrived at Ashville about noon, eleven miles from the river. Co. F left in town. We went on in search of forage, had difficulty in finding it. Our company camped 5½ miles from Ashville at a Mr. Crump's who used to hunt the union men of the county with bloodhounds.

"The Regiment was broken up into small detachments and stationed at different points, from Blairsville south for twenty-five miles, with orders to arrest all fugitive parties not paroled, and also those whose paroles were irregularly made out. A good many of these irregular paroles were those we had given to the returned Confederates in Lincolnton, N.C. At that place one of the largest rooms in the court-house was used for this purpose, and one of the companies of the Fifteenth was detailed to make out the papers and administer the oath of allegiance. It ought to have been a solemn affair, but instead it was amusing and jolly. When told to 'kiss the book' the smack was given with a gusto, and one enthusiastic rebel said 'he was so glad that if necessary he would eat the book.' Instead of attending to each one separately, which was slow, they paroled them in squads. The rebels said the politicians had fooled them into going to war, but would not acknowledge being whipped, only overwhelmed. Between jokes, handshaking, speeches and cheers many of the paroles were not made out correctly, and later on the process had to be gone over again."

Thursday, 18. Very warm and dry. Was sent out after corn four miles from camp. A Mrs. Nelson, a widow, informed us she had a silver mine on her place, and had been offered \$3,000 for it but wanted \$12,000. She had sent specimens to Huntsville. To find her place, we turned off the Huntsville road at Mr. Crump's 5½ miles from Ashville, to the right going north and travelled through the woods. Mrs. Mellis Nelson lives very near Mrs. Dells where we got our corn. Mrs. Jones also lives near. Forage is very scarce. I killed two of old Crump's chickens tonight and pulled a mess of onions.

Friday, 19. The battalion all gathered together again and went N.W. over Blount mountain and through Paint Gap going about 20 miles. Here in the valley

HOMeward BOUND

(Murphrees) all the companys again separated after forage. Our company is camped in a beautiful spot. On guard tonight.

Saturday, 20. Moved camp after forage and camped 3 miles from Col. Betts party. Neimann and I went out to shoot squirrels; shot one; got our dinner at a house and started out again. We started a deer, the first wild one I ever saw. Got our supper at a house.

Sunday, 21. Rain is needed badly. Fine weather for soldiers. The three of us went out and got our breakfast. Fighting is still going on in this Murphrees Valley between the Tories and Rebs. We are lying here waiting for orders to proceed to Huntsville. We flatter ourselves we will be home by the 1st of July. The people are mostly union in this valley.

Monday, 22. Had a heavy rain before daylight. On guard last night. Left camp this morning for Guntersville on our way to Nashville, we think to be mustered out. Crossed over Sand Mt. and camped in Big Spring Valley. Feeding on mulberries this P.M. Travelling about 22 miles. Passed a Masons lodge built of logs.

"In obedience to orders received to move to Guntersville, Wagner and Kramer marched with their battalions by way of Brooksville and Big Spring, and Major Garner's by way of Campbell's store, the whole command reaching Guntersville on the 23d, where the boys were made happy by receiving the first mail after a two months' absence."

A few days earlier General Palmer had written a report to Major Bascom, Ass't Adjutant General, which explains the condition of the country they were passing through. He wrote in part: "In moving through the country I have found it advisable to parole some 5,000 Rebel soldiers, who were at or in the vicinity of their homes, many of them unable to report at the paroling stations regularly provided, or ignorant of where they should report. I would respectfully suggest that if necessary an order be issued under proper date authorizing me to give these paroles, so that there may be no doubt concerning their legitimacy. . . .

"In the district I have traversed since leaving Athens, Ga., the poorer classes will be apt to suffer for provisions until the wheat crop is gathered unless the rich divide with them, which they show but little inclination to do anywhere in the south. I do not think it advisable that any authority should be granted by the military commanders for the formation of armed police bodies for local protection in the South, as such authority will in most cases, I think, militate against the poor whites and negroes, who are and always have been our friends. No protection should be afforded that cannot be given by garrisons of our troops. There is an abundance of corn in southwestern Georgia and southern Alabama to feed these poor people if the railroads were repaired. The new corn crop is so promising everywhere that I think there will be a large surplus the coming year. All the suffering for food that will occur in the South will occur within the next three or four months."

Tuesday, 23. Left this morning for Guntersville, 15 miles, where we arrived about 1 P.M. The gunboat "Stone River" arrived this afternoon. We received our long expected mail with papers. We are certainly on our way to Nashville to be mustered out. We are camping here all night. Rations issued. Coffee once more.

Wednesday, 24. Fine day. Very hot weather. Crossed the river on the gunboat "Stone River". Went through Paint Rock Valley and forded Paint Rock River; marched 20 miles and camped in the brush. Weather very hot. On picket tonight.

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"Crossed the Tennessee River and marched for Huntsville, forty-two miles distant, where we arrived the next day, and encamped in a beautiful grove, one mile from town, on the Meridianville road. Since we left this place on March 5th the Regiment has participated in the longest raid made by any of our forces during the war, having marched about 2,000 miles.

Thursday, 25. Kept on through Paint Rock Valley, fording Flint river. Crossed the mountains, arriving at Huntsville at 3 P.M. Camped 1 mile from town in a beautiful grove of oaks.

Friday, 26. The company papers arrived from Chattanooga. The rolls are to be made out and we are to go to Nashville to be mustered out. Wrote home today.

Saturday, 27. Very windy and cool. Nothing to do but attend to our horses and nothing to eat but pork, crackers and coffee. Had dress parade last evening. A congratulatory order was read to us in regard to our late raid. We travelled near 1,500 miles.

"General Orders

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH PENNA. CAVALRY.

"No. 8

Huntsville, Ala. May 26, 1865

"Fellow-Soldiers, After a campaign of more than two months, during which time you have shared a prominent part in securing the grand result just attained in the suppression of the Rebellion, you have again reached your railroad communications, and the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding desires to express the great satisfaction he feels with the soldierly qualities evinced by you since the date of his assuming command. During the campaign you have marched nearly 1500 miles, passed through the States of Tennessee, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, and have subsisted entirely on the country, in consequence of which you have suffered many privations, but it is with pride your commanding officer can say he has yet to hear the first utterance of complaint. Wherever you have encamped you have left a name eulogized by all, whilst your performance of duty on the field and elsewhere has elicited nothing but praise from your Commanding General.

"The officers of the Regiment, the Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding takes pleasure in expressing his thanks for their hearty co-operation and prompt fulfillment of orders. To First Sergeants John Burton, Company E, and John K. Marshall, Company F, special praise is due for the ability shown in the management of their companies in the absence of their respective commanders.

"The Regiment will start in a few days for Nashville, there to be mustered out of service as soon as the proper papers can be prepared, and your commander feels assured that during the interval you will sustain the enviable reputation you have hitherto enjoyed, by the continuance of the same good discipline and manly conduct.

"By order of

"Chas. M. Betts.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding."*

Sunday, 28. Neimann and I turned in our saddle equipments; our horses being condemned and sent to town to be sold.

Monday, 29. Lying in camp doing nothing. Weather getting very warm. Cannot tell exactly when we leave.

HOMeward BOUND

June 1865

Thursday, 1. Fine day. Very warm. Took a walk out in the country and was shot at in the woods.

Friday, 2. On guard today. It is dismal here in camp doing nothing. We are now to leave here next Tuesday for Nashville.

Saturday, 3. Bob and I went out after dewberries. On account of the very dry weather they are scarce.

Sunday, 4. Went to church this morning in town. There was a mounted parade this P.M. Neimann and I took a walk into town this evening. We hear now that we are to remain here one week longer. Blast it! It is rascally business.

Thursday, 8. Ramsey shot himself through the leg this morning, making a bad wound. He was removed to the hospital.

Friday, 9. Very hot. Went in to the Post Hospital to see Ramsey. He is getting along finely.

Saturday, 10. Blind Robins[†] and new milk for supper last night. Consequence; sick all night. We had a very heavy wind and rain storm tonight. I had taken down my fly tent and had rigged up a blanket. Got myself and everything else thoroughly soaked. Slept in the wet all night. The first battalion went to Nashville this evening.

Sunday, 11. Very hot after the rain. Started into town this morning. Attended church and went to see Alex. He is getting along well. We all left on the cars for Nashville at 5 P.M.

Monday, 12. Arrived here at Nashville at daylight this morning. Are encamped in a beautiful woods on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad.

Thursday, 15. Moved camp this morning over to the Chicken Pike. All companies are commencing making out the muster out rolls. I am busy on them too, with Neimann.

Friday, 16. Busy all day working. Had a very heavy rain this afternoon. Sleeping in wet blankets tonight.

Saturday, 17. Very hot today. We finished the rolls today. This P.M. I went into town and put up with the Knight Bros.

Sunday, 18. Very hot. Thermometer yesterday 102° in the shade. Went to church this morning and then walked out to camp. Another very heavy rain this evening. Blankets wet again.

Monday, 19. Fine day. A little cooler. Went out after blackberries. We will be mustered out on Wednesday and will probably start home Thursday. Big thing.

Wednesday, 21. We were mustered out of the service this afternoon at 4 o'clock by Major Hough.* Cannot tell when we will be paid. They say Saturday, but Monday for certain.

Lt. Col. Betts describes the mustering out. "On the afternoon of the twenty-first of June, 1865, the Regiment officially closed its term of service in the Army of the United States, at Nashville, Tenn. The companies were paraded without arms and marched to the rear of the Colonel's quarters and formed in column of

[†]Spoiled herrings

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companies. Major Hough, the mustering officer, then commenced on the right of the line and called each man's name, who, as he answered, 'Here,' stepped three paces to the front, and when all remaining of a company recruited in 1862 had answered, they were declared mustered out of service.

"After all the companies were disposed of, the officers were formed in line and took an oath that they had furnished returns for all the stores committed to their care and that they were not further accountable, and the mustering officer then declared them out of service, and the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry as an organization ceased to exist; to be thereafter only a memory."

The days after the mustering out, as Ball wrote: "hang very very wearily; we do not know what to do with ourselves." Will managed better, meeting some nice "young ladies", buying a stallion from the government for \$90, which had been captured at Lauren's Court House in South Carolina, and selling a half interest in it to Ball. On June 23d General Palmer gave a dinner for the officers which Will attended and a "high old time was had by all." Both Ball and Will rode to the "Hermitage", General Andrew Jackson's old residence, and of course Will went to see the Knight brothers.

On June 26th the officers were paid off and the men on the following day. The last entry in Will's diary follows: "There were some sad partings among the officers and men, for a companionship of three years in camp and field cannot be sundered without separating many friends. On the 27th Ball and I started for home in company with a number of officers and men. We came home via Cincinnati, and on the first day of July, 1865 fell into the embrace of our beloved family at 1839 Filbert St., Philada. Home again, safe from the war, and with the proud consciousness of having stayed in till the Rebellion was completely crushed!"

It would have been fun to have been a fly on the wall in that little house on Filbert Street that night "the boys" arrived home. Who saw them first? Was it "Sis", the faithful correspondent throughout those three long years? Or was it one of the "little boys"? We'll never know, but we can be quite sure their mother's tears were dried and the father, strict disciplinarian that he was, would have been tolerant and easy. Orrie could have hung spiders all over him and Sabe could have raised complete "Cain" and no word of rebuke would have come on that joyful night of the boys' return.



S.S. New York

PLATE 17

John Ross House, Rossville, Georgia





PLATE 18 Palmer Medal

Afterword

Like most young men who have served in the armed forces during a war, neither Ball nor Will were content to settle down at home. They went their separate ways, but both to the South. No doubt they had seen some of the beautiful and seemingly profitable plantations during the three years they served in the south. Whatever the cause, both became "planters", or at least tried to.

Ball had as partner a "Mr. Ed Carroll", probably the son of the Mr. Carroll, principal of the school in Athens, Georgia, where Ball had been placed as safeguard early in May, 1865. Their plantation was close to the mouth of the Savannah River on the South Carolina side. Ball described it as "Rutledge Plantation, five miles from Robertville near the Savannah River". (Robertville was named for the family of a military engineer, Henry Martyn Robert. Although he wrote the popular *Robert's Rules of Order*, he, himself, was far from popular, having served in the Union army!)

Ball's plantation venture seems to have been short-lived. In the summer of 1866 he complained bitterly of the bad weather and small crops and by 1869 he had left Mr. Carroll and the plantation and was surveying for the Texas-Pacific Railroad. This was more to his liking and in later years he used to entertain his small nephews and nieces with tales of Indian raids on the track crews; how they would have to grab their rifles and shoot over the newly constructed embankments and how, finally, the Indians would be driven off.

For a short time, 1879-1880, he, with Will as partner, had a lumber business in Grainfield, Kansas. "No demand", so the lumber was abandoned and he returned to surveying.

In the early 1890's he went into business with Oren, the baby of the family, now a graduate of the Polytechnic College of Pennsylvania. This was an interesting business. They bought old locomotives, such as those from the New York City elevated, which they transferred to electricity and resold to mining companies here and in South America. They also bought old passenger cars and fixed them up for the transportation of theatrical companies and circus groups about to tour the country. He and Oren retired about 1909 and together with Will they had some fine trips.

Ball was the only old bachelor in the family, and a regular old bachelor he was, too; stubborn, smoking vile tobacco in his pipe, being shooed out of the house by his sisters-in-law, but being the favorite uncle to all the nieces and nephews, because of his gentleness and his readiness to tell them of his war experiences, and perhaps, because he seemed to feel that he hadn't done as well in the world as his brothers had.

Will's romance with his "dear Julia" evaporated just as the war ended. Did she elope with someone else? Did she write and tell him that she no longer cared for him? We have no way of finding what caused the break; we only know that Will made no mention of her in his diary after March 12, 1865. Perhaps the "busted" romance was one reason Will was eager to leave Philadelphia. He teamed up with

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his old companion Tony Taylor and they were off to Mississippi to buy a cotton plantation. This they did, in Panola, not far from Memphis, Tenn., the latter part of 1865. The price was \$4,500 for 301 acres, which belonged to a cousin of James and Leonidas Polk.

By January 1st, 1866, they had purchased mules, a horse and buggy, and had hired a colored cook by the name of "Puss". They had also contracted for the cultivation of their plantation, the man agreeing that he would furnish "20 hands, half their rations and would receive half the cotton crop". However, by the spring of 1867, both Will and Tony Taylor had left the south and had begun their long connection with General Palmer.

Will's first job was as secretary to General Palmer on a survey for the Kansas Pacific Railroad which was to furnish a link between Kansas City and San Francisco. At this time the line had reached Salina, Kansas, and it was from there the surveys started. Two surveys were made, one on the 35th parallel and one on the 32d, the latter through New Mexico, Arizona, and California. Will was on the 32d, and surveyed as far as San Diego. A note in his diary says: "The bay has plenty of water, and good anchorage for vessels of the heaviest draught, and, if needed, could shelter the whole navy of the United States." San Diego at that time had 600 inhabitants in the "Old Town" and 50 in the "New Town", the latter situated where the city of San Diego is at the present time.

In the summer of 1868 Will made another survey, this time to Colorado, where, in 1870, he made the first town plat for Colorado Springs, General Palmer having purchased many thousands of acres there for the purpose of colonization.

After a year's courtship of Izora La Vega Van Horn he finally wrote in his diary, dated March 2, 1872, "Veni, vidi, vici," and in February of 1873 they were married. That very same year, in September, he was sent to Mexico on a railroad deal and was there until February of 1874! In 1882, after many moves, all connected with railroads and General Palmer, he settled in Salt Lake City, Utah, with his wife and two children. In 1899 his wife died and in 1906, when General Palmer sold all his holdings to Gould, Will retired. He had worked for Palmer for 42 years!

Will was what one niece termed "a man of great lovableness, gentleness and charm, with one of the pleasantest speaking voices I've ever heard." Another niece has never forgotten a war verse Will taught her while driving in an open carriage in Naples, Italy. Ball was there too, and all three sang loud and lustily;

"O, the chickens they grow small

In Mawmee, in Mawmee.

O, the chickens they grow small

And they eat them guts and all.

O, the chickens they grow small

In Mawmee."

The rest of the family behaved as any right-minded family should. The two girls married in 1869 and the "little boys" married when they were properly grown up and earning a decent living. The father lived to be 78, while the delicate mother lived to reach the 90 year mark! They remained a united family throughout the years even though widely separated, and vast were the reunions, often at Christmas time, at Sabe's house.

AFTERWORD

THE ANDERSON CAVALRY

Seven years after the close of the war those members of the the 15th Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry who lived in or near Philadelphia formed a survivors association, including the entire regiment. Those who were able met every year in Philadelphia, with a business meeting in the afternoon and a banquet at night. Each man paid \$1.00 for the following:

MENU				(September 7, 1899)
	* * * *			
	Raw Oysters			
Celery				Olives
	Stewed Snapper			
	Deviled Crabs			
	Fillet of Beef, Mushroom Sauce			
	Asparagus Tips			
Potato Croquettes				Chicken Salad
	Fried Oysters			
Ice Cream				Fancy Cakes
	Coffee			
Cigars				Commissary
	* * * *			

During the evening various members were asked to speak and many told of unusual experiences they had had during the war. From about 1886 the records of these meetings were published, and it is from these bulletins that I have gleaned many of their adventures and also what some of them did after the war.

General Palmer. After the war he, too, was restless and, although he was urged by General Thomas to remain in the army, he refused. He soon accepted the position of Secretary and Treasurer of the Union Pacific, Eastern Division, later called the Kansas Pacific Railroad. He was only 29 at this time, but his experiences during the war had made him a real leader of men, so he was put in charge of the surveys across the continent and the laying of the track. Fifteen men from his regiment were with him on these surveys and several remained with him the rest of his life.

In 1870 the line was finished and from then on he was on his own. Together with the various companies he formed, he built the Denver and Rio Grande R.R., founded Colorado Springs and colonized it, sponsored Colorado College, and helped found South Pueblo. His activities were too numerous to list here. Although he amassed a fortune, he was generous to a great degree. In 1907, one year after he had become paralyzed from the waist down, he issued an invitation to all the surviving members of his regiment, to come to his home in Colorado Springs for their 35th Annual Banquet, with all expenses paid by him!

Over 280 accepted the invitation, including Will, Ball, and 46 of the "boys" mentioned in the text. The story of their trip across the continent and their reception by the townspeople in Colorado Springs is stirring. First the parade of the gray-haired men to the station in Philadelphia where their "Special" train awaited them; then the gathering up of old friends along the line; the greetings between

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men who hadn't seen each other since mustering out some 42 years before; the "General Palmer Special" on the Burlington at Chicago, with its special diners and Palmer menus; everywhere people massed on the station platforms to wave to the old men in the train; houses decorated with flags all along the line, and at one place as the train passed, an old man dressed in a faded United States uniform stood in his field waving his flag as a greeting.

After four days they arrived in Colorado Springs to find the station overflowing with citizens eager to greet them and to escort them to the Antlers Hotel and to the dormitories of Colorado College where their rooms awaited them.

The next day, after a morning spent in sight-seeing, the regiment paraded with General Palmer in his automobile in the lead, while the townspeople cheered and strewed their way with flowers. That night a banquet was held in the home of General Palmer. He was there in his rolling chair and shook each and every man's hand as the line of gray-haired men passed him. The regiment presented General Palmer with "a large-footed, urn-shaped cut-glass vase, in the form of a loving cup, having three handles, 18" in height, twelve inches in width at top, graceful in shape and cut in the highest degree of art." This was designed and made by H. C. Fry of Company B.

After their old camping songs and many affectionate speeches the banquet was ended with cavalry bugle calls.

The days passed swiftly, with trips to Cripple Creek, Cave of the Winds, Pikes Peak etc., with concerts and dinners, and finally a Garden Party at the General's in his home at Glenn Eyrie. All too soon the six days were gone and the last parade to the station was made sadly. The General was there to bid them goodbye as the train pulled out.

"At 9 o'clock of the morning of August 29th the train rolled into Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, completing the most memorable visit probably ever paid by his fellow soldiers to a Commander by whose side they had served in one of the decisive wars of history."

In the spring of 1909 General Palmer died in his sleep. In Palmer Hall at Colorado College there is a plaque with this inscription:

In Loving Remembrance of
General William J. Palmer
Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry
By the Survivors of the Regiment
1909

Men of the 15th mentioned in the text. The following entered the regular army: *John Tweedale* of Co. I, who later became U.S. Military Secretary; *Capt. Adam Kramer* and *Charles B. Thompson* of Co. K.

The three Regimental doctors continued practicing their profession: *Dr. W. G. Stewart* in Newville, Pa.; *Dr. George F. Mish* in Middletown, Pa.; and *Dr. James W. Alexander* in Canonsburg, Pa.

Capt. H. K. Weand and *Corp. James W. Over* became judges, Weand of Montgomery Co. and Over of Allegheny Co., in Pennsylvania. *John J. Wickham*, the telegrapher who forced the operator at Christianburg, Va., to call Lynchburg, became a learned judge too.

AFTERWORD

Most of the men settled in the eastern States, with the majority in Pennsylvania. Some few went South: *A. B. Fobes'* address was first "Mossy Creek, E. Tenn.," then "Dandridge, Tenn.," and finally he moved to Georgetown, Delaware; *William Mayberry*, after serving on the Interstate Commerce Commission, went to Mexico and ended up in Fettersea, S.C., while poor old *Bob Sowersby*, of ill-odored-well fame, was a consumptive after the war, and moved to Florida with his family. Here he purchased an orange grove only to have a freeze kill all the trees. He died shortly afterwards, in 1895.

A number went west: *Colonel C. B. Lamborn* as far as St. Paul, Minn.; *Captain James H. Lloyd* to Liberty, Mo.; *Lt. D. C. White* to Forest City, Ill.; while *Nicholas Messer* and *George W. Spencer* went to California. *Major Henry McAllister*, after serving as Secretary to the American Iron and Steel organization in Philadelphia, joined General Palmer in Colorado and remained with him to the end of the general's life. *Nathaniel B. Briggs* worked for the Denver and Rio Grande R.R., so he must have been with General Palmer, too.

Sgt. W. W. Blackmar lived in Boston, and, according to A. M. Stickney (one of the 15th *not* in the text), owned a steamship line. At the 25th annual banquet Blackmar invited the members of the Survivors' Association to come to Boston and said he would take them "down the harbor" and that they would have a chance to sit on the chair on which Grant had sat at the surrender of Lee and his army. Blackmar had transferred to the Army of West Virginia in 1864 and had been at the surrender of Lee. He had purchased the chair at that time. In 1904 he was Commander-in-Chief of the G.A.R.

A great many of the men lived in Philadelphia or close by. *Colonel Charles M. Betts's* address was Pier 48, North Wharves, Phila., but I have no idea what he did there. He was the President of the 15th's Survivors' Association up to the time of his death in 1905. He had received the Congressional Medal of Honor for his services in the war, and was greatly beloved by all the men of the 15th. *Sgt. J. Wesley Bowen* was an undertaker in Philadelphia for 55 years. Just think of the number of his old comrades he must have buried! *William L. Bratton* became an engineer, while *Sgt. Harry C. Butcher* was President of the "Empire Land Co." *Smith D. Cozens* was very active in the Survivors' Association, becoming its President after the death of Col. Betts; *Lt. John F. Conaway* was Secretary and Treasurer of the "National Umbrella Frame Co.," and faithful Secretary of the Survivors' Ass'n. He was the one who compiled the valued banquet bulletins; *Capt. George S. Clark* was with the "Fidelity Trust and Safe Deposit Co.," and Ball's friend *Al Cummings* was in "Gents' Furnishings" shortly after the war.

J. Wesley Duncan went into the newspaper business, while *George S. Fobes* sold gas fixtures. *A. D. Frankenberry* lived in Point Marion, Pa., and came to many of the re-unions. He never once failed to give the account of how he signaled the "Hold the Fort" message at Kennesaw Mt. So many times did he do this, I believe I could give his story verbatim!

Lt. Charles S. Hinchman was with General Palmer for some years, and then became Secretary of "Howard Hinchman & Son"; *Capt. Charles H. Kirk* was President of "S. L. Kirk & Co." and the compiler of the *History of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry*.

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William H. Lambert had transferred to the Army of the Potomac after the battle at Stone's River, and for his services with that army he received the Congressional Medal of Honor. In 1895 he helped escort the Liberty Bell on its tour throughout the South. Lambert was active in the Survivors' Ass'n, and a most amusing speaker. He and *John E. Brown* kept the ball rolling at each banquet. The banquets were dull without them. Unfortunately *John E. Brown*, the private who led a regiment at Chickamauga, moved to California in 1907, and there lost all his savings. His wife accepted a position as nurse to the children of a friend of hers, and Jack lived alone in a room in a small hotel in Los Angeles. He seems to have lived a hermit's life, going nowhere, seeing no one except his wife. After a short, lonely illness he died of pneumonia, in 1909.

Edward Patteson, who so hated the life of a soldier, was a "Steam Power" printer, and his firm printed all the "bulletins" up to the time of his death in 1893; *Lt. Alex Ramsey* became a well-known artist; *Capt. Frank Remont* a stationer; while *Warren Supplee* sold coal.

John Tyndale, who was discharged on a "Surgeon's Certificate" in March, 1863, became a member of the firm "T. & J. Tyndale," selling retail china. This firm later became the well known "Wright, Tyndale & Van Roden". *Capt. Anthony Taylor*, Will's "Tony", went south to the plantation with Will, and then in 1867 he helped on the railroad survey with General Palmer. Taylor received the Congressional Medal of Honor for his services during the battle of Chickamauga. He died in 1895 of face cancer.

One man, whose name was not mentioned in the text, but should be mentioned here, is *Pvt. John G. Bourke* of Co's E and D. After the war he enlisted in the 3d U. S. Cavalry and became General Crook's Aide throughout the Indian raids in the 1870's. He wrote a book, *On the Border with Crook*, first published in 1891, and again in 1950. It is an intensely interesting picture of the old West. He wrote, not only of the Indian raids, but of the country, the people, and the towns, all described in a delightfully natural way. Capt. Bourke died at the age of 50, in 1896. (He must have been only 16 when he enlisted in 1862!)

And so we come to the end of the list. The last "Bulletin" that I have is of their 49th reunion, in 1922. In it is the following:

"You can scarcely imagine the pride I feel in having once commanded the body of men of whom you are the remnant. That pride and the memory of those years, those three or four years crowded full of life and activity as they were, will always remain with me as priceless possessions. We were boys nearly forty years ago, and the blood coursed through our veins like wine. We gathered together from all parts of Pennsylvania, animated by a common and noble impulse, and became a military family, that for three years afterwards was to stand together and meet together the ups and downs, the gloom of the stricken field, the exultation of the triumphant battle and all the exigencies of a soldier's life."

(General Palmer, at Twenty-ninth Reunion.)

Muster Roll

Men are listed with rank when mustered out at the end of the war.

A

Abbey, Sam. A.	Cpl.
Adair, James C.	Farrier
Adair, James M.	Pvt.
Adams, Frank T.	Pvt.
Adams, John	Pvt.
Adamson, John	Pvt.
Agnew, James	Sgt.
Aiken, Perlee J.	Pvt.
Airey, Washington	Capt.
Albright, J. D.	Pvt.
Alexander, C. H.	Pvt.
Alexander, E. P.	Pvt.
Alexander, G.	Pvt.
Alexander, J. W.	Sgt.
Allen, Abert D.	Pvt.
Allen, George Q.	Pvt.
Allen, George W.	Pvt.
Allison, Eben	2d Lt.
Allison, Jon M.	Pvt.
Allt, George	Pvt.
Anderson, E. W.	Pvt.
Anderson, Edw.	Pvt.
Anderson, J. L.	Hosp. Ste.
Anderson, J. P.	Cpl.
Anderson, Joseph	Capt.
Anderson, M.	Pvt.
Anderson, Wm.	Pvt.
Andrew, M. Jr.	Pvt.
Andrews, Wm.	Pvt.
Anspach, F. Jr.	Pvt.
Anspach, F. W.	Pvt.
Antes, F. T.	Sgt.
Armor, R. R.	Pvt.
Armstrong, Wm.	Pvt.
Arnold, H. W.	Pvt.
Arnold, Robt. P.	Pvt.
Arvecost, Jos.	Pvt.
Ashmead, I. Jr.	Pvt.
Askwith, J. D.	Pvt.
Asper, Jesse	Farrier
Ayers, George	Pvt.
Ayres, John	Pvt.
Ayres, Samuel	Pvt.

B

Babb, Thomas C.	Pvt.
Babbitt, W. T.	Pvt.
Babbitt, William F.	Pvt.
Bacon, Amos W.	Pvt.
Badder, Jacob S.	Pvt.
Bader, Charles	Pvt.
Bailey, Samuel	Pvt.
Baker, George	Pvt.
Baker, H. M.	Pvt.
Baker, Henry	Cook
Baker, James	Pvt.
Baldwin, W. H.	Pvt.
Balmer, Benjamin F.	Com. Sgt.
Bannin, John M.	Pvt.
Barbour, Peter	Pvt.
Bardsley, William	Pvt.
Barnes, James	Pvt.
Barnes, W. H.	Pvt.
Barnett, Allen J.	Lt.
Barnett, J. P.	Pvt.
Barnhart, David	Sgt.
Barnitz, William W.	Pvt.
Barr, Charles A.	Pvt.
Barr, Charles J.	Pvt.
Barr, Samuel	Pvt.
Barringer, J. P.	Pvt.
Bartram, Benjamin	Cpl.
Bartram, Isaac	Com. Sgt.
Bauer, George	Pvt.
Baugh, George W.	Pvt.
Baylis, John, Jr.	Pvt.
Beachell, H. R.	Pvt.
Beachley, Samuel	Pvt.
Beall, William L.	Pvt.
Bechtelle, C. P.	Sgt.
Beck, Charles E.	Lt.
Beck, Henry L.	Pvt.
Beck, Theodore F.	Sgt.
Beck, William D.	Pvt.
Becker, H. W.	Sgt.
Beisel, Reuben	Pvt.
Beitz, A. O.	Pvt.
Belder, William	Pvt.

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Bell, John H. (d)	Pvt.	Brannan, J. W.	Pvt.
Bell, Joseph	Pvt.	Branthoover, L. L.	Qm. Sgt.
Bell, William S.	Pvt.	Bratton, W. L.	Pvt.
Benner, B. S. (d)	Pvt.	Briggs, Nathaniel E.	Pvt.
Benner, John E.	Sgt.	Brooks, H. E.	Pvt.
Benner, William	Pvt.	Brooks, Harvey	Pvt.
Benners, S. C.	Pvt.	Brooks, William	Pvt.
Bennett, J. A.	Pvt.	Brough, C. M.	Pvt.
Benson, Isaac S.	Pvt.	Brough, H. H.	Pvt.
Berkstresser, J. B.	Pvt.	Brower, Rush	Pvt.
Betts, Charles M.	Lt. Col.	Brown, George	Pvt.
Biggert, Henry	Pvt.	Brown, George E.	Pvt.
Bigler, D. E.	Pvt.	Brown, J. E.	Pvt.
Bigler, E. D.	Pvt.	Brown, J. M.	Pvt.
Birnbaum, R. J.	Pvt.	Brown, James H.	Pvt.
Bishop, George W.	Pvt.	Brown, John	Pvt.
Bittle, William H.	Pvt.	Brown, John E.	Pvt.
Black, Samuel C.	Sgt.	Brown, Rudolph	Pvt.
Black, William D.	Pvt.	Brown, William	Pvt.
Blackmar, W. W.	Sgt.	Brown, William J.	Pvt.
Blackstone, James Jr.	Capt.	Brownlee, M. P. (d)	Pvt.
Blake, H. C.	Sgt.	Brownlee, R. W.	Sgt.
Blight, Charles F.	1st Lt.	Bubb, William H.	Pvt.
Blyler, George W.	Pvt.	Buchanan, A. J.	Pvt.
Boehmen, J. H.	Pvt.	Buchite, John A.	Pvt.
Boggs, John C.	Pvt.	Buchnell, W. K.	Pvt.
Boggs, Samuel R.	Pvt.	Bugher, J. S. P.	Pvt.
Boice, E. H.	Pvt.	Bunting, Joseph	Pvt.
Bois, James F.	Qm. Sgt.	Burke, Henry	Pvt.
Bond, Edward	Pvt.	Burke, J. R.	Pvt.
Bonga, August	Pvt.	Burke, James	Pvt.
Bontemps, Joseph	Pvt.	Burke, Patrick	Pvt.
Boon, Daniel	Pvt.	Burkey, F. J.	Pvt.
Booz, Thomas S. (d)	Pvt.	Burkhart, J. G.	Pvt.
Borda, John H.	Farrier	Burns, Andrew S.	Pvt.
Borst, W. Wallace	1st Lt.	Burns, Frank	Pvt.
Bourke, John G.	Pvt.	Burns, Thomas	Pvt.
Boutcher, G. M. D.	Pvt.	Burns, William	Pvt.
Bover, J. R.	Pvt.	Burr, William C. (d)	Pvt.
Bowen, John W.	Pvt.	Burroughs, S. J.	Sgt.
Bower, John S.	Sgt.	Burroway, M. J.	Pvt.
Bowers, George	Pvt.	Burson, David	Pvt.
Bowers, H. C.	Pvt.	Burton, John	2nd Lt.
Bowers, William F.	Pvt.	Butcher, David F.	Pvt.
Bowles, F. J.	Hosp. Ste.	Butcher, H. C.	Pvt.
Bowman, S. C.	Pvt.	Butler, James	Pvt.
Bowyer, Charles P.	Qm. Sgt.	Buttorf, George W.	Pvt.
Boyle, Hugh	Pvt.	Buttorf, John W.	Pvt.
Bradford, C. H.	Com. Sgt.	Busby, H. A.	Pvt.
Bradford, J. C.	Capt.	Buzby, Robert E.	Pvt.
Bradt, Levi	Pvt.	Byard, Sealy S.	Sgt.

MUSTER ROLL

C

Caldwell, J. W.	Qm. Sgt.	Cole, Luther	Pvt.
Caldwell, James	Farrier	Coleman, A. B.	1st Sgt.
Caldwell, Wm.	Pvt.	Collahan, T. B.	Pvt.
Callahan, Jon C.	Pvt.	Collahan, T. D.	Pvt.
Caloway, Peter	Pvt.	Collins, Chas.	Pvt.
Camp, Byron O.	Bugler	Collins, James	Cpl.
Camp, Hezekiah (d)	Pvt.	Colton, M. B.	Pvt.
Campbell, G. W.	Pvt.	Colton, Wm. F.	Capt.
Campbell, W. P.	Pvt.	Combs, Robert D.	Pvt.
Carleton, Chas.	Pvt.	Conanton, Thos.	Pvt.
Carlisle, Wm. R.	Pvt.	Conard, Wm.	Sgt.
Carlow, Isaac B.	Pvt.	Conaway, J. F.	1st Lt.
Carpenter, W. H.	Pvt.	Conaway, Jas.	Sgt.
Carr, Charles	Pvt.	Connard, D. R.	Pvt.
Carr, Geo. W.	Pvt.	Conner, W. B.	Pvt.
Carrier, Arthur J.	Pvt.	Connors, John	Pvt.
Cassady, Nicholas	Pvt.	Coogle, David C.	Pvt.
Castle, Jas. H.	Pvt.	Cook, Abraham	Pvt.
Castleman, Lewis	Pvt.	Cooney, Terrence	Pvt.
Chadwick, S. F.	Pvt.	Cooper, John S.	Cpl.
Chalmers, Henry	Saddler	Copeland, Joseph	Cpl.
Chamber, W. H. (d)	Pvt.	Corbine, Jas. W.	Pvt.
Chase, R. W. (k)	Pvt.	Cornes, Edward	Pvt.
Chase, Wm. B.	Pvt.	Cornwell, J. H.	Pvt.
Chilton, H. J.	2d Lt.	Corson, Jas.	Pvt.
Cholette, C. M.	Pvt.	Cottrel, Jonas	Pvt.
Chritzman, G. A.	Pvt.	Cottrel, Wm.	Pvt.
Clapp, T. E.	Pvt.	Cover, Michael	Pvt.
Clapp, Theo.	Pvt.	Cox, Abraham	Pvt.
Claproth, Christ	Pvt.	Cox, Roland	Pvt.
Clark, Adrian S.	Pvt.	Cozens, Smith D.	Sgt.
Clark, Albert T.	Sgt.	Craig, Arthur H.	Pvt.
Clark, C. F. Jr.	Sgt.	Craig, Frank	Pvt.
Clark, Charles	Pvt.	Craven, John	Pvt.
Clark, Chas. S.	Pvt.	Crawford, E. E.	Pvt.
Clark, David	Cpl.	Crawford, F. H.	Pvt.
Clark, David A.	Pvt.	Crawford, W. B.	Pvt.
Clark, Edward B.	Pvt.	Creager, C. W.	Pvt.
Clark, George S.	Capt.	Creger, Calvin W.	Pvt.
Clark, Henry	Pvt.	Cress, Charles H.	Pvt.
Clark, Noah G.	Pvt.	Cress, Henry	Cpl.
Clarke, E. B.	Pvt.	Creth, John E.	Pvt.
Cleaves, John	Pvt.	Creth, John F.	Pvt.
Clements, David	Pvt.	Cross, Louis B.	Pvt.
Cleverstone, D.	Pvt.	Crossin, James	Pvt.
Cochenour, Wm.	Pvt.	Crouse, Enos	Pvt.
Cochran, Jas.	Pvt.	Crum, J. H.	Pvt.
Codes, George P.	Pvt.	Crump, W. H.	Pvt.
Cole, Ira	Pvt.	Crumpton, R. D.	Cpl.
		Culver, Jno. E.	Pvt.
		Cummings, A. B.	Pvt.

COLUMN SOUTH

Cummings, H. M. Pvt.
 Cummings, W. A. Pvt.
 Cumpston, John Teamster
 Cunningham, Jas. Pvt.
 Cunningham, T. Pvt.
 Currin, Wm. J. (w) Cpl.
 Curtin, James B. Lt.
 Curtis, Sam'l V. Qm. Sgt.
 Curtis, Sam'l Y. Pvt.
 Cutler, Alex. R. Pvt.

D

Dager, N. F. Pvt.
 Dager, Robert E. Pvt.
 Daly, Stephen Pvt.
 Daly, Stephen A. Pvt.
 Davidson, George N. Pvt.
 Davidson, W. W. Pvt.
 Davis, Albert G. Pvt.
 Davis, E. R. R. Pvt.
 Davis, Edward Pvt.
 Davis, Harry H. Pvt.
 Davis, Isaac C. Cpl.
 Davis, John M. Pvt.
 Davis, William H. Pvt.
 DeBree, William Sgt.
 DeCoursey, M. L. Capt.
 Deemer, A. P. Pvt.
 Deeter, Charles Pvt.
 DeGrant, Henry R. Pvt.
 DeHaven, Rhodes Pvt.
 Delaney, Edward Pvt.
 Dempsey, James Pvt.
 Denis, G. P. Pvt.
 Denney, Clark Cpl.
 Dennig, Frank H. Pvt.
 Denning, William J. Pvt.
 Dennis, Harry G. Sgt.
 Dennis, K. P. Sgt.
 Derkin, Thomas Pvt.
 Derland, C. S. Lt.
 DesGrange, C. C. Pvt.
 DeSilver, Harry Pvt.
 Detra, John P. Pvt.
 Devine, S. G. Pvt.
 Devitt, Charles H. Sgt.
 Devlin, George P. Pvt.
 DeWard, Charles (w) Pvt.
 Dick, Valentine Cpl.
 Diehl, C. Lewis Jr. Pvt.
 Diehl, Henry Pvt.

Dilko, Thomas S. Pvt.
 Diller, William R. Cpl.
 Dixon, John Pvt.
 Donahue, Martin Pvt.
 Donnelly, Peter J. Pvt.
 Donner, William Pvt.
 Donohoe, John Pvt.
 Donovan, Owen Pvt.
 Dougherty, Ed. J. Pvt.
 Drinker, F. P. Sgt.
 Drinkhouse, A. T. Pvt.
 Duer, Florence Pvt.
 Duer, Jacob M. Pvt.
 Duff, Thomas C. Pvt.
 Duffey, John Pvt.
 Duffield, G. E. Pvt.
 Duncan, John H. Pvt.
 Duncan, Wesley Pvt.
 Dunham, J. H. Cpl.
 Dunlap, D. H. Pvt.
 Dunlap, W. A. Pvt.
 Dunn, James L. Pvt.
 Dunseath, D., Jr. Pvt.
 Durand, George Pvt.
 Durmeyer, Charles Pvt.
 Durst, William J. Pvt.
 Dwyer, Thomas Pvt.
 Dye, William L. Pvt.
 Dyott, Thomas W. Cpl.
 Dysart, Edmund Pvt.

E

Earnest, Geo. W. Pvt.
 Earp, Charles G. Pvt.
 Eaton, Frank S. (k) Pvt.
 Eberly, Daniel W. Pvt.
 Echman, John W. Sgt.
 Eckert, Geo. W. Pvt.
 Eckey, Harry B. Pvt.
 Edge, Robert (k) Pvt.
 Edwards, Geo. W. Pvt.
 Edwards, Oliver Pvt.
 Edwards, Wm. T. Pvt.
 Ehrhart, D. C. Pvt.
 Eley, Solomon Pvt.
 Elliott, John M. Cpl.
 Ellis, Wm. P. Qm. Sgt.
 Engle, Edward H. Pvt.
 Ennis, Sam'l L. Pvt.
 Ennis, William Pvt.
 Esbenshade D. B. Pvt.

MUSTER ROLL

Esbenshade, H. W. Sgt.
 Esbenshade, J. B. Pvt.
 Estle, Daniel L. Farrier
 Euler, G. W. Pvt.
 Euwer, Sayres B. Pvt.
 Evans, Abner Com. Sgt.
 Evans, Benj. B. Pvt.
 Evans, Edward H. Pvt.
 Evans, Horace Pvt.
 Eves, Hiram P. Pvt.
 Eves, William Pvt.

F

Fackney, Wm. H. Pvt.
 Fahnestock, S. J. Cpl.
 Fairchilds, S. R. Cpl.
 Farmer, John Pvt.
 Farne, Edward Pvt.
 Farr, Edward H. Pvt.
 Farr, George H. Pvt.
 Farrar, John G. Pvt.
 Farrell, Wm. Pvt.
 Faucett, John F. Pvt.
 Fenimore, Js. S. Pvt.
 Ferry, Edw. Z. Pvt.
 Field(s), W. H. Lt.
 Fish, Ephraim Pvt.
 Fisher, Daniel Pvt.
 Fisher, David Pvt.
 Fisher, George Pvt.
 Fisher, Harry C. Pvt.
 Fisher, Wm. Pvt.
 Fitzwater, Jacob Pvt.
 Fleming, John C. Qm. Sgt.
 Flood, George Pvt.
 Fobes, Albert B. Qm. Sgt.
 Fobes, George S. QM.
 Fodell, John C. Pvt.
 Follon, Henry Pvt.
 Foosta, James M. Cpl.
 Foresman, J. A. Pvt.
 Forseman, J. H. Pvt.
 Forsythe, C. E. Pvt.
 Foster, Fred Pvt.
 Foster, Henry K. Pvt.
 Foster, James M. Pvt.
 Foulkes, Albert Cpl.
 Fox, John W. Pvt.
 Fox, Joseph Pvt.
 Frankenberry, A. Pvt.
 Franklin, George Pvt.

Franklin, T. F. Pvt.
 Franklin, T. H. Pvt.
 Frassoni, Peter Pvt.
 French, George J. Cpl.
 French, John V. Pvt.
 Fricke, George Pvt.
 Frits, Henry B. (d) Pvt.
 Fritz, Charles H. Cpl.
 Fry, George W. Pvt.
 Fry, Harry C. Cpl.
 Fry, Israel Pvt.
 Fry, William Pvt.
 Fulbreth, D. S. Cpl.
 Fulkerth, D. B. Pvt.
 Fullerton, Bryan Pvt.
 Fullerton, E. H. Pvt.
 Fullerton, J. P. Sgt.
 Fulton, L. E. Pvt.
 Fulton, Louis Pvt.

G

Gable, William Pvt.
 Gadbury, William Pvt.
 Gaff, William H. Pvt.
 Gaffey, Wesley (d) Pvt.
 Gallagher, Alfred Pvt.
 Galloney, Charles Pvt.
 Gant, Robert F. Pvt.
 Garber, J. B., Jr. Cpl.
 Garner, A. B. Major
 Garner, Abram Pvt.
 Garrett, Robert M. Cpl.
 Gass, Samuel Pvt.
 Gass, Samuel W. (d) Pvt.
 Gaw, Alex O. Pvt.
 Gay, John W. Sgt.
 Geary, Harry M. Pvt.
 Geddes, Robert C. Pvt.
 Geiger, John Pvt.
 Gellespi, Andrew Pvt.
 Gemmel, John P. Cpl.
 Gibbons, A. J. Pvt.
 Gibson, Lewis M. Pvt.
 Giffen, Samuel C. Pvt.
 Gilmore, V. C. Pvt.
 Gilmour, John M. Pvt.
 Gilwicks, J. Pvt.
 Ginn, Thomas (k) Pvt.
 Gitt, Thomas W. Pvt.
 Glendenning, W. S. Pvt.
 Glunt, John Pvt.

COLUMN SOUTH

Glunt, Obediah Pvt.
 Godshall, A. R. Pvt.
 Gohan, Jacob Pvt.
 Goodenough, D. Pvt.
 Gordon, Robert (d) Pvt.
 Gordon, William Pvt.
 Gosline, Nelson Pvt.
 Graff, William H. Pvt.
 Graham, Thomas J. Pvt.
 Granger, Arthur Pvt.
 Graver, Charles A. Cpl.
 Gray, Ezekiel Pvt.
 Gray, James Pvt.
 Green, John Pvt.
 Greenawalt, S. M. Pvt.
 Griffey, Wesley S. Pvt.
 Griffith, Ezra E. Pvt.
 Griffith, Samuel Pvt.
 Griffith, William Pvt.
 Griffiths, H. C. Pvt.
 Grim, David Pvt.
 Grim, William Pvt.
 Grimm, L. Pvt.
 Gulden, John A. Pvt.
 Gulley, N. D. Pvt.
 Gummey, W. T. Pvt.
 Guy, William Pvt.
 Guyer, John F. Pvt.
 Gwynn, Jesse F. Bugler
 Gyger, Samuel (d) Pvt.

H

Haberstadt, A. M. Pvt.
 Haberstadt, S. S. Pvt.
 Haddock, J. H. Cpl.
 Hagey, Daniel Pvt.
 Hagey, A. O. Pvt.
 Hagey, Daniel K. Pvt.
 Haines, Alvin Pvt.
 Haines, Joseph G. Pvt.
 Hall, George Pvt.
 Hall, John W. Pvt.
 Hall, Lorenzo Pvt.
 Hall, Robert Pvt.
 Hallowell, W. R. Pvt.
 Hamilton, A. Cpl.
 Hamilton, Adolph Pvt.
 Hamilton, Mont Pvt.
 Hamilton, S. F. Qm. Sgt.
 Hamilton, Thomas Pvt.
 Hammell, J. L. Cpl.

Hammell, R. W. Pvt.
 Hammill, Jas. L. Pvt.
 Haney, John Pvt.
 Hanna, James R. Pvt.
 Hannum, R. E., Jr. Pvt.
 Hanson, G. H. Cpl.
 Harbart, Howard Cpl.
 Harkinson, David Pvt.
 Harlan, John M. Pvt.
 Harley, J. M. Pvt.
 Harper, William H. Pvt.
 Harrington, George Pvt.
 Harris, William Pvt.
 Harrison, J. H. Pvt.
 Hart, William Pvt.
 Hartley, John M. Pvt.
 Hartley, William Cpl.
 Hartman, D. H. (d) Pvt.
 Hartman, Samuel Pvt.
 Hartman, T. T. Pvt.
 Hartranft, Abraham Farrier
 Harvey, J. W. Pvt.
 Hartzell, Edwin (d) Pvt.
 Haslett, James B. Pvt.
 Hastings, John (d) Pvt.
 Hasty, Elyah Pvt.
 Hatch, Charles H. Pvt.
 Hathaway, T. M. Saddler
 Hawk, William M. Pvt.
 Hawkins, A. LeRoy Cpl.
 Hayden, Charles L. Pvt.
 Hayden, W. H. Pvt.
 Haymaker, George Pvt.
 Headley, George F. Qm. Sgt.
 Headley, W. H. H. Pvt.
 Heberton, H. D. Pvt.
 Heck, George Pvt.
 Heffley, William H. (d) Pvt.
 Helling, Henry Bugler
 Hemp, John Pvt.
 Henderson, D. W. Pvt.
 Henderson, George Pvt.
 Hennis, Jacob G. Pvt.
 Henry, A. S. (d) Pvt.
 Henry, Aubry Pvt.
 Henry, Samuel B. Pvt.
 Henry, Thomas B. Pvt.
 Henry, Walter Pvt.
 Hervis, Jacob G. Sgt.
 Herbert, Broman Pvt.
 Hergesheimer, W. Cpl.

MUSTER ROLL

Herman, John C. Pvt.
Herring, Silas F. (k) Sgt.
Herriott, Joseph P. Pvt.
Hersh, Paul Qm. Sgt.
Hester, Joseph J. Pvt.
Hewett, Eli Cpl.
Hewitt, Jacob Bugler
Hewitt, Jacob R. Capt.
Hewitt, Samuel Cpl.
Hill, George H. Pvt.
Hill, Martin L. (k) Pvt.
Hildebrand, G. W. Capt.
Hildeburn, Samuel Pvt.
Hiltner, E. L. Cpl.
Hilty, Joseph Pvt.
Hinchman, Charles S. Lt.
Hincle, Charles P. Pvt.
Hinsinburgh, W. Pvt.
Hirst, Henry D. Qm. Sgt.
Hirst, John C. Pvt.
Hitchens, A. G. Pvt.
Hock, James Pvt.
Hoke, George N. (d) Pvt.
Holmes, David Sgt.
Holt, Samuel B. (d) Pvt.
Holtzworth, James Pvt.
Homes, John Pvt.
Hommell, Fred Pvt.
Hood, Alfred W. Sgt.
Hopkins, A. M. Pvt.
Hopkins, David Pvt.
Horn, Abraham Pvt.
Horn, John (c) Pvt.
Horner, John D. Pvt.
Hough, Benjamin Pvt.
Hough, Bernard, ...Sgt.
Hough, E. W. (d) Pvt.
Hough, Oliver (d) Pvt.
Houlsworth, J. Pvt.
Houlsworth, James (d) Pvt.
Houston, James H. Pvt.
Houston, John Pvt.
Houston, Joseph Pvt.
Houston, Samuel Pvt.
Howard, Adolph P. Pvt.
Howard, G. W. Pvt.
Howard, George Pvt.
Howe, David F. Pvt.
Howell, Jacob Pvt.
Howell, John Pvt.
Howshalter, P. Pvt.

Hubbell, Johnston Pvt.
Hudson, Edward Pvt.
Hudson, John Pvt.
Huey, John A. Pvt.
Hughes, Barnett Pvt.
Hughes, James Pvt.
Hull, John D. Pvt.
Humphrey, Thomas Pvt.
Hunt, Elwood H. Pvt.
Hunter, D. A. Sgt.
Hunter, R. M. Sgt.
Huntley, W. E. (d) Pvt.
Hursh, Joseph M. Pvt.
Hurst, Braden Capt.
Hurst, James P. Pvt.
Hustan, Robert Pvt.
Hutchinson, T. M. Pvt.

I

Isett, Jacob H. Sgt.

J

Jackson, A. W. Pvt.
Jackson, J. W. 1st Lt.
Jackson, John W. Pvt.
Jackson, Joseph R. Pvt.
Jacob, Henry H. Pvt.
Jacoby, Philip S. Pvt.
Jamison, John A. Pvt.
Jamison, S. R. Pvt.
Jamison, W. F. Cpl.
Jenkins, Charles R. Cpl.
Jenkins, Jesse Sgt.
Job, John J. Pvt.
Johns, Albert M. Pvt.
Johnson, D. C. Pvt.
Johnson, H. C. (d) Pvt.
Johnson, Harrison Pvt.
Johnson, Harry C. Pvt.
Johnson, Jafus Pvt.
Johnson, Joshua Pvt.
Johnson, V. Pvt.
Johnson, W. F. Pvt.
Johnson, W. M. Pvt.
Johnson, William Pvt.
Johnson, William H. Pvt.
Johnson, William N. Cpl.
Johnson, William S. Pvt.
Johnston, C. W. Pvt.
Johnston, E. W. (des) Pvt.
Johnston, J. W. Q.M.

COLUMN SOUTH

Johnston, John (d) Pvt.
 Johnston, John B. Pvt.
 Johnston, Valen Pvt.
 Johnston, W. S. Pvt.
 Johnston, Walter Pvt.
 Jones, E. B. Pvt.
 Jones, George W. Pvt.
 Jones, Hugh R. Pvt.
 Jones, I. B. Cpl.
 Jones, M. L. Pvt.
 Jones, Thomas A. Cpl.
 Jordan, R. H. Bugler
 Joy, David J. H. Pvt.
 Joy, John H. Pvt.

K

Kane, James Pvt.
 Karcher, H. W. H. Pvt.
 Kear, Richard C. Pvt.
 Keefer, John Pvt.
 Keefer, William Pvt.
 Keeley, Wilfred H. Qm. Sgt.
 Keenan, James Pvt.
 Kellar, David Pvt.
 Kelly, Anthony Pvt.
 Kelly, Frank Pvt.
 Kelly, Lewis Pvt.
 Kelly, R. L. Pvt.
 Kelsey, Samuel (des.) Com. Sgt.
 Kemmel, Jacob Pvt.
 Kennedy, Daniel Pvt.
 Kennedy, James A. Cpl.
 Kennedy, W. S. (c) Pvt.
 Kenney, James (d) Pvt.
 Kent, James Pvt.
 Keppart, Caleb M. Lt.
 Kerr, Jerome M. Pvt.
 Ketchem, John Pvt.
 Ketler, Charles C. Pvt.
 Keys, Cary M. Bugler
 Keyser, Benjamin F. Pvt.
 Keyser, Charles M. Pvt.
 Kidney, George Pvt.
 Kimber, Caleb B. Pvt.
 Kincaid, Robert Farrier
 King, David C. Pvt.
 King, Jacob (k) Pvt.
 King, Nathan Pvt.
 King, William (d) Pvt.
 Kingsley, J. T. Pvt.
 Kinney, George Pvt.

Kinney, James Pvt.
 Kinsey, E. W. Pvt.
 Kinter, George W. Pvt.
 Kintigh, A. R. (k) Pvt.
 Kirk, Charles H. 1st Lt.
 Kitzmiller, Jacob Sgt.
 Kline, George H. Saddler
 Kline, George W. Pvt.
 Kline, Paul M. Pvt.
 Kneass, L. Pvt.
 Kneass, Samuel Pvt.
 Knight, S. N. Cpl.
 Koesterer, F. J. Bugler
 Kough, Joseph M. Pvt.
 Kramer, Adam Capt.
 Kreider, John B. Pvt.
 Krepps, Adam Pvt.
 Krouse, Enos Pvt.
 Krouse, J. L. H. Pvt.
 Kuhn, Ballou Pvt.
 Kuhn, William Pvt.

L

Lambert, W. H. Pvt.
 Lamborn, C. B. Lt. Col.
 Lamborne, E. Pvt.
 Lamoreux, E. B. Pvt.
 Lancaster, Eben (d) Pvt.
 Lancaster, Thos. Pvt.
 Lane, Jackson J. Pvt.
 Lane, Nelson L. Pvt.
 Lang, Geo. L. Pvt.
 Langen, Thos. Pvt.
 Lansing, John Pvt.
 Larson, Jacob M. Pvt.
 Larzelere, W. H. Pvt.
 Lashell, James A. Capt.
 Latcham, Geo. K. Pvt.
 Laughridge, J. A. Sgt.
 Lawrence, Thos. Pvt.
 Laws, Chas. A. Sgt.
 Laws, Geo. C. Pvt.
 Lawton, Geo. H. Cpl.
 Lawton, John Pvt.
 Leadly, John Pvt.
 Leas, Wm. H. Pvt.
 Leasure, W. H. Pvt.
 Le Caron, Henri Bugler
 Lecorn, Henri Pvt.
 Lee, Joseph G. Pvt.
 Leedom, Isaac Pvt.

MUSTER ROLL

Lefler, John B.	Pvt.	Magonegal, M. E.	Pvt.
Lennig, Nicholas	Pvt.	Maguire, S. G.	Sgt.
Lescure, Edw. J.	Pvt.	Mahoney, John	Pvt.
Lester, Morton	Pvt.	Maiers, Thos. H.	Pvt.
Levering, Abram	Pvt.	Maitland, Francis	Pvt.
Lewis, J. K.	Pvt.	Mann, Chas.	Pvt.
Lewis, James A.	Pvt.	Marcus, Wm.	Pvt.
Lewis, John D.	Pvt.	Marion, Wm. J.	Pvt.
Lewis, John N.	Pvt.	Marker, Aug. W.	Pvt.
Lewis, Joshua (d)	Pvt.	Markey, Aug.	Pvt.
Lewis, Sam'l A.	Pvt.	Markley, August	Pvt.
Lingerfield, J., Jr.	Pvt.	Marnard, C. H. (des)	Pvt.
Lingie, H. S.	Pvt.	Maroney, M.	Pvt.
Lingle, L. G.	Pvt.	Marple, E. W.	Pvt.
Lingle, H. S. (k)	Lt.	Marsh, John M.	Pvt.
Link, F. J.	Pvt.	Marshall, Edward	Lt.
Lippincott, W. H.	Pvt.	Marshall, John G.	Pvt.
Little, Joseph D.	Pvt.	Marshall, John K.	Sgt.
Livengood, S.	Sgt.	Martin, Demaza	Pvt.
Lloyd, James H.	Capt.	Martin, Jas. R.	Pvt.
Loan, William	Pvt.	Martin, John	Pvt.
Locke, Jesse R.	Pvt.	Martin, John (des)	Pvt.
Lofft, Christian L.	Pvt.	Martin, John A.	Pvt.
Logan, H. L.	Pvt.	Martin, Oliver	Pvt.
Logan, Hugh	Pvt.	Mason, H. F.	Pvt.
Logan, Stuart, ...	1st Lt.	Mason, Henry T.	Pvt.
Logan, Wm. R.	Pvt.	Mason, Thos. T. (d)	Pvt.
Lonabaugh, J. E.	Sgt.	Masson, Ed. H. (des)	Pvt.
Lonabaugh, J. R.	Pvt.	Mather, Conley J.	Pvt.
Long, Hiram H.	Pvt.	Maurice, W. W.	Pvt.
Long, Wm.	Sgt.	Maxeimer, J. C.	Cpl.
Longmire, J. W.	Pvt.	Maxwell, Wm.	Pvt.
Longshore, C. L.	Pvt.	Mayberry, W. W.	Pvt.
Lord, S. Jr.	Pvt.	McAllister, H. Jr.	Capt.
Louder, Geo. B.	Pvt.	McCall, Thos. J.	Sgt.
Lovett, Benj. F.	Pvt.	McCann, Gabriel	Pvt.
Lowe, Andrew E.	Pvt.	McCann, Hugh	Pvt.
Lukens, Geo. W.	Pvt.	McCann, John	Pvt.
Lundy, Wm.	Pvt.	McCarter, C. T. (d)	Pvt.
Lush, Wm. H.	Pvt.	McCarty, Boyd J.	Pvt.
Lusk, John D.	Pvt.	McCarty, Francis	Pvt.
Luster, Chas.	Pvt.	McCauley, James	Pvt.
Lynch, Daniel	Pvt.	McClain, Wm.	Pvt.
Lynch, Wm.	Pvt.	McClelland, J. D.	Pvt.
Lyon, Arthur P. (k)	Sgt.	McClure, Wm.	Pvt.
		McClure, Wm. A.	Lt.
		McConaghy, John	Pvt.
		McConnell, O. T.	Cpl.
		McCord, James E.	Pvt.
		McCorkle, Alex.	Pvt.
		McCormick, H. C.	Pvt.

M

Macfarland, J. F.	Cpl.
Mackey, Scott	Pvt.
Magee, Charles	Pvt.
Magee, Charles B.	Sgt.

COLUMN SOUTH

McCormick, James	Pvt.	Metzgar, D. H.	Pvt.
McCoy, Lewis	Pvt.	Metzgar, L. R.	Pvt.
McCutcheon, A. C.	Pvt.	Metzler, John H.	Pvt.
McDonald, J. C.	Pvt.	Mewherter, B. F.	Pvt.
McDonald, W. H.	Pvt.	Meyers, T. H.	Pvt.
McFadden, James	Pvt.	Michael, John	Pvt.
McFall, Nicholas	Pvt.	Middleton, E., Jr.	1st Sgt.
McFarrell, Henry	Pvt.	Milligan, D. M.	Sgt.
McFarren, S. J.	Pvt.	Milligan, Ed.	Pvt.
McGee, Henry	Pvt.	Milligan, Edw.	Farrier
McGee, Wm.	Saddler	Milligan, J. B.	Pvt.
McGibbon, James	Pvt.	Milligan, Jonas	Pvt.
McGill, Martin	Pvt.	Milligan, Sam'l	Pvt.
McGinley, Charles	Cpl.	Milliken, James H.	Pvt.
McGlaughlin, J.	Pvt.	Miller, C., Jr.	Pvt.
McGlumphey, J.	Vet. Surg.	Miller, Christ, Jr.	Pvt.
McGovern, Thos.	Pvt.	Miller, D. E.	Pvt.
McIntyre, Edward	Pvt.	Miller, David M.	Pvt.
McIver, James	Pvt.	Miller, E. S.	Pvt.
McIvers, John	Pvt.	Miller, Emanuel	Pvt.
McKee, John	Pvt.	Miller, J. W.	Pvt.
McKimens, H. (d)	Pvt.	Miller, Phillip P. (k)	Pvt.
McKinney, David	Pvt.	Miller, S. L.	Pvt.
McKinney, Wm.	Pvt.	Miller, Wm. J.	Pvt.
McLaughlin, Thos.	Pvt.	Mills, Edward L.	Pvt.
McMahan, S. H.	Pvt.	Mills, Thomas H.	Pvt.
McMain, Wm. B.	Pvt.	Milne, Alexander	Pvt.
McManus, Henry	Pvt.	Minor, Andrew J.	Pvt.
McManus, Thos.	Pvt.	Mish, G. F.	Ass't. Surg.
McMullen, Robert	Pvt.	Moats, Josiah (d)	Pvt.
McNair, Alex. B.	Pvt.	Monaghan, Peter	Pvt.
McNay, Jasper	Pvt.	Moneyer, J. G.	Pvt.
McNay, N. B.	Pvt.	Montgomery, C. P.	Pvt.
McVay, Demus L.	Cpl.	Mooney, Jas. B.	Pvt.
McVay, Warren (d)	Pvt.	Moore, A. L. (d)	Pvt.
McVey, L. D.	Pvt.	Moore, C. R., Jr.	Pvt.
McWilliams, Richard	Pvt.	Moore, H. A.	Pvt.
Meals, Joseph	Pvt.	Moore, Henry	Pvt.
Meanor, Elias D.	Pvt.	Moore, Jacob B.	Pvt.
Mearin, William	Pvt.	Moore, Jacob R.	Pvt.
Mears, Ed. B. Jr.	Pvt.	Moore, John	Pvt.
Mears, Harry	Pvt.	Moore, Thomas	Pvt.
Mears, Jos. B.	Pvt.	Moore, Wm. W.	Pvt.
Meeke, Geo. K.	Pvt.	Mooredock, W. B. (d)	Pvt.
Megee, Edward	Pvt.	Mordock, W. M.	Bugler
Mehl, Edwin M.	Pvt.	More, Nathan	Pvt.
Melford, Benj. F.	Pvt.	Moredock, John	Pvt.
Meller, Conrad	Cpl.	Morgan, H. W.	Pvt.
Merin, Wm.	Pvt.	Moroney, Math.	Pvt.
Messenger, James	Pvt.	Morris, Amos (des)	Pvt.
Messer, Nicholas	Cpl.	Morris, Josiah	Qm. Sgt.

MUSTER ROLL

Morris, Oscar B. Pvt.
 Morris, Robt. C. Pvt.
 Morris, William Pvt.
 Morris, Wm. H. Pvt.
 Mortimer, Henry Pvt.
 Morton, A. L. Pvt.
 Morton, A. W. Pvt.
 Moyer, Charles Pvt.
 Moyer, James W. Pvt.
 Mulholland D. B. Pvt.
 Mull, August Pvt.
 Mull, Jefferson Pvt.
 Mullen, Edward Pvt.
 Mullen, James Pvt.
 Mullen, Wm. J. Pvt.
 Murdock, Wm. M. Bugler
 Murphy, F. W. Pvt.
 Murphy, Jas. F. Pvt.
 Murphy, Patrick (des) Pvt.
 Murray, James Pvt.
 Murray, James A. Pvt.
 Murray, John Pvt.
 Murrill, James H. Pvt.
 Musgrove, W. H. Pvt.
 Musselman, Jacob Pvt.
 Musser, M. M. 1st Sgt.
 Musser, Michael Pvt.
 Muta, Edward Pvt.
 Myers, Alpheus Pvt.
 Myers, Henry H. Pvt.

N

Nagle, Geo. W. Pvt.
 Nagley, Wilhelm Pvt.
 Neely, James M. Pvt.
 Negus, Jas. E. Pvt.
 Neil, George Pvt.
 Newbaker, P. C. Pvt.
 Newbecker, P. J. Pvt.
 Newcomer, C. H. Pvt.
 Newcomer, Smith Pvt.
 Newingham, H. Saddler
 Newman, W. H. Pvt.
 Newton, Chas. B. Pvt.
 Ney, John Pvt.
 Nichols, Erasmus Pvt.
 Nichols, Thos. M. Pvt.
 Nieman, Wm. T. Cpl.
 Niswonger, M. L. Cpl.
 Noble, John Pvt.
 Noel, Samuel Pvt.

Noffsinger, Alex. Pvt.
 Noffsinger, F. J. Pvt.
 Nolan, Joseph Pvt.
 Nonnes, Jas. C. Pvt.
 Norman, S. H. Pvt.
 Norman, Sol. H. Pvt.
 Nudd, Chas. B. Pvt.
 Null, John M. Pvt.
 Null, Joseph K. Pvt.

O

O'Brien, Francis Pvt.
 Oldfield, Harry Cpl.
 Olin, Russell A. Cpl.
 Oliver, Daniel W. Pvt.
 Oliver, Horatio N. Pvt.
 Oliver, Jas. M. (d) Pvt.
 O'Neil, Wm. Pvt.
 Orr, James P. Pvt.
 Orr, Robt. L. Pvt.
 Oskins, Zachariah Pvt.
 Over, David A. Pvt.
 Over, James N. Cpl.
 Overholt, A. S. R. Sgt.
 Overholt, H. D. Cpl.
 Overholt, J. S. R. Cpl.
 Overholt, John (d) Cpl.
 Overholt, Jos. S. Cpl.
 Owens, Jas. T. Pvt.

P

Painer, Ezekiel Pvt.
 Painter, Geo. W. Pvt.
 Painter, James K. Pvt.
 Painter, John W. Pvt.
 Painter, William Pvt.
 Palmer, Edward L. Pvt.
 Palmer, Wm. J. Brig. Gen.
 Palmer, Wm. M. Com. Sgt.
 Pancoast, Richard Qm. Sgt.
 Parke, Daniel Pvt.
 Parker, Alex. M. Pvt.
 Parker, John (d) Pvt.
 Parker, John F. Pvt.
 Parry, Edward C. Pvt.
 Parshall, J. K. Blacksmith
 Paschall, Harry Sgt.
 Paton, William Pvt.
 Patterson, T. B., Jr. Pvt.
 Patterson, Walter Pvt.
 Patteson, Edward, Jr. Pvt.

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Pattison, Wm. F. 2d Lt.
 Paul, Mickle C. Pvt.
 Paulding, M. J. Pvt.
 Paxson, James G. Pvt.
 Peck, Harry H. Com. Sgt.
 Peckman, Wm. Pvt.
 Pendleton, Palmer Pvt.
 Petersohn, Charles Pvt.
 Peterson, Joseph Pvt.
 Petty, Geo. M. Pvt.
 Pettygrew, L. Pvt.
 Pfander, John Pvt.
 Pharo, Horatio Pvt.
 Phelan, J. T. Pvt.
 Phelps, D. E. Pvt.
 Philips, John W. Pvt.
 Phillips, J. W. Pvt.
 Phillips, Sam'l Pvt.
 Pickman, Henry Pvt.
 Pierce, Charles Pvt.
 Pierce, Joseph K. Pvt.
 Pierce, W. H. H. Pvt.
 Pierce, Wm. H. Pvt.
 Pierre, Charles Pvt.
 Pile, Robert Pvt.
 Pinkerton, John Sgt.
 Pinney, N. F. Pvt.
 Pinney, N. J. Pvt.
 Piper, Henry A. Pvt.
 Piper, Samuel Pvt.
 Platt, Herbert H. Pvt.
 Pohl, Edward J. Pvt.
 Pontius, Henry P. Pvt.
 Pontius, Joseph Pvt.
 Pope, John Pvt.
 Potter, George D. Pvt.
 Potts, Clement D. Pvt.
 Potts, Henry C. Sgt.
 Powell, Wm. H. Pvt.
 Pratt, Ingram (d) Pvt.
 Price, Albert M. Pvt.
 Price, Joseph D. Pvt.
 Pugh, Charles Pvt.
 Pugh, John R. Pvt.
 Pyle, James M. Pvt.

Q

Quin, James Capt.
 Quin, John H. Bugler
 Quin, Michael Pvt.
 Quinn, Francis J. Cpl.

R

Rahn, Oscar Pvt.
 Ramage, John H. Pvt.
 Ramaley, Geo. R. Pvt.
 Ramsden, E. M. Pvt.
 Ramsey, Alex. Jr. Pvt.
 Ramsey, Theo. F. 1st Lt.
 Randall, Joseph Pvt.
 Ransig, Charles Pvt.
 Ransig, Frederick Pvt.
 Ransom, George Pvt.
 Rathan, Oscar Pvt.
 Raymond, D. L. Pvt.
 Rea, James M. Pvt.
 Reed, Howard Pvt.
 Reed, John F. Pvt.
 Reed, Lewis G. Pvt.
 Reeder, W. DeH. Pvt.
 Reeseman, D. Sgt.
 Reid, John J. Pvt.
 Reiff, Josiah C. Adj.
 Reihle, Henry B. Pvt.
 Reiseman, John Pvt.
 Religshafer, Geo. Pvt.
 Remont, Frank E. Capt.
 Reppert, W. E. Cpl.
 Requa, James E. (k) Pvt.
 Rex, John Bugler
 Reynolds, J. B. Pvt.
 Rhodes, C. A. Pvt.
 Rice, David S. Farrier
 Rice, John Pvt.
 Richards, Job W. Pvt.
 Richards, John Pvt.
 Richie, Clement Pvt.
 Rickey, James L. Pvt.
 Riggles, Amos (des) Pvt.
 Rihl, Albert M. Pvt.
 Rile, Wm. K. Pvt.
 Riley, John Pvt.
 Rinehart, Bennett Pvt.
 Ringwood, Peter Pvt.
 Ritchie, Clement Pvt.
 Roberts, H. E. Pvt.
 Roberts, John Pvt.
 Roberts, Richard Pvt.
 Roberts, Samuel Pvt.
 Robertson, John (d) Pvt.
 Robinson, Sam'l (d) Pvt.
 Robinson, T. C. Pvt.

MUSTER ROLL

Robinson, William Pvt.
 Rockey, Benj. B. Pvt.
 Rockhill, W. P. Lt.
 Rogers, Wm. C. Pvt.
 Rosenberg, John Pvt.
 Rosengarten, A. G. (k) Major
 Ross, David Pvt.
 Ross, Jacob Pvt.
 Rothermel, J. A. Pvt.
 Rudolph, David Pvt.
 Rudy, David Pvt.
 Rue, Joseph Pvt.
 Rule, Wm. Pvt.
 Rull, William Pvt.
 Rushton, W. L. Pvt.
 Ryan, John T. Pvt.
 Ryan, Milton Pvt.

S

Sagers, Harry C. Pvt.
 Saibel, Augustus Pvt.
 Sale, Thomas Pvt.
 Salterfield, H. Pvt.
 Sample, N. M. Lt.
 Sands, G. M. Pvt.
 Sands, Howard Pvt.
 Sands, Lawrence, ...Pvt.
 Sanford, J. W. Pvt.
 Sausser, John W. Saddler
 Say, Eli J. Asst. Surg.
 Sayers, Henry C. Pvt.
 Scalan, P. 1st Pvt.
 Scalan, P., 2d Pvt.
 Scarborough, W. Pvt.
 Schaffer, D. C. Pvt.
 Schaneld, John Pvt.
 Schauers, West Pvt.
 Scheerer, Paul A. (d) Pvt.
 Scherer, Geo. H. Pvt.
 Schiede, Chas. E. Capt.
 Schieule, J. G. Pvt.
 Schmidt, Chas. Pvt.
 Schnatz, Joseph Pvt.
 Schrack, Fred C. Pvt.
 Schulse, Fred Pvt.
 Scull, Daniel Pvt.
 Sease, John M. Cpl.
 Seaton, Amos Pvt.
 Seeger, Roland Lt.
 Seeton, Herman Pvt.
 Selgrade, Lewis Com. Sgt.

Sellers, A. B. Pvt.
 Sellers, Chas. P. Hosp. Ste.
 Sellers, Edward Sgt. Maj.
 Sellman, Sam'l Pvt.
 Serrill, Thomas Pvt.
 Setzler, W. K. Pvt.
 Seymour, Sam'l Pvt.
 Shaffer, Wm. G. Pvt.
 Shalcrosse (Shallcross), I. E. Pvt.
 Shaner, Finley M. (d) Pvt.
 Shannon, James Pvt.
 Shannon, John Pvt.
 Shape, Milton S. Pvt.
 Shapley, Joseph Pvt.
 Sharp, John A. Pvt.
 Sharps, C. H. Pvt.
 Sharps, Charles T. Pvt.
 Shaw, John Pvt.
 Shaw, Milton E. Sgt.
 Shaw, Wm. A. Pvt.
 Sheffler, Levi Sgt.
 Shelmire, John J. Pvt.
 Sherck, Michael (des) Pvt.
 Sherrick, J. L. B. Bugler
 Sherts, James H. Sgt.
 Sherwood, Marion Pvt.
 Shields, G. J. Cpl.
 Shinn, Benj. F. Pvt.
 Shirk, Michael M. Pvt.
 Shivers, Edw. Pvt.
 Shoaf, Daniel Pvt.
 Shomacker, H. C. Pvt.
 Shoop, David C. Pvt.
 Shope, Milton S. Pvt.
 Shorledge, E. G. Pvt.
 Showers, Sam'l Pvt.
 Shrader, A. Pvt.
 Shuff, Charles W. Pvt.
 Simons, Wm. F. Pvt.
 Simpson, Jos. W. Pvt.
 Sinclair, John C. Pvt.
 Skillen, Sam'l Sgt.
 Sloan, Robert E. Sgt.
 Sloan, Wm. C. Pvt.
 Small, W. H. Cpl.
 Smerle, Wm. Pvt.
 Smith, Corvin F. Pvt.
 Smith, Edward C. Lt.
 Smith, Isaac C. Pvt.
 Smith, James Pvt.
 Smith, John Pvt.

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Smith, Michael	Pvt.
Smith, Norman M.	Capt.
Smith, T. H.	Pvt.
Smith, T. H.	Qm. Sgt.
Smith, Walter	Pvt.
Smith, William	Pvt.
Smith, William C.	Pvt.
Smith, Wm. J.	Pvt.
Smith, William P.	Com. Sgt.
Snowden, J. M. (des) ..	Pvt.
Snyder, B. C.	Pvt.
Snyder, Berriah C.	Pvt.
Snyder, E. A.	Pvt.
Snyder, H. D.	Pvt.
Somers, Henry	Pvt.
Sounders, John	Pvt.
Southard, S. S.	Pvt.
Sowersby, Robt.	Sgt.
Spang, Edwin H.	Pvt.
Spang, Frederick	Com. Sgt.
Spang, Othniel S.	Pvt.
Spang, Wm.	Cpl.
Speer, Johnston	Pvt.
Spencer, Bates D.	Cpl.
Spencer, William	Lt. Col.
Spidel, A. G.	Qm. Sgt.
Spiller, Geo. B.	Pvt.
Sprout, T. R.	Pvt.
Squires, Jos. C. (c) ...	Pvt.
Stahl, Edw. H.	Pvt.
Staker, Wm. F. (d)	Pvt.
Stallman, L. A.	Pvt.
Stamates, Jacob	Pvt.
Stauffer, Theo. H.	Pvt.
Stazell, Albert (w)	Pvt.
Steel, Fred A. T. (d) ...	Pvt.
Steel, Sam'l	Pvt.
Steel, William	Pvt.
Stees, Thomas W.	Pvt.
Steffey, D. R. (des) ...	Pvt.
Steinberger, Chas.	Pvt.
Steinmetz, J. R.	Pvt.
Steinmeyer, S. C.	Pvt.
Stevens, Adie A.	Pvt.
Stevens, Edwin T.	Pvt.
Stevenson, Alfred	Pvt.
Steward, Thomas H.	Pvt.
Stewart, Chas. H.	Pvt.
Stewart, Edw. S.	Pvt.
Stewart, J. Harry	Pvt.
Stewart, W. H. B.	Pvt.
Stickney, A. M.	Pvt.
Stine, Chas. A.	Pvt.
Stockton, Thomas H. (k)	Pvt.
Stokes, J. O.	Pvt.
Stone, George E.	Sgt.
Stough, Jos. F.	Pvt.
Stout, David	Pvt.
Stout, Sam'l C.	Sgt.
Stratton, I. H.	Sg.
Strebig, John B.	Sgt.
Streuble, Lott J.	Pvt.
Strickler, L. S.	Ch. Bugler
Strosnider, W. A.	Pvt.
Sullivan, Jos. T.	1st Sgt.
Sullivan, William	Pvt.
Sunday, John	Pvt.
Super, Albert	Pvt.
Supplee, Hender	Pvt.
Supplee, Warren	Pvt.
Swartz, Jacob A.	Cpl.
Swartz, William	Farrier
Swartzbager, C.	Pvt.
Sweeney, John	Pvt.
Swisher, James	Sgt.
Swope, Wm. H.	Pvt.
T	
Tack, Francis	Pvt.
Taggart, John Q.	Pvt.
Tallant, David	Pvt.
Tantlinger, H. A.	Pvt.
Tarr, William	Pvt.
Tawnay, David	Pvt.
Taylor, Anthony	1st Lt.
Taylor, Augustus	Pvt.
Taylor, Charles E.	Pvt.
Taylor, Robert R.	Pvt.
Taylor, T. B.	Pvt.
Taylor, William S.	Pvt.
Thomas, A. W.	Pvt.
Thomas, F. M.	Pvt.
Thomas, Joseph R.	1st Sgt.
Thomas, Joshua	Pvt.
Thomas, Lafayette	Pvt.
Thomas, Lan	Pvt.
Thompson, George	Pvt.
Thompson, J. A.	Pvt.
Thompson, William (d) ..	Pvt.
Thompson, William	Capt.
Thorne, Harry	Pvt.
Thorne, Joshua	Pvt.

T

Tack, Francis	Pvt.
Taggart, John Q.	Pvt.
Tallant, David	Pvt.
Tantlinger, H. A.	Pvt.
Tarr, William	Pvt.
Tawnay, David	Pvt.
Taylor, Anthony	1st Lt.
Taylor, Augustus	Pvt.
Taylor, Charles E.	Pvt.
Taylor, Robert R.	Pvt.
Taylor, T. B.	Pvt.
Taylor, William S.	Pvt.
Thomas, A. W.	Pvt.
Thomas, F. M.	Pvt.
Thomas, Joseph R.	1st Sgt.
Thomas, Joshua	Pvt.
Thomas, Lafayette	Pvt.
Thomas, Lan	Pvt.
Thompson, George	Pvt.
Thompson, J. A.	Pvt.
Thompson, William (d)	Pvt.
Thompson, William	Capt.
Thorne, Harry	Pvt.
Thorne, Joshua	Pvt.

MUSTER ROLL

Thornlee, James W. Pvt.
Tintsmann, H. O. Lt.
Tomlinson, W. H. Cpl.
Tompkins, F. S. Pvt.
Toot, William H. Pvt.
Topham, S. A. Pvt.
Topham, S. R. Pvt.
Torbert, John Pvt.
Townsend, George Pvt.
Townsend, J. C. Pvt.
Travice, William Pvt.
Trimble, Samuel Pvt.
Tucker, Thomas R. Pvt.
Turbett, Henry B. Pvt.
Turner, Abel Pvt.
Turner, David Pvt.
Turner, Hugh O. Pvt.
Turner, John F. Cpl.
Turner, Joshua Pvt.
Turner, Samuel Pvt.
Tweeddale, John Pvt.
Tyndale, John Pvt.
Tyson, Samuel T. Sgt.

U

Ulrich, Terrill Pvt.
Upham, W. A. Pvt.

V

Vance, Henry H. 1st Sgt.
Vanderwalker, G. Pvt.
Vandling, E. L. Pvt.
VanDyke, H. S. Pvt.
Vansant, Wm. S. Pvt.
Vantage, G. Pvt.
Vezin, Alfred Capt.
Vezin, Oscar W. 1st Sgt.

W

Wagner, Alfred Pvt.
Wagner, F. M. Pvt.
Wagner, W. B. Pvt.
Wagner, William Major
Wainwright, J. W. Lt.
Walker, James Pvt.
Walker, James K. Pvt.
Walker, W. A. Pvt.
Wallace, John C. Pvt.
Wallace, Peter G. Pvt.
Wallace, W. D. Pvt.
Wallace, W. H. H. Pvt.

Wallace, Wm. D. (d) Pvt.
Wallace, Wm. H. Pvt.
Walsh, Wm. Pvt.
Walter, Harry Pvt.
Walter, John Pvt.
Walter, Labanna Pvt.
Wampler, Sam'l Pvt.
Ward, Frank B. (k) Major
Warg, Joseph Pvt.
Warner, Chas. H. Pvt.
Warren, Thos. C. Pvt.
Wassell, William Pvt.
Watson, David Pvt.
Watson, E. D. Pvt.
Watson, Edwin Pvt.
Watson, Robert J. Pvt.
Watson, S. A. Pvt.
Watson, Samuel Pvt.
Watt, George D. Pvt.
Watts, Wilbur Pvt.
Waychoff, J. D. Pvt.
Wayne, W. H. Jr. Sgt. Maj.
Wayne, Wm. H. Pvt.
Weand, Harry K. Capt.
Weatherby, J. C., Jr. Pvt.
Weaver, Charles Cpl.
Weaver, John Pvt.
Weaver, Jonas R. Pvt.
Weigand, A. E. Pvt.
Weigle, Louis Pvt.
Weigle, N. F. Bugler
Weigle, William Pvt.
Weikle, Orlando (k) Pvt.
Weiler, Alfred Pvt.
Weiler, Isadore Pvt.
Weir, James A. Pvt.
Weir, Samuel Pvt.
Weller, Charles F. Pvt.
Welty, James S. Cpl.
Wendler, Bernard Pvt.
Wentzler, Jacob Sgt.
Westlake, John S. Pvt.
Wheat, Edward Pvt.
Whipkey, T. J. Sgt.
White, David Pvt.
White, Isaac Pvt.
White, J. G. Pvt.
White, Joseph G. Pvt.
White, R. G. Pvt.
White, Richard G. Pvt.
Whitehead, Peter Pvt.

COLUMN SOUTH

Wiestling, S. C. Pvt.
 Wightman, H. B. Pvt.
 Wildes, John E. Pvt.
 Wile, John H. Pvt.
 Wiley, James H. Pvt.
 Wiley, James Pvt.
 Wilkes, James Pvt.
 Wilkeson, William Pvt.
 Willard, John M. Pvt.
 Williams, A. Pvt.
 Williams, Adolph Pvt.
 Williams, E. P. Pvt.
 Williams, Ed P. Pvt.
 Williams, H. Clay Pvt.
 Williams, J. A. B. Pvt.
 Williams, J. M. Pvt.
 Williams, W. H. Pvt.
 Willis, T. G. Pvt.
 Wills, Andrew Pvt.
 Wills, William Jr. Pvt.
 Wilson, Charles T. Pvt.
 Wilson, George W. Pvt.
 Wilson, Hampton Cpl.
 Wilson, John C. Sgt.
 Wilson, John J. Pvt.
 Wilson, Selden L. Pvt.
 Wilson, Walter G. Pvt.
 Wilson, William Pvt.
 Williamson, M. H. Pvt.
 Wilt, James A. Pvt.
 Wireman, J. W. Com. Sgt.
 Winter, E. C. Pvt.
 Winter, Emmos C. Pvt.
 Winter, W. H. Pvt.

Wise, Alfred Pvt.
 Wiser, Angelo Pvt.
 Withington, R. Jr. Pvt.
 Wodkins, Geo. W. Pvt.
 Wood, E. W. Sgt.
 Woodward, Alfred Cpl.
 Woodwell, J. S. Pvt.
 Woodwell, James S. Pvt.
 Woolston, A. D. Pvt.
 Worrell, Isaac J. Pvt.
 Worthington, R. Pvt.
 Wright, Ellwood Pvt.
 Wright, G. W. Bugler
 Wright, John B. Pvt.
 Wright, Joseph S. 1st Sgt.
 Wright, Julian Pvt.
 Wrightman, H. B. Pvt.

Y

Yarrington, Abbott Bugler
 Yeager, William R. Pvt.
 Yeo, Reuben Pvt.
 Yerkes, George S. 1st Sgt.
 Yocum, George P. Pvt.
 Young, George Pvt.
 Young, Jacob P. Pvt.
 Young, M. H. Pvt.
 Young, William S. Pvt.
 Yournson, William Pvt.
 Youst, John L. Pvt.

Z

Zeibel, Aug. Pvt.
 Zoll, J. M., Jr. Pvt.

Chain Of Command

The Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry served under various generals, but was not attached to any brigade until near the end of the war.

The Regiment served as an independent command, one of the few in the Union Army, under the direct command of the Department Commander or of the General commanding the cavalry of the army in which it was serving. Except for the short scouting service at Antietam, where they seemed to be under no particular commander save their own Captain Palmer, they were with the Army of the Cumberland throughout their three years of service.

In March, 1865, they were part of a Division commanded by General Gillem, with General Stoneman as Commander of Cavalry in the District of East Tennessee.

Their Chain of Command, therefore, is limited to those who actually commanded them, headed, of course, by the President of the United States, the Commander-in-Chief of all the Armies and the Navy.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

President of the United States

March 4, 1861—April 15, 1865

The Lincoln (Linkern or Linkhorn) family came from Norfolk, England, emigrating to Virginia in 1637. Lincoln's grandfather, a fairly prosperous farmer, moved his family to the frontier of Kentucky in 1780, in the wake of his friend Daniel Boone, settling in Long Run, Jefferson County. Here, he was shot by an Indian while he and his three sons were working in their clearing. Tom, the youngest, remembered the day clearly and used to tell little Abe, his son, how his brother, Mordecai, ran to the cabin, got his rifle, and shot the Indian who was bending over the dead body of the father.

Mordecai inherited the farm, while Tom was taken by his mother to Washington County, where he grew up, becoming an excellent carpenter and cabinet-maker. Some said he was "too lazy to make much use of his trade," while others said: "He liked to sit around and have his own thoughts." He was about 5 feet, 9 inches, weighing close to 180 pounds, close-knit and strong.

In 1806 Tom married Nancy Hanks, a frail sensitive girl of 23, with some slight education. Tom, then 28, was almost illiterate, although he could scrawl his signature "Linkern". He took his bride to a cabin in Elizabethtown, where he worked at his trade. Here a daughter was born, and they named her Sarah.

In the fall of 1808 the Lincolns moved to a small farm on Nolen's Creek not far from Hodgenville. Their cabin was of logs, 14 feet square, with one small window and dirt-packed floor, and it was here, on February 12, 1809, their son, Abraham, was born.

When little Abe was three they moved again, this time to a farm on Knob Creek, Hardin County, on the main highway from Louisville to Nashville, where they lived until Abe was seven years old. Six-year-old Abe and his sister walked

COLUMN SOUTH

four miles a day to the Knob Creek school, to learn to read and write. The school house was a log cabin, with a dirt floor and no windows. The children learned their lessons by repeating them out loud, a "blab" school it was called.

Since the Lincoln cabin was on the highway, many travelers passed their door; covered wagons moving south and west, peddlers, members of the State Legislature on their way to Lexington, and soldiers returning home from the Battle of New Orleans. Abe listened to men talk of camping with Daniel Boone, of a young man named Audubon, who had a wonderful way with birds, and he listened to men talk of Indian raids and fights. But Hardin County was filling up with Negroes, brought in by the well-to-do, and it became increasingly hard for the poor white farmers to make their places pay.

Just at this time Indiana Territory was taken into the Union as a State, and declared "all men are born equally free and independent." Reports came of its rich black soil, and soon Tom was planning their next move. Tom went ahead alone, locating his claim on Little Pigeon Creek in Indiana. Then he returned for his family. They made the trip, over a hundred miles, on their two horses, loaded down with pots, pans, blankets, clothes, and themselves! Tom and Nancy walked many weary miles when the going became too hard for the overloaded horses. When the claim was reached, the whole family pitched in and made a three-sided pole-shed, with roof covered with branches, and chinked with mud and grass. A fire was kept burning night and day before the open side of the shed. Here they lived for a year while the father built a log cabin. The new cabin was 18 feet square, with no window, a mud-packed floor, and a chimney plastered with clay. "For chairs there were three-legged stools; the bedstead was made of poles stuck between the logs in the angle of the cabin, the outside corner supported by crotched sticks driven into the ground; the bedclothes were skins. When Abe went to bed, however, it was not in this, the only room of the cabin, but in the loft, on a bunch of leaves, which he reached by climbing a ladder made of wooden pegs driven into the logs. There was a dining-room table, consisting of a large, hewed log standing on four legs, and the nourishment was prepared and served by Mrs. Lincoln with the aid of a pot, a kettle, a skillet, and a few tin and pewter dishes."

In the fall of that same year, Nancy's sister, Elizabeth, her husband, Tom Sparrow, and their adopted son, Dennis Hanks, arrived to live in the pole-shed while they looked for land on which they could settle. Not a year passed before both Elizabeth and Tom Sparrow were dead of "milk-sick" and were buried on a little hill close by. Then came the "milk-sickness" to the frail mother and she, too, was buried on the little hill.

It was a hard time for the three left behind, the father and his two small children, with no woman in the cabin. So, one morning, the father marched off to Kentucky with a certain woman in mind, Sarah Bush Johnston, a childhood sweetheart. She was now a widow with three children and it didn't take her long after he had popped the question to say "yes", and back they came to Indiana with a wagon full of feather beds, pillows, furniture, pots, pans, and children.

Sarah was a strong, rosy-cheeked, merry-eyed woman, and she took Tom's two children to her heart at once. She threw out the leaves and the cornhusks that had been the childrens' beds. "For the pigs" she said. That night they slept on

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feathers. She soon forced Tom to put in a floor, a door that shut, and windows with greased paper over them. Life took on a jollier aspect for the children.

In the ten years that were to follow, Abe had only scattered schooling, for his father had no truck with "eddcation". However, his stepmother stood by him and his yearning for knowledge and sent him to school on the days that there was no work to be done. He read anything and everything he could find to read, going every week to Gentryville to read the Louisville newspaper and the few books which existed in the neighborhood: *Pilgrims' Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Aesop's Fables*, and *Weem's Life of Washington*. It was during these ten years that Abe became the "railsplitter" we have heard about. His hands, wrists, and shoulders grew tough and strong. At seventeen he was 6'4" tall and the ablest "rassler" in the community.

In 1828, James Gentry, the owner of the largest farm on Pigeon Creek, hired Abe to take a flatboat, loaded with pigs, flour, potatoes, and other produce, down the Mississippi to trade for cotton, tobacco, and sugar. Abe made the flatboat and with Mr. Gentry's son, Allen, pushed off early in the spring for the 1,000 mile trip down the tricky Mississippi. They made it to New Orleans with a few adventures, and there Abe got his first glimpse of a world other than frontiers of log cabins and clearings.

Back on Pigeon Creek there was more reading, this time *The Revised Laws of Indiana* containing "The Declaration of Independence" and "The Constitution of the United States"; there was more railsplitting and more plowing.

During the years Sarah had been a good mother to Abe. When his sister died in giving birth to her baby just a year after her marriage, it was Sarah who comforted Abe. She understood him and his "queer" ways. She was his confidante, and he never ceased to be grateful to her.

In 1829 another move was to be made. The farm on Pigeon Creek wasn't paying well and Tom had heard of a country over in Macon County, Illinois, that the Indians called "Sangamo" the "land of plenty to eat." So Abe was put to work to cut and saw logs for wagon wheels and the whole tribe of Lincoln, now numbering thirteen, including Dennis Hanks and Levi Hall, who had married two of Sarah's daughters, were off to greener pastures.

After helping his father to build their new cabin in Goose Neck Prairie in the southern part of Coles County, Illinois, Abe made another trip down the Mississippi, this time with Dennis Hanks and his step-brother.

Upon his return Abe, now 21, said his goodbyes to his family and struck out for himself. His first job was as clerk in a store run by the man who had hired him for the last trip down the Mississippi. The store was in New Salem on the Sangamon River, and Abe enjoyed his life there. He had time for study, time to make new friends, time for debates, and time for politics. But the store failed and the years following were years of struggle. Abe volunteered in the Black Hawk War but saw no fighting. After trying to get work at one of the four stores in New Salem and failing, Lincoln bought a half interest in a store run by a William F. Berry. The partners soon bought out two other stores, on credit. This was to keep Lincoln in debt for many years, for their business did not flourish. Berry drank while Lincoln read and studied law. However, one lucky chance came Lincoln's way. "'One day,' related Lincoln after his first nomination, 'a man who was migrating to the west drove up in front of my store with a wagon which contained his family and house-

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hold plunder. He asked me if I would buy an old barrel for which he had no room in his wagon, and which he said contained nothing of special value. I did not want it, but to oblige him I bought it, and paid him, I think, half a dollar for it. Without further examination, I put it away in the store, and forgot all about it. Some time after, in overhauling things, I came upon the barrel, and emptying it upon the floor to see what it contained, I found at the bottom of the rubbish a complete edition of Blackstone's *Commentaries*. I began to read those famous works, and I had plenty of time; for during the long summer days, when the farmers were busy with their crops, my customers were few and far between. The more I read, the more intensely interested I became. Never in my whole life was my mind so thoroughly absorbed. I read until I devoured them.' "

The lack of business made Lincoln pleased to be appointed postmaster at New Salem in 1833. "The mail arrived on horseback once a week, and the new postmaster carried it in his hat until he met the recipients or was able to call at their dwellings. The newspapers he was permitted to open and read as soon as they arrived. All this was pleasant, but not immediately very lucrative, so the postmaster and storekeeper indulged in odd jobs. He split rails and helped at the mill."

Next came a job of surveying at \$3 a day, which Lincoln was glad enough to accept because of his debts, and finally came the election to the State Legislature in which Lincoln won his first step on the political ladder.

I have written at length of Lincoln's early life, for we all know that he served several terms in the State Legislature; that the death of Anne Rutledge threw him into near melancholia; that he married Mary Todd in 1842; that he became a lawyer in the firm of Lincoln & Herndon; and that he served a term in Congress. We know of his famous debates with Stephen A. Douglas, which resulted in his becoming a national figure and the 16th President of the United States. All this we have learned from our history books.

We know his humor, his gentleness, his firmness, and his wisdom in handling a Cabinet filled with jealousies and selfishness. We know his love for our country as a whole: North, South, East, and West. And we know his determination to keep that country one—undivided. Lincoln's own words best describe his character: "With malice toward none; with charity toward all." Quotes: "Lincoln, Man of the People."

HENRY W. HALLECK

General-in-Chief

July 11, 1862—March 9, 1864

Halleck was born in 1815 in the town of Westernville, New York. Graduating from the Military Academy, 3d in a class of 31, he served in California during the Mexican war, helped organize it as a Territory and wrote most of the State Constitution.

He resigned from the army in 1854 to practise law in San Francisco, but at the outbreak of the Civil War he reenlisted and was appointed Major-General, being assigned to the Department of Missouri. He was definitely a splendid organizer and technician, and his Department got results, but he was no leader. He believed in the science of war, having written a book, *Elements of Military Art and Science*.

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When a military book said, "After capture, you must occupy the enemy territory",—well, that was what you must do.

As General-in-Chief he was to hinder the generals in the field, but as a politician he proved himself an aid to President Lincoln. A homely man, pompous and pop-eyed, he became heartily disliked in Washington.

After Grant was made General-in-Chief, Halleck served as his Chief of Staff to the end of the war. He remained in the regular army, serving as head of various departments until his death in 1872.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

General-in-Chief

March 9, 1864—1866

Matthew Grant, the founder of the branch in America, reached Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1630, but soon moved to Connecticut where many of his descendants still live.

Grant's grandfather, Noah, pulled out, moving to Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, where he picked up a wife, and some years later moved to Ohio, now with five children. Not many years later his wife died and the children numbered seven. This number was too much for grandpa Noah, so he left with the two youngest ones to live with a married son, placing the remaining four in homes near Deerfield, Ohio. Grant's father, Jesse, was placed in the home of Judge and Mrs. Todd, where he lived until he was old enough to learn a trade. Ulysses tells us in his *Memoirs*:

"He went first, I believe, with his half-brother, Peter Grant, who, though not a tanner himself, owned a tannery in Maysville, Kentucky. Here he learned his trade, and in a few years returned to Deerfield and worked for, and lived in the family of a Mr. Brown, the father of John Brown—'whose body lies mouldering in the grave, while his soul goes marching on.' I have heard my father speak of John Brown, particularly since the events at Harper's Ferry. Brown was a boy when they lived in the same house, but he knew him afterwards, and regarded him as a man of great purity of character, of high moral and physical courage, but a fanatic and extremist in whatever he advocated. It was certainly the act of an insane man to attempt the invasion of the South, and the overthrow of slavery with less than twenty men. . . .

"My father set up for himself in business, establishing a tannery at Ravenna, the county seat of Portage County. In a few years he removed from Ravenna, and set up the same business at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio."

An education was difficult to achieve in the West of those days; but Jesse, like Lincoln, was an omnivorous reader, and no book in the neighborhood was safe from his clutches. He made himself an excellent English scholar, and before he was twenty years old he was a regular contributor to Western newspapers. He became also an able debater and an active politician.

In 1821 Jesse married Hannah Simpson and on the 27th of April, 1822, Ulysses was born. His father, having educated himself, was eager for his son to have all the schooling possible, and Grant attended school, such as it was, until he left for the Military Academy. This did not exempt him from labor. As Grant wrote in

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his *Memoirs*: "In my early days, every one labored more or less, in the region where my youth was spent, and more in proportion to their private means. It was only the very poor who were exempt. While my father carried on the manufacture of leather and worked at the trade himself, he owned and tilled considerable land. I detested the trade, preferring almost any other labor; but I was fond of agriculture, and of all employment in which horses were used. . . . When about eleven years old, I was strong enough to hold a plough. From that age until seventeen I did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, furrowing, ploughing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood, besides tending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for stoves, etc., while still attending school. For this I was compensated by the fact that there was never any scolding or punishing by my parents; no objection to rational enjoyments, such as fishing, going to the creek a mile away to swim in summer, taking a horse and visiting my grandparents in the adjoining county, fifteen miles off, skating on the ice in winter, or taking a horse and sleigh when there was snow on the ground."

In 1839 he received an appointment to the Military Academy and reported there in May, much against his will, it seems, as military life had no charms for him. At the Academy he found the studies dull and uninteresting, so he spent much of his time in the library reading novels, Scott's, Bulwer's, Cooper's etc. Upon graduating 21st in a class of 39, he was assigned to the 4th U. S. Infantry. He served during the Mexican war as a captain, receiving two citations for gallantry and one for meritorious conduct.

In August of 1848 he married Julia Dent, to whom he had proposed before leaving for the Mexican war, and they were able to spend several years together in Detroit, Michigan. In 1851, the 4th was ordered to the Pacific coast, so Grant was forced to leave his wife and children until an opportunity offered for sending for them.

His journey to San Francisco with his regiment on an overcrowded boat, the crossing of the Isthmus of Panama, where cholera struck down a seventh of the company, is graphically described in his *Memoirs*, as is San Francisco in 1852.

By the time two years had passed he realized that he could not support his family in the West, so he resigned his commission and joined his family in St. Louis. The next years were difficult ones for Grant. He tried to farm on land belonging to his wife, but could only stock it by degrees. This he achieved by selling cord wood in St. Louis. In 1858, however, he became sick with "fever and ague", and in the fall he was forced to sell the farm. His father, now in Galena, Illinois, offered him a clerkship in his store, and the offer was gladly accepted by Grant.

When the Civil War started Grant was among the first to re-enlist, but it was some time before his extraordinary power of leadership was recognized. Lincoln was the first to see it and to act accordingly. The siege and capture of Vicksburg on July 4th, 1863, earned Grant the nickname of "Unconditional Surrender Grant" and was the turning point in his career.

On March 12, 1864, Grant was made General-in-Chief of all the Federal armies, and a year and a half later came the end of the war.

Elected President of the United States in 1868, Grant served two terms. His administration has been termed corrupt and poorly managed, but it was due to

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Grant's ignorance of political skill, not any lack of honesty. He reduced taxation and promoted economy in Government expenditures and reform in the Civil Service. "He tried to improve the condition of our Indian Wards; he was a sincere friend of Mexico; he strove to cultivate good relations with the Orientals, and he established our intercourse with England upon the firm foundations of the treaty of Washington."

After retiring as President he and his family spent two years in Europe, where he was received most cordially.

Then came the crash. In 1884, due to a financial venture with Ferdinand Ward, he lost all his savings, and was reduced to near poverty. He wrote of his war experiences for *Century Magazine*, which proved so successful he started to write his autobiography. This he finished just a few days before he died of throat cancer in 1885. The sale of the *Memoirs* netted his widow \$450,000.

Lt. Colonel William C. Church, who served under Grant, gives us better understanding of Grant's character than can be gleaned from his *Memoirs*.

"It is an anomaly of history that a man so distinguished in war should be so unwarlike in personal characteristics as was Ulysses Simpson Grant, and so singularly free from the ambitions supposed to dominate the soldier. . . . Indeed, no more gentle-hearted and kindly man is known to American history, not excepting Abraham Lincoln.

"Numerous circumstances in the life of Grant illustrate his consideration for others. At Vicksburg, Mississippi, where over thirty thousand Confederates surrendered to him, July 4, 1863, he directed his exulting troops 'to be orderly and quiet as the paroled prisoners passed' and to make no offensive remarks. The only cheers heard there were for the defenders of Vicksburg, and the music sounded was the tune of 'Old Hundred,' in which victor and vanquished could join. The surrender at Appomattox, Virginia, April 9, 1865, was characterized by almost feminine tenderness and tact, and a sympathetic courtesy toward the conquered so marked that an observer was moved to ask, 'Who's surrendering here, anyway?' . . . It was characteristic of Grant's mental processes that he always thought on straight lines, and his action was equally direct and positive. He was not so much concerned with the subtleties of strategy as with a study of the most direct road to the opponent's center. . . . He was fertile in expedients; his mind always open to the suggestions of opportunity, and it was his habit to postpone decision until the necessity for decision arose. . . .

"Among his friends, when occasion served, he was a fluent and interesting talker. He never gossiped, never used profane or vulgar language, was charitable and generous to a fault, and considerate in his treatment of all. He was good-natured and fond of his joke."

Quotes: "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant," and "B & L."

GENERAL WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS

Commander of the

Army of the Cumberland

Oct. 30, 1862—Oct. 21, 1863

William S. Rosecrans was born at Kingston, Ohio, in 1818. After graduating

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from the Military Academy he served in the Engineer Corps and as assistant professor of engineering at West Point.

In 1854 he resigned from the army to practise architecture, but at the outbreak of the Civil War he re-enlisted and was made brigadier-general of the regular army, and in March, 1862, commissioned Major-General of Volunteers.

After various assignments he became General Pope's successor in the Army of the Mississippi and achieved a brilliant victory at Corinth and Iuka. Shortly after this he replaced General Buell as Commander of the Army of the Cumberland and served until replaced by General Thomas after his defeat at Chickamauga.

He was tall, blond, with a florid complexion and a large red nose; his anger rose easily and as easily fell, but he was universally liked by his officers and men. Certainly the Andersons liked him, for shortly after they formed their Survivors' Association they made him an honorary member and he attended several of their annual banquets. At the 14th Annual Banquet, General Rosecrans spoke of the Regiment's arrival at Nashville on December 24th, 1862. He said, "It was unfortunate that you arrived when you did. I was in the midst of my preparations for the movement of the Army of the Cumberland on Murfreesboro, and could not spare the time to attend to this duty imposed on me, nor could the movement of the Army be delayed on account of your regiment, or any other single regiment. There you were, a regiment regularly sworn into service, fully equipped, but without the proper number of regularly Commissioned Officers. I knew that if I made you my bodyguard, and you went prancing about for show, you would become the laughing stock of the whole Army. I wanted you to be leaders, for there was, I had reason to believe, the right stuff in you. As I have said, the movement of the Army could not be deferred on your account, but I said then I would do all I could for you, but for the present, I would assign you to regular duty. You were to move as a part of the Reserve of Gen. McCook's Corps, but this was afterwards changed, and it is to your honor and glory that you were the advance of that Corps, from Nashville to Stone River. It was a pleasant thing for me to hear, after that battle, how my Pennsylvania boys behaved, for when I asked Gen. Stanley for information, his answer was, 'first rate, they just went ahead and fought, they did not know any better.'"

After turning the Army of the Cumberland over to General Thomas, Rosecrans was placed in command of the Department of Missouri. This command proved to be a "hot spot", for General Sterling Price, clinging to the belief that Missouri was rebel in sentiment and he her chosen deliverer, gathered a force of ten or twelve thousand cavalry and moved rapidly into Missouri. In the march he was aided by the bushwhacker "Bloody Bill" Anderson, Jesse and Frank James, and their followers, who, in the course of the raid, massacred 124 out of 147 Federal troops sent out to oppose them.

Rosecrans has been given the credit of driving Price out of the State, thus ending the organized Confederate military operations in Missouri.

In December, 1864, he was relieved of active command. After resigning his commission in 1866 he was United States Minister to Mexico, and in Congress from 1881 to 1885. In 1889 his rank and pay of brigadier-general was restored to him.

He spent his last years ranching in California, where he died in 1898. Rosecrans was one of 15 army officers given the "Thanks of Congress". This for his victory at Stone's River.

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GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS

Commander of the
Army & Department of the Cumberland
Oct. 20, 1863—June 1865

George H. Thomas was born near Newsom's Depot, in Southampton County, Virginia, July 31st, 1816. After his father's death, George, then only sixteen, helped to manage the family farm. After graduating from Southampton Academy he entered the law office of his uncle, James Rochelle, but soon he was offered an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point, which he promptly accepted.

At West Point he roomed with "Cump" Sherman, and during the four years he came to know the future generals Rosecrans, Grant, Buell, Hooker, Bragg, Johnson, and Hill. He graduated 12th in his class, while Sherman was 6th.

In 1840, when he received his second lieutenancy in the Third Artillery, he was sent to Florida, where he participated in the raid against 70 poor Seminole Indians!

In the war with Mexico he was breveted Captain for "brave and meritorious conduct" during the battles around Monterrey. General Wool, who attributed the victory of Buena Vista to the artillery, specified in particular Captains Washington, Sherman, and Bragg, and Lieutenants O'Brien and Thomas.

In 1850 he was assigned to West Point as engineering instructor, and also instructor of the cavalry. Among his students were William D. Whipple, who was to become Thomas's future Chief of Staff, David S. Stanley, George B. Cosby, McCook, McPherson, Sheridan, Oliver O. Howard, Hood, and James E. B. Stewart, all future generals on one side or the other in the Civil War. It was as cavalry instructor that he received the nickname "Old Slow Trot" from his students. He was a bit too heavy for a cavalryman and to spare his horse he would often give the order "Slow Trot", when the youngsters hoped for "Charge". It was at this time that he married Frances Kellogg of Troy, New York; but in 1853, now a captain, he was assigned to Yuma, Arizona, and he was not to see his wife for three years.

In 1856 he was commissioned as Major in the elite Second Cavalry at St. Louis, whose officers were almost entirely from southern states. Such future Confederate generals as Johnston, Lee, Hardee, Van Dorn, Kirby Smith, Fitzhugh Lee, and Hood were there. Jefferson Davis was at that time Secretary of War and it was through his efforts that the First and Second Cavalry regiments were formed. Thomas came to believe, as many others did, that Jefferson was already thinking of a war between the north and the south, hence the number of southern officers chosen.

Their uniforms were slightly gaudy! Dark blue jackets, decorated with yellow braid, with a silk sash and azure blue trousers, while brass scales covered the shoulders to turn the sabers of the enemy and the large black Stetson hats were looped with an eagle on the right and trailed long ostrich plumes. Their saddles gleamed with brass and each Company had horses of one color. They must have been a sight to see!

For twenty years he served with only one leave of absence, spending his spare moments in studying Military Strategy, thus unconsciously preparing himself for the great service he would give his country during the Civil War.

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In 1860, now a major, he applied for a year's leave of absence, and on his way home received a spinal injury in a train wreck, an injury from which he never fully recovered.

With the coming of the Civil War, unlike so many of his fellow southern officers, he never hesitated. As an officer in the United States army he had given his oath to defend his country from all enemies, and by this oath he stood. For so doing he was repudiated by his sisters, his friends, and his State. Never, as long as he lived, was he to go to his old home in Virginia. His two sisters turned his portrait's face to the wall and even after his death refused to acknowledge him as a brother. And in the North, because of his Virginian birth, his loyalty was suspected and proper understanding of his motives was long in coming.

For twenty-four years Thomas had served his country. He had not resigned to go into some civilian profession, as had Sherman, Rosecrans, Burnside, Hooker, McClellan, Grant, and many others. He had remained steadfastly in the service of his country. His reward? He was to have junior officers, as to time of commission, placed over him; first Rosecrans, then Sherman. He was to have the corps he had organized and trained himself taken from him. He was nearly to lose his command because of his careful preparation for battle.

Thomas was a modest and patient man, willing to accept slights during the war, but they were not forgotten.

For some reason Grant never really liked Thomas. He said Thomas was slow and only a good defense man. True, he was slow to give battle until he had things well in hand: his men supplied, ammunition in quantity, and the many things needed for an orderly advance. And it must be remembered he was never defeated. Even Chickamauga, where he won his finest nickname, was not his defeat.

Benjamin Taylor, the reporter, in his book *Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain* describes Thomas thus: "Combining the energy, resolution and tenacity of the soldier with the simple manners of a gentleman, he can handle a corps and make an anvil of it at will. . . . Do you know how he looks? Well, if you will just think what manner of man he must be that should be hewn out of a large square block of the best-tempered material that men are made of, not scrimped anywhere,—and square everywhere—square face, square shoulders, square step; blue eyes, with depths in them, withdrawn beneath a pent-house of a brow, features with legible writing on them, and the whole giving the idea of massive solidity, of the right kind of a man to 'tie to,' you will have a little preparation for seeing him as he is."

Charles Dana, the Assistant Secretary of War, the man who had urged the Government to replace Rosecrans, said this of Thomas in his *Recollections of the Civil War*: "He was certainly an officer of the very highest qualities, soldierly and personally. He was a man of the greatest dignity of character. He had more the character of George Washington than any other man I ever knew. At the same time he was a delightful man to be with; there was no artificial dignity about Thomas. He was a West Point graduate, and very well educated. He was very set in his opinions, yet he was not impatient with anybody—a noble character." Fortunately, Secretary of War Stanton admired Thomas, too. In answer to Dana's wire suggesting Thomas as a successor to Rosecrans, he wired: "I wish you to go directly to see General Thomas, and say to him that his services, his abilities, his

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character, his unselfishness, have always been most cordially appreciated by me, and that it is not my fault that he has not long since had command of an independent army." It was only Halleck, and Grant most of all, who opposed Thomas.

Congress approved of Thomas, for he was given the "Thanks of Congress" for the victories at Franklin and Nashville. Only fourteen other army officers received this honor during the Civil War.

After the war Thomas served several years in Tennessee during the most difficult time of Reconstruction. This was the time the Klu Klux Klan was formed with General Forrest as their "Grand Wizard." Times were tough there and Parson Brownlow, then Governor, made them tougher! He was a fanatic, as he always had been, and rejoiced in humiliating the "misguided people." Thomas did his best to smooth things out, but not with much success.

In 1869 he was assigned the Military Division of the Pacific, this only because of his first and last protest. Grant had planned to assign our old friend Schofield to the Division of the Pacific, leaving Thomas with only a Department. This time Thomas protested, and Schofield was retained as Secretary of War under Grant and Thomas got the Pacific.

California received him enthusiastically, but the long distances Thomas had to travel, some 14,000 miles in one year—and travel was difficult in the West in those days—were too much for Thomas's health, and he died March 28th, 1870.

There was another factor which might easily have caused his death. About March 12th, 1870, an anonymous letter was printed in the *New York Tribune* which stated that the Nashville campaign had been won at Franklin, and that Thomas's long delay was not needed—he could have crushed Hood at once. It intimated that Grant was quite correct in wishing to recall Thomas and replace him with Schofield. This was the first intimation that Thomas had had that the order to replace him had been made. He had suspected it, but had not actually known. The letter was supposed to have been written by Schofield and for a year afterwards Schofield received letters berating him for falsehood. At the time of Thomas's death he was writing a letter in reply and it was on his desk, half finished, when he fell to the floor unconscious.

Good old San Francisco said, "Since the death of the martyred President Lincoln there has not been so universal an expression of grief and sorrow in San Francisco as yesterday when the death of General Thomas became known."

The funeral procession in Troy, where his body was taken, was impressive. From President Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and on down the line, all but his sisters and Schofield were there to do Thomas honor; guns were fired, bells tolled, bands played dirges, and the citizens stood with bared heads. All honor was given him when dead! Why not while he was alive?

Quotes: "Life of General George H. Thomas."

GENERAL GEORGE STONEMAN

Commander of the
District of East Tennessee
March 9, 1865—June 1865

George Stoneman was born in Busti, New York, August 1822. Upon his gradu-

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ation from the Military Academy in 1846, he was assigned to the Dragoons. He served in the Mexican War, on Indian raids, and on various expeditions throughout the southwest.

When the Civil War started, Stoneman was Captain in command at Fort Brown in Texas. General David E. Twiggs, of the United States Army, was then in command of a Department in Texas, and in February 1861 he surrendered all the Union forces and supplies to the Texas Rangers. Twiggs ordered the surrender of Fort Brown. This Stoneman refused to do, and with a few loyal companions escaped by steamer to New York.

After Stoneman reached the North his rise in rank was swift, and he was soon Major-General of the Cavalry Corps in the Army of the Potomac. It was during this time that he led the raid toward Richmond in the Chancellorsville campaign. Then came the command of the 23d Corps in 1864, and soon the cavalry division of the same organization. It was during a raid in the Atlanta campaign that he was captured, together with 700 of his men, and held prisoner for three months.

On his return to the army he was placed in command of the Department of the Ohio, and later the District of East Tennessee. He was in command of the raid in East Tennessee and the Carolinas early in 1865, the raid in which the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry played such a large part.

After the war he remained in the regular army until retired in 1871. He then moved to California where he held several public offices and was Governor from 1883 to 1887. He died in 1894.

Although not an officer with great tactical ability, he was a good soldier and well liked by those who served under him.

It has been impossible for me to find any reference to his appearance or character, but from the picture of him seated to the right of General Naglee you can see that he was tall, dark in complexion, hair, eyes, and beard, and that, except for the orderly and General Naglee, he was far neater than the rest of the officers in the group! His uniform seems a bit odd, with trousers part light and part dark, and his boots seem to me to be like the ones the thousand Santa Clauses wear on the streets at Christmas time, but this gives him character; what kind is yours to decide.

GENERAL ALVAN C. GILLEM

Commander of Cavalry

District of East Tennessee

March 17, 1865—April 28, 1865

Alvan Gillem was born in 1830 in Tennessee, probably the eastern part, and attended the Military Academy, graduating 11th of a class of 42. After graduation he fought in the Seminole war. This was a "war" to push the Indians from their own land west to the Indian Territory. Only a few younger tribesmen, led by Osceola, fought against the move. They were "subdued" in 1858.

During the Civil War Gillem fought in the defense of Fort Taylor, Florida, at Mill Springs, Shiloh, and in the siege of Corinth. After a short term as Provost Marshal in Nashville in 1862, he commanded a brigade in the Tennessee operations of 1863 and '64. He was the leader of the expedition to East Tennessee during which General John Morgan was killed. And, as we know, in 1865, he was the

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commander of the Division in which the Anderson Cavalry made their long trek through Georgia and the Carolinas.

After the war Gillem remained in the regular army, and died on active duty as Colonel of the 1st, U. S. Cavalry, in 1875.

No mention is made of General Gillem's personal appearance or character in any history of the Civil War to which I have access. We can only judge of his character by the way the troops behaved, in their last campaign of the war, under his leadership. General Palmer gave his opinion of Gillem's troops in his letter to Major Bascom, and this opinion, naturally, reflects on General Gillem.

WILLIAM J. PALMER

Captain, August, 1862—September 1862

Colonel, September 1862—November 1864

General, November 1864—June 1865

of the

Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry

William Palmer was born September 17, 1836, on a farm at Kinsale, Delaware. His parents were Quakers and he, with his two brothers and one sister, were brought up in that faith. When he was five the family moved to Philadelphia, where the children attended the Friends' School.

From an early age he must have listened to his parents and their friends: Lucretia Mott, also a Quaker and one of the original members of the Anti-Slavery Society founded in 1833, and the Rev. W. H. Furness, the great Unitarian preacher, whose home was a station on the Underground Railway that attempted to smuggle slaves to freedom. From their discussions the little boy must, perhaps unconsciously, have acquired the love of freedom for all peoples which he was to show in later years.

When he was seventeen he joined the engineering corps of the Hempfield Railroad in the Pennsylvania mountains at Washington, not far from Pittsburgh. In a letter to a friend he described his living quarters at the Railroad House: "We manage to get along pretty comfortably, though the bedbugs are as plenty and as wild as the rattlesnakes in the bayous."

In the summer of 1855, now nineteen, he went to England to study railways and mines. This he did by tramping from town to town with a knapsack on his back, observing not only the mines, the railways and ironworks, but also the cotton, cloth, and worsted mills. His evenings, after a 20 to 30 mile walk, were spent in writing of what he had seen, for the *Pottsville Miner's Journal*, whose editor had promised to print, and pay for, any articles he might write about the English coal mines and mining methods.

One of the articles was read by J. Edgar Thompson, president of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, and so interested him that Palmer was offered employment if he could acquaint himself with the best method of burning raw coal in locomotives, wood being used as fuel at this time. This offer spurred the young man on, and off he went to the mines and ironworks in South Wales.

Late that fall he made a short visit to France, where he enjoyed a cold and exciting ride on the engine of the night train from Paris to Brittany. The fireman

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made it doubly exciting by leaning with his arm on the safety valve in order to save steam and labor!

Palmer returned to London in late December with the usual description of Paris, "by a thousand odds the most wonderful city, as a city, that there is in the world."

In London once more, he dived into his studies of locomotives, fireboxes, coke-ovens, and mines, and by April, 1856, he had seen England as few Englishmen had seen it, and was ready to return home.

After an eight-week trip, through storms and calms, he arrived in New York, and by July he had joined the Westmoreland Coal Company, as treasurer, with a superb salary of \$600 per year. However, in May of 1857 he resigned to become Confidential Secretary to J. Edgar Thompson of the Pennsylvania Railroad, salary now \$900!

In 1857 the Pennsylvania Railroad was only ten years old, with first a line from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh, then Philadelphia to Columbia, and the first through train from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh ran in July, 1858. Mr. Thompson was of Quaker stock, a man of integrity and ability with a knack of choosing and inspiring his subordinates. His right-hand man was Thomas A. Scott, later to become Assistant Secretary of War, under Lincoln; and a little man by the name of Andrew Carnegie was his telegraphist in Pittsburgh!

The next two years were spent by Palmer experimenting with coal-burning locomotives in Altoona, and with Thompson in Philadelphia. It must have been while he was in Philadelphia that he became interested in politics, for in 1859 we see him and a friend, Isaac Clothier, arranging for a series of lectures to be given by famous speakers the following winter. Wendell Phillips was to be the first Lecturer, and they claimed it was not with Abolition in mind that they had chosen him! No, their series was to be called, "The Young Men's Liberal Course of Lectures." Their second man to lecture was a Mr. Curtis, whose subject was to be, "The Present Aspect of the Slavery Question."

All was serene in Philadelphia at the time the lectures were arranged, but in October poor old John Brown made his raid on Harper's Ferry and the whole country was in an uproar.

Mr. Phillips spoke, as arranged, on the 28th of November, and because of his eloquence, no trouble resulted. Financial results? The two young men made a profit of \$60. But Mr. Curtis had a different reception on December 15th, when he spoke. John Brown had been hanged on December 2d, and the city of Philadelphia was in a turmoil. Palmer and Clothier were advised to cancel the lecture. They refused. A body-guard escorted Mr. Curtis to the lecture hall; six hundred armed police were posted in and around the hall; a roaring mob gathered on Market Street; the packed audience, including many of the leading Quakers of the city, were ready and eager to fight for free speech. The District Attorney had a loaded revolver in his pocket and Judge Kelley tucked a cudgel up his sleeve.

It must have been a well-heard dissertation, with the mob outside throwing brick-bats and even vitriol through the broken windows, but the hour-long oration was completed and free speech vindicated!

There were no more lectures, and Palmer returned to his work on locomotives. In 1860 he published his "Report of Experiments with Coal Burning Locomotives",

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which was well received by railroad men. However, his time with the Pennsylvania Railroad was fast nearing an end. In August of 1860 he was elected Recording Secretary of the Philadelphia Young Men's Republican Club and helped campaign for the election of Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln was elected; South Carolina seceded; the Confederacy was formed; on April 13th, 1861, Fort Sumter was fired upon and the United States flag lowered. The Civil War had begun.

We know how Palmer, against all his Quaker traditions, raised the Anderson Troop, and how, in 1862, he came north to raise the Anderson Cavalry in which Ball and Will enlisted, and we know what Palmer accomplished during and after the war; but little has been said about his character.

From the various articles written by the men who served under him we can see that he was a born leader, strict in discipline but never arrogant; ready always to face danger before his men, and during the regiment's many campaigns his men came to trust him and finally both to honor and love him.

What General Thomas thought of Palmer is shown in a letter Palmer wrote his uncle on February 12th, 1865, from Nashville.

"I returned here from Louisville last evening, and found that General Thomas had already arrived from Eastport. This morning I called upon him, when he received me very cordially and enquired pleasantly how 'the Fifteenth' was getting along. The old soldier is in full glow of health, and I think is the finest looking, as well as the ranking officer of his army. . . . The General told me in the course of the interview that he had recommended me for the position of a Brigadier-General, once immediately after the close of the Atlanta campaign, a second time just before the Nashville battle, and thirdly when he forwarded to the War Department my report of our pursuit into Mississippi, and capture of Hood's pontoon bridge and the train. He then asked if I had any friends in Pennsylvania, who had influence at Washington, who would push the matter? I replied that I had friends of influence, but that I would not call upon them for such a purpose, and that if the authorities would not appoint me on General Thomas' recommendation, they could leave it alone. The General then said that the President had usually made appointments on the recommendation of Department Commanders, but that the trouble was in the confirmation by the Senate, and that some political influence had usually to be exerted to effect this. He asked me who I knew? I told him Thomas A. Scott, former Asst. Secretary of War. The General said he knew Mr. Scott and that he would telegraph to him at once about the matter. After conversing on some other subjects, I was rising to go, when he got me to write down for him Colonel Scott's address; I did so and took my leave.

"Now my opinion is that when a General like old Thomas, who won himself the first and the last battle fought in the West, and was the chief instrument in winning all the rest—who has never been defeated in any that he has fought, either as commander or subordinate, and who has twice saved the army from destruction when commanded by others—who has just done his country the service of inflicting the most crushing defeat of the war upon an enemy who had assumed the offensive and advanced 300 miles from the point to which he was driven in the summer; who was an experienced soldier when the war began, and who is well known never to say anything but what he means. When this cool, thoughtful, dignified old veteran

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recommends an officer at three different periods for promotion for gallantry and efficiency, it is rather hard that such a General should be obliged afterwards to telegraph to a citizen of Pennsylvania to aid him in placing the subordinate in the command that he thinks the interest of the service require. Looking at the case purely as an observer, it seems to me that in this particular the Republic needs mending. Don't you think so?

"I consider the interest 'Old Pap' manifested in me, in volunteering to do this in my behalf, which I wouldn't do for myself, as a compliment worth more than all the stars in the President's firmament. I don't claim to be particularly modest, but there are certain things which I don't think a man ought to beg for—and one of these is military promotion. You know I never would allow that in my men, and if it's a good rule for them, it must be for me. The only thing a soldier has the right to beg for is a chance to distinguish himself in the field."

Palmer's generosity is well known. After his death it was found he had given away more than half of his fortune, nearly five million dollars. Letters poured in to his daughters, all stressing his great generosity, his wit and gaiety, his quickness of mind and width of interests. Perhaps his character is best described by John Fisher in his "A Builder of the West", where he said, "It is not from histories of the United States—not even from histories of Colorado—that we can form a true estimate of General Palmer's character, but from the memories of men and women of all kinds and all classes, who knew him and admired him and loved him. And that, after all, is as he would have wished."

Quotes: "A Builder of the West"; "History of the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry."

Opposing Generals

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE
Commander-in-Chief
of the Armies of the C.S.A.
February 1865—April 9, 1865

Robert Edward Lee, the son of the cavalry leader "Light Horse Harry Lee", was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on January 19, 1807, one of eight children. In 1811 his father moved his family to Alexandria in order to secure better schooling for his children.

Lee entered West Point in 1825 and graduated 2d in his class of 46. Upon graduation he was assigned to the Engineering Corps and his first work was on the fortifications at Hampton Roads. Two years later he was married, at Arlington, to Mary Randolph Curtis, the granddaughter of Martha Washington.

He served with distinction throughout the Mexican war, receiving three brevets for gallantry. After the Mexican war, in 1852, he was made Superintendent of the Military Academy, where he lengthened the course of study and improved the discipline.

In 1855, now a Lt. Colonel, of the Second Cavalry, he was sent to Texas, where his time was spent chasing marauding Indians.

While Lee was home on leave John Brown made the raid on Harper's Ferry, and Lee was ordered with a company of marines to dislodge Brown, which he did with dispatch.

He returned to Texas and his regiment and remained there until 1861, when Texas seceded, and he was recalled to Washington. His next weeks were troubled ones. He did not believe either in slavery or in secession, but, on the other hand, he did not believe the Government had the right to coerce the sovereign States. He had taken the oath to defend the United States against "any enemy", but his heart was in Virginia. It is claimed that Lincoln offered him the command of the Union Armies. How different the war would have been if he had accepted can only be conjectured, for he refused, resigned his commission on April 20th, 1861, and on the 23d accepted the command of the military forces of Virginia.

We know what a great and beloved commander he became, and how, with fewer men and fewer supplies, he was able to hold off the Union armies for four long years. Two months before the surrender at Appomattox the Confederate President, Jefferson Davis, offered Lee the command of all the Southern Armies. It was too late. It might well have been a different story if he had been given that command early in the war; for he undoubtedly was a great general, some say the greatest of them all, both in organization and in the field.

After his surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox Courthouse, he delivered a moving address to his ragged troops and left for Richmond. "In the fallen capital, even the Federal troops greeted him with enthusiasm, and he was at last once more in the bosom of his family. In June . . . he accepted the

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presidency of Washington College at Lexington, now 'Washington and Lee University.' He had previously refused many gifts and offers of positions which seemed tainted by mercenary considerations.

"As a college president, General Lee both in character and in poise of intellect ranks with the first. During the five years of his administration the institution prospered financially, and the course of studies was liberally enlarged, no narrow military conceptions being allowed to prevail. He was as beloved by his students as he had been by his soldiers, and he was content with his small sphere of influence, declining most wisely to accept the governorship of the State and a political career for which neither his years nor his temperament fitted him.

"His health, which had begun to be impaired in 1863, gradually failed him . . . and after a short illness he died on October 12, 1870. . . . Lee is to the Southern people and to many military experts in foreign countries the greatest commander of armies that America has ever produced. . . . He is the ideal gentleman, not merely of Nature's making, but of race and breeding; in other words, a true aristocrat. Yet to his aristocratic virtues, he added the essentially democratic virtues, and he was an ideal Christian as well as an ideal gentleman and man. . . . More completely perhaps than any other modern man of Anglo-Saxon stock he is qualified to be at once a hero of history and a hero of romance. He is the representative of a people that has suffered; hence his character and career possess a unique spiritual value not fully to be estimated by those who apply to him the normal tests of historical greatness."

Quotes: Prof. Wm. P. Trent in "Photographic History of the Civil War."

GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG

Commander of the
Army of Tennessee

June 27, 1862—February 24, 1864

Braxton Bragg was born in Warren County, North Carolina, in 1817. After graduating from the Military Academy in 1837, he was assigned to the Artillery, and served in the Seminole and Mexican wars. In 1859 he resigned from the army and became an extensive planter in Louisiana.

On the secession of Louisiana, he was made a brigadier-general in the Confederate Provisional Army, and was the first commander of the military forces of Louisiana.

In April of 1862 Bragg commanded the Right Wing at the Battle of Shiloh, under General A. S. Johnston, and in June of that same year he succeeded General Beauregard as Commander of the Army of Tennessee. In September he led an unsuccessful invasion of Kentucky and was forced to retreat to Tennessee. Again, at Stone's River, in the battle with Rosecrans's Army of the Cumberland, he was forced back to Tullahoma. However, at Chickamauga he defeated Rosecrans, forcing the Union Army back to Chattanooga, where he held them under siege.

After the Battle of Chattanooga, where he was badly beaten by Generals Grant and Thomas, he was promptly relieved of his command, recalled to Richmond, and given the control of the Confederate army's military operations in that city. He became military advisor to President Davis, which seems a bit odd after

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his many strategic defeats. Late in the fall of 1864 Bragg was given the command of the Department of South Carolina, but failed in his efforts to check Sherman's advance on Wilmington, North Carolina.

After the surrender of Lee's army, Bragg and his wife were with Jefferson Davis and his party when they made their endeavor to flee south to join Generals Forrest and Taylor.

On May 9th, 1865, Bragg and his wife were captured by the Fifteenth, as we know.

After the war Bragg was State Engineer in Alabama. He died in Galveston, Texas, in 1876.

General Grant makes the following comment in his *Memoirs* regarding General Bragg.

"Bragg was a remarkably intelligent and well-informed man, professionally and otherwise. He was also thoroughly upright. But he was possessed of an irascible temper, and was naturally disputatious. A man of the highest moral character and the most correct habits, yet in the old army he was in frequent trouble. As a subordinate he was always on the lookout to catch his commanding officer infringing upon his prerogatives; as a post commander he was equally vigilant to detect the slightest neglect, even of the most trivial order.

"I heard in the old army an anecdote characteristic of General Bragg. On one occasion, when stationed at a post of several companies, commanded by a field-officer, he was himself in command of one of the companies and at the same time acting post quartermaster and commissary. He was a first lieutenant at the time, but his captain was detached on other duty. As commander of the company he made a requisition upon the quartermaster—himself—for something he wanted. As quartermaster he declined to fill the requisition, and indorsed on the back of it his reason for so doing. As company commander he responded to this, urging that his requisition called for nothing but what he was entitled to, and that it was the duty of the quartermaster to fill it. As quartermaster he still persisted that he was right. In this condition of affairs Bragg referred the whole matter to the commanding officer of the post. The latter, when he saw the nature of the matter referred, exclaimed: 'My God, Mr. Bragg, you have quarreled with every officer in the army, and now you are quarreling with yourself.'"

GENERAL JOSEPH EGGLESTON JOHNSTON

Commander of

The Army of Tennessee

December 1863—July, 1864

February 1865—April 26, 1865

Joseph Johnston was born in Cherry Grove, near Farmville, Virginia, in 1807. After graduating from the Military Academy in 1829 he served during the Black Hawk, Seminole, and Mexican Wars. During the Mexican War he was wounded five times and won three brevets for gallantry in action, possibly because he led the column that stormed Chapultepec.

In 1860 Johnston was made Brigadier-General and Quartermaster of the U.S. Army, but in 1861 resigned his commission to become Brigadier-General in the

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Confederate army. In May, 1861, he headed the Army of the Shenandoah, at Manassas and Bull Run.

He was made full General in July, 1861, but fourth in rank, Cooper, Albert Sydney Johnston, and Lee preceding him in date. Now, Joe Johnston was a man of middle height, with trim, erect figure; grayish hair and beard; florid complexion with blue eyes which could flash resentment as well as friendship. The fourth rank rankled. He claimed he had been senior officer in the U.S. Army and should have that same rank in the C.S.A. He was testy with President Davis from then on, and quick to take slights. But all in all, he was an excellent officer.

In command of the Army of Northern Virginia at Fair Oaks he was severely wounded. In November of 1862 he was assigned to the head of the Department of Tennessee, but outside of an attempt to relieve Pemberton at Vicksburg in May, 1863, he saw no active service until he assumed command of the Army of Tennessee after General Bragg had been relieved of that command. He opposed Sherman during the early part of the Atlanta campaign, but was superseded by Hood on July 18th, 1864. His strategy was much criticized at the time, but it is now recognized that he displayed great ability during that campaign. In February 1865 he was again given the command of the Army of Tennessee, and attempted, without success, to prevent Sherman's advance through the Carolinas. Johnston's surrender of his Army to Sherman was on April 26th, 1865, at Durham's Station, North Carolina.

After the war he was in the insurance business in Richmond, then served in Congress, and from 1885 to 1889 he was Railroad Commissioner. He died in 1891, having caught pneumonia standing bare-headed at Sherman's funeral.

GENERAL JOHN BELL HOOD

Commander of

The Army of Tennessee

July 17, 1864—January 23, 1865

John Hood was born in 1831, the son of a Kentucky doctor. He attended the Military Academy, graduating 44th in a class of 52, and was assigned to the Second U.S. Cavalry. He served on garrison duty in Texas under Albert Sydney Johnston and Robert E. Lee.

Although his home State of Kentucky did not secede, Hood, like so many other Kentuckians, resigned his commission and enlisted in the Confederate Army early in 1861. He was commissioned 1st Lieutenant in the regular Army of the Confederate States, under General Magruder, "Prince John", a professional soldier, some 20 years older than Hood. Magruder welcomed the young, enthusiastic trooper and soon placed him in command of the cavalry companies, which he, Magruder, was forming. These companies, should, by army regulations, be commanded by a Captain, so Magruder made Hood a captain. At once other captains complained, so Magruder made Hood a Major! At 29, Hood was commander of the Texas Brigade, which, under his able tutelage, became one of the most renowned brigades in the entire Confederate Army.

At 30 Hood was a Brigadier General in command of Wigfall's Texas Brigade. He led his Brigade at Gaine's Mills and at Antietam, and as Major General, under

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Longstreet, he led a Division at Fredericksburg and at Gettysburg, where he was severely wounded.

He recovered from his wounds quickly, however, and soon was in command of Longstreet's Corps and three Divisions of the Army of Tennessee at Chickamauga, where he lost his right leg. Undaunted, he refused to accept an "office" job and returned to command a Corps in the Atlanta Campaign, succeeding General Johnston in the command of the Army during the retreat to Atlanta.

After the Atlanta campaign he advanced as far as Dalton, which he captured, and then retired to Alabama, hoping to raise more troops. Then came his disastrous advance on Nashville, where he was overwhelmed by General Thomas, losing most of his army and being forced to retreat hurriedly to Mississippi. Accepting the responsibility of the defeat, at his own request he was relieved of his command. He surrendered in May at Natchez.

Hood was a handsome man, six feet two inches, with light brown hair and beard. His blue eyes were kindly and his voice deep and booming. It has been said of him that he was a splendid leader of a corps in battle but that he lacked the ability to plan campaigns strategically or to lead an Army. His worst fault seems to have been his tendency to blame others for his own failures. (Cheatham at Spring Hill.)

After the war he became a commission merchant in New Orleans, where he married in 1868 and promptly had eleven children before he died in 1878 of yellow fever.

GENERAL NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST

Commander of "Forrest's" Corps

and

Cavalry in W. Tennessee and N. Mississippi

1862—1865

Nathan Forrest was born in 1821 in a log cabin near the site of Chapel Hill, Tennessee, about 39 miles from Nashville. In 1834 the family moved to Tippah County, Mississippi, a region that had just been opened to settlement through a purchase by the Federal Government from the Chickasaw Indians.

Three years later his father died and Forrest became the head of the family, including his mother, seven brothers and three sisters. By long hours of work and only two half years of schooling Forrest managed to give his family financial independence. By this time the family had shrunk, two brothers and all three sisters having died of typhoid fever.

After an uneventful excursion in Texas, where Forrest went at the age of 20 to "help Texas win independence from Mexico", he joined his uncle, in Hernando, Mississippi. It was while he was with his uncle that "four men, grieved at some act of his partner and uncle, Jonathan Forrest, undertook to kill him. Single-handed and alone, Nathan Bedford Forrest severely wounded three of the assailants and drove the fourth from the field. In the conflict, the uncle was mortally wounded, although he had taken no part in the affray."

Shortly after, Forrest moved to Memphis and became a broker in real estate and dealer in slaves. He must have done well, for in 1861 he was a planter, growing a thousand bales of cotton per year, and had amassed a great fortune.

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In April of 1861 he joined the Confederate army as a private, but soon received a commission from the Governor of Tennessee. By 1862 he had raised enough companies of cavalry to form an independent corps. His escape with 500 men from Fort Donelson just before its surrender was the first action which brought him fame and a General's commission.

He soon became the most feared general of cavalry in the Confederate army. He was tireless in his raids, constantly harassing the railroad communications in Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. Sherman even put a price on his head, offering promotion to anyone who killed him! Many were the forces sent out to annihilate him, only to be defeated by him with his smaller force. He was called the "Wizard of the Saddle" and rightly.

One of his most successful raids was during the Atlanta campaign of 1864. He had defeated General Sturgis at Guntown in June, had held General A. J. Smith at bay at Tupelo, Mississippi, and had slipped off to join General Richard Taylor in Alabama. Early in October he moved to Paris Landing, a few miles above Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River. Here, with Generals Chalmers and Buford, he constructed concealed batteries along the river. On the 29th of October they captured and burned the steamer Mazeppa together with two barges after taking off the cargo. In all they captured 5 boats, one a gunboat. In November Forrest so scared the garrison at Johnsville that they burned a fleet of ships and stores. During this raid alone, Forrest claimed the destruction of 4 gunboats, 14 transports, 20 barges, 26 guns, \$6,700,000 worth of property, and the capture of 150 men!

It wasn't until April of 1865 that he was defeated at Selma, Alabama, by General Wilson. Once more he slipped away, surrendering his forces with those of General Taylor in May.

According to Bennett H. Young, author of "Confederate Wizards of the Saddle," Forrest was a tall man, strong and lithe with piercing dark eyes.

After the war he conducted several large plantations near Memphis. Here he helped organize the Klu Klux Klan in May, 1867, and is said to have become its "Grand Wizard". He died in 1877.

GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER

Commander of Cavalry

Army of Tennessee

July 1863—April 1865

Joseph Wheeler was born in 1836 at Augusta, Georgia. He must have moved to Alabama at an early age, as the town of "Wheeler" was named for him, and it was there that he lived after the Civil War.

In 1855 he received an appointment to the Military Academy, graduated 19th in a class of 22, and was assigned to the mounted infantry. In 1861 he resigned his commission and enlisted in the Confederate army.

As a colonel he led his own brigade at Shiloh and Stone's River, and in 1863 was made a Major-General at the age of 26. His command of all the Cavalry Units in the Army placed him over both Generals Forrest and Morgan, and because of his youth some jealousy and contention resulted.

Wheeler's raids were numerous and destructive, cutting Federal communica-

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tions, covering retreats and raising hob with wagon trains. In one of his raids, he claimed to have destroyed 500 wagons and over 1,000 mules.

During Sherman's march to the sea, almost all the fighting that was done was between Wheeler's and Judson's cavalry. Wheeler was a brilliant cavalry officer and from "our Regiment's" accounts he seemed to be everywhere.

He was captured May 9th by a member of the 12th Ohio and was sent to Washington with Jefferson Davis's party.

After the war he became a lawyer, a planter, and a political leader in Alabama, serving in the House of Representatives. When the Spanish War started he enlisted in the U.S. Army, and served with distinction as a Major-General at both San Juan Hill and later in the Philippines. His services in the Spanish War won universal acknowledgment as typical of the complete re-union of the North and the South.

He appears to have been a slight man, weighing only 138 at the time of the Civil War. From his picture I judge he had dark hair and eyes, and would have been very good-looking if his massive beard had been cut off!

His house in Wheeler, Alabama, is still standing and contains a small museum of Civil War relics. In 1941 the town of Wheeler had a population of 250. It is not far from Decatur.

GENERAL JOHN HUNT MORGAN

Commander of
Morgan's Squadron
The Army of Tennessee
1862—April 1864

John Morgan was born in Huntsville, Alabama, in 1825. He was one of the few generals whose lives we are interested in who did *not* go to the Military Academy. He fought in the Mexican War, and then was in business in Lexington, Kentucky, until the Civil War started.

As the war approached he realized there would be need of trained troops; so in 1857 he raised a militia group called the "Lexington Rifles." At the outbreak of the war he was given a commission of Captain in command of a squadron of cavalry whose purpose was primarily scouting, but under Morgan the scouting became destructive raids throughout Kentucky and Tennessee.

Just before the battle of Stone's River, Bragg, hoping to prevent re-inforcements being sent to Rosecrans from Clarksville, Nashville, and Bowling Green, ordered Morgan to make a raid along the Louisville and Nashville railroad, to destroy it and so break the Union communications.

"General Morgan's name was now on every tongue. His July raid from Knoxville into Kentucky, where he had marched a thousand miles, destroyed millions of dollars worth of property, and terrorized a district three hundred miles long and sixty miles wide; his services during the invasion of Kentucky by General Bragg, and his splendid exhibition of genius demonstrated in covering General Bragg's retreat from Kentucky in October, and the Battle of Hartsville had given him not only a well-deserved but wide reputation. . . . The Battle of Hartsville, one of the most brilliant exploits in the history of the Confederacy, resulted in Morgan's

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being advanced to brigadier-general. Seven days after the Hartsville expedition, General Morgan was married to Miss Ready, of Murfreesboro."

This marriage to Miss Ready has a romantic turn. Miss Ready was a local belle in Murfreesboro at the time Buell's forces were occupying the town. When a Yankee asked her her name, she is said to have replied that it was Mattie Ready, but that with "God's help" she hoped it would be "Mrs. John Morgan." When General Morgan heard this story he is said to have ridden to Murfreesboro, met her, and married her.

"Morgan always did best when he was allowed to act independently. When operating his own way and managing his campaigns, he was one of the most successful, dangerous and destructive of Confederate cavalry leaders. Full of resource, glorying in adventure, he imbued his men with his marvelous fervor and passionate ardor. Within a few days after his promotion to brigadier general, his forces were materially strengthened. Colonels W. C. P. Breckinridge and Robert G. Stoner each recruited battalions in Kentucky in the fall of 1862. These were now consolidated and thereafter known as the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, with Breckinridge as colonel and Stoner as lieutenant colonel. Toward the end of September Colonel Adam R. Johnson reached Murfreesboro with a regiment which he had recruited in Western Kentucky, of about four hundred men. . . . The brigade was now thirty-nine hundred strong. The misfortunes of war had dismounted some of the troops, and part of them were not fully armed, but all knew that the next raid would remedy these deficiencies. . . ."

The raid started on December 22d and has been called "Morgan's Christmas Raid." On this raid they met with more resistance, especially at Green River Stockade, which was ably defended by Colonel O. B. Moore, and at Lebanon, where they captured the garrison, but only after long and hard fighting and the loss of a number of men. Morgan's orders had been "to proceed northward to the Ohio River, and then retreat out of the state by the route which exigencies of the moment should suggest as the most feasible road for a return to the army in Tennessee." For some unknown reason, perhaps because of his love of independent command, Morgan chose Ohio and Indiana as the "feasible" return route.

Then came days of marching, efforts to avoid the Union troops, burning bridges and generally terrorizing the small towns through which they passed. Civil War "Paul Revers" rode ahead to warn the towns of his dreaded approach.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors, he's only a mile behind.

He's sweeping up the horses, every horse that he can find.

Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,

With bowie knives and pistols are galloping up the glen."

By this time Indiana and Ohio were alive with infuriated militia, determined to catch Morgan and his raiders. Generals Shackleford and Hobson with their forces were hot on his trail. On July 18th they caught up with him at Buffington Ford, as he was trying to cross the Ohio River into West Virginia. Here 700 of his men were captured, but Morgan and 300 escaped and fled towards Pennsylvania. He was hotly pursued, and finally was forced to surrender on July 26th at Lisbon, Ohio.

In November, 1863, Morgan and six fellow prisoners escaped by tunneling out

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of the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus, and managed to join the Confederate army in Northern Georgia.

Late in May of 1864 Morgan, with a few followers, crossed over into Kentucky, making a raid upon Lexington and dashing toward Frankfort; but General Burbridge struck him a severe blow at Cynthiana, on June 12th, and Morgan lost 700 men and 1,000 horses. Morgan must have been like a slippery eel, for again he escaped, and the early part of September found him in Greenville. While he was there the town was surprised and surrounded by General Gillem's troops, and in attempting to escape Morgan was shot and killed, September 4th, 1864.

Quotes are from "Confederate Wizards of the Saddle."

Notes

The articles which were written by members of the 15th Penna. Cavalry have been taken from *History of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry*.

FOREWORD

i. Parole. The dictionary gives the military meaning of "parole" as follows: "Word of honor, of a military prisoner, that, if released from captivity or given certain privileges, he will meet requirements made by his captors; usually the promise to take no further part in the fighting."

In the Civil War, although the cartel regarding the exchange of prisoners declared that all prisoners of war must be delivered at designated points for parole and exchange, the custom of paroling prisoners at the time of capture had grown up by common consent of both armies. Many of the officers after being paroled went to their homes and remained there until exchanged. Men captured in battle and paroled on the spot would sometimes go without guards to the enemy's headquarters, as note Ball's behavior in West Point, Ga., after his capture at Stone's River.

i. Exchange. The cartel signed on July 22, 1862, was fashioned on the one between the United States and Great Britain in the War of 1812.

The first step in the exchange of prisoners was a second "parole" before they left the prison in which they had been confined. They were then sent under guard to either City Point, Va. or Vicksburg, Miss. Here they were placed on a flag-of-truce boat and taken to a Parole Camp, where they waited to be exchanged.

This exchange system created endless discussions and recriminations between the commissioners appointed by the two governments to manage the exchanges. The Confederacy claimed that Gen. Butler, who had then begun his hard military government in New Orleans, was nothing but a criminal and all the commissioned officers under him should not be treated as soldiers but should be executed if captured. Also, any officers of colored troops should be put to death for "inciting negro insurrections". The North countered by suspending all exchange of commissioned officers in December, 1862, but there were still isolated exchanges of officers for another year, mainly between commanding officers of the various battles.

After the capture of Vicksburg and later Gettysburg the North had a great preponderance of prisoners of war and Grant came to the conclusion that if the exchange of prisoners kept on, thus releasing the Confederates to return to their regiments, the war would have to continue until the whole South had been exterminated. So on April 17, 1864, Grant issued the order to cease all exchanges and he held to this decision in spite of appeals from relatives of the Union prisoners in Andersonville and other prisons.

The exchanges were started again for a short time in 1865, as it was realized that a return of Confederate prisoners would have no effect on the outcome of the war. There had been some exchanges of the sick and wounded. These had been returned to their homes, no longer able to return to their regiments.

The cartel goes into great length as to the values of the different ranks at the time of exchange, but a simplified list follows:

For a General, Commander-in-Chief, or an Admiral	60	privates or seamen
Major-General or Flag Officer	40	privates or seamen
Brigadier-General or Commodore	20	privates or seamen
Colonel or Captain in the Navy	15	privates or seamen
Lt. Colonel or Commander in the Navy	10	privates or seamen
Major or Lt. Commander	8	privates or seamen

and so on down by 2's until a private was exchanged for a seaman.

iii. *Gum Equipment*. Ponchos, also called "balmas" or "palmas", rubber hats and boots. All were made by the Goodyear Company!

iii. *Draft*. The act declared that, with certain exceptions especially set forth, all able-bodied male citizens and persons of foreign birth who had declared their intention to become citizens, between the ages of 20 and 45, should constitute the national forces, and empowered the President to call them forth by draft.

A comparatively small number of men was obtained strictly by the draft, but the draft powerfully stimulated enlistments.

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The result proved the vast military resources of the north. In April, 1865, with a million soldiers in the field, the enrollment showed that the national forces not called out consisted of 2,245,000 men.

In comparison, the Confederacy at the beginning of the war had a possible 1,500,000 men of military age.

v. *Sutlers*. Merchants who followed the armies and set up their small stores near the camps. They built one-room log huts if they were to be situated there for some time; otherwise they used tents. Here the soldier could buy tobacco, ale, canned goods, soft drinks, playing cards, and other luxuries. At times the sutlers sold fruit, ham and eggs, and, although forbidden, whiskey. Many sutlers made large fortunes during the war.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

vii. . . . *Regiment's flag*. No picture could be taken. The flag is closely furled and stands in a vacuum-enclosed case in the Rotunda of the Capital in Harrisburg, together with some 60 other regimental flags.

The majority of the flags are of standard size: with red and white stripes; the seal of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in the blue area with regimental number below, stars surrounding the seal and number of the regiment.

The 15th's flag, however, seems to be quite different, as no red and white stripes appear; the regiment number can just be glimpsed, and the whole flag has a light bluish cast. It is possible that it is covered with a colored plastic, which changes its color. Alone of all the flags, the 15th's has a red and blue rosette on top of its standard, with "Hail Pennsylvania" on it.

In the 35th banquet bulletin of the 15th's Survivors' Association there is a photograph in black and white, entitled: "Regimental Colors, now in Flag room—Museum, Harrisburg". It is of two flags; one of standard size, light-colored with a large dark square in the center. No inscription or number of regiment can be seen. It might be white with a blue center, as several of the cavalry corps flags were white with either a blue or gold insignia (usually crossed swords) in the center. The other flag is smaller, with a fringe around it. The flag is apparently pointed and is light colored. Perhaps it is the "guidon". A long, plain banner of about 6 inches in width hangs from the head of the staff with either "Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry" or "Hail Pennsylvania" imprinted on it.

On July 4th, 1866, Philadelphia was bedecked with red, white, and blue. "Broad, Market and Chestnut Streets were beflowered with a bewildering blaze of streamers and massed flowers. . . . At Independence Hall a great amphitheatre had been erected, large enough to seat five thousand people. . . . It was upon this day that the soldier sons of Pennsylvania were to consign to the loving care of their mother State the flags which they had followed into a hundred battles and over thousands of miles of southern roads."

After a massing of the veteran troops at Independence Square and with impressive oratory the flags were presented by Major-General Meade to Governor Andrew G. Curtin, who accepted them on behalf of the State of Pennsylvania. (From *Philadelphia in the Civil War*)

CHAPTER I ENLISTMENT AND CAMP LIFE

2. *Quotes: History of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry*. (Conaway)

3. . . . *possibility . . . some other regiment*. Colonel Biddle raised his regiment, the 121st Pa. Vol. Inf., and almost all the companies were from Philadelphia. Three companies from Venango County were included. These were chiefly mountaineers and excellent marksmen. The regiment fought in all the major Northern battles from Fredericksburg to Appomattox Court House.

4. *Carlisle Barracks*. The camp near Carlisle had been a U. S. Military Post for many years. In 1758, during the French and Indian war, Colonel Henry Bouquet of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Americans, under General John Forbes, had made his headquarters there. The camp at that time was named "Camp Loudon" or "Lowther", and it was from there that the expeditions against Fort Duquesne were started.

6. *Frank Adams and Satterthwaite*. Frank Adams was discharged for promotion, July 7, 1863, probably to some other regiment. Satterthwaite may have been a deserter, as his name is not on the Muster Roll.

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CHAPTER II CAMPAIGN OF ANTIETAM

9. *Order 191*. At about 10 a.m. on September 13th, 1862, a member of the 27th Indiana Regiment was resting by the roadside just outside of Fredericksburg. As he rested he picked up an envelope, out of which fell two cigars and a piece of paper. This paper was the famous Order 191. The soldier gave it to his captain, who in turn showed it to General Nathan Kimball, with whom he was talking at the time. General Kimball rode with it post haste to General McClellan.

11. *Quotes: Antietam and Fredericksburg.*

11. *Quotes: Ibid.*

11. *Quotes. Ibid.*

11. *Dunkard Church*. A German-American Baptist Church, members of which are called "Dunkers." They are opposed to military service and the taking of oaths. Famous because of the severe fighting around it.

13. *Quotes: Decisive Battles of the Civil War.*

14. *Breckinridge Democrats*: Members of the "Peace Party" led by John C. Breckinridge. He had been Vice-President of the U.S. in 1857-61 and later became the Confederate Secretary of War.

24-26. *Quotes: History of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.* (Palmer)

27. *Howell Cobb*. (1815-1868) He was born in Athens, Ga. He was in Congress and became Speaker in 1857, and was Secretary of the Treasury under Buchanan. After Lincoln's election he was made Chairman of the Convention at Montgomery, Alabama, where the Confederacy was organized. He raised a Georgia regiment and became its Colonel. In 1863 he was made Major-General, but saw little active fighting.

28. *Quotes: History of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.*

CHAPTER III IN TRAINING

34. *Lost River Cave*. So named because of the short deep stream that starts 350 feet above the mouth of the cave, tumbles in a waterfall at the entrance, then disappears entirely. A gristmill was operated here before 1796. John Morgan hid in the cave while Federals were looking for him after he had burned the depot at Shakertown. The notorious James boys are said to have made their hideout here in 1868 after they had robbed the Russellville bank.

The cave has been developed as a night club, with dancing in the different levels where once were found Indian skeletons.

CHAPTER IV STONE'S RIVER CAMPAIGN

36. *Alexander McDowell McCook* had nine brothers and four first cousins, all in the Union Army. A fifth cousin was in the U.S. Navy! His father, a major, was killed by Morgan near Buffington, Ohio, in 1863. They were called "The Fighting McCooks" of the "tribes of Dan and John".

36-38. *Quotes: Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan.*

42. *Wagons which were all captured . . . and burned*. "The destruction had been complete; tents, baggage, provisions, regimental books, papers, etc., had been entirely destroyed. The officers all happened to be wearing their fatigue uniforms and lost all their dress suits and everything except what they had on. The plunder was not burned, for the rebels put the uniforms on and came out as gay as peacocks. One put on a dress hat, another a pair of trousers, another a dress coat with a major's or captain's shoulder straps, with sashes included. As the commissions belonging to some of the officers were among the private papers in the baggage, they were handed up and taken possession of by different officers. Major Prentice, rebel, son of George D. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, got a commission belonging to Lieutenant James B. Curtin, and also put on a dress hat, and last but not least, he put on a pair of very handsome boots which I had had made in Louisville." (Adjutant J. C. Reiff, 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry)

42. *Company L captured a battle flag*. "During this time an act of daring was performed by two of our boys which will be remembered for a long time to come. The name of one was

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Sergeant Henry C. Butcher, of Company B; the other Private L. B. Holt, of Company L. They saw the enemy's flag and coveted it as a prize, but to attempt its capture was to expose themselves to our own as well as the enemy's fire. After deliberating a moment, the prize was too tempting and they rode up, shot the standard bearer, who had advanced some distance in front of his command, and brought the flag into our lines, the two men riding one wounded horse, the other being killed. It was a beautiful silk flag, belonging to the Third Alabama Battalion, and presented by the ladies of Selma, Ala., the only flag the force carried." (Adj. J. C. Reiff, 15th Penna. Cav.)

43. *Quotes: American Iliad.*

46. *Quotes: Leaves From a Trooper's Diary.*

47. *Quotes: History of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.*

CHAPTER V LIFE AS A PRISONER OF WAR

51. *Dr. Mish (Misch).* Asst. Surgeon in the Anderson Cavalry. He was captured at Stone's River and after the long trip to Richmond wrote: "All my comrades were taken to Mayo Prison. I was assigned to the Libby Prison Hospital, and found myself among Confederate surgeons, who treated me well.

"My detention in Libby was of short duration, five or six days, only, when, with released soldiers, several U.S. Surgeons and some citizens who had been detained for various causes, principally their loyalty to the Government, we were forwarded to City Point, near Petersburg, to take the U.S. Flag-of-truce boat, to return to our country, via Annapolis and Washington. While promenading on the deck of the Flag-of-truce boat, after it had got well under way, I was approached by a citizen stranger, who inquired if I had been a prisoner, and when and where captured. I answered at Stone's River battle, near Murfreesboro. He asked me to walk to the bow of the boat, that there was a gentleman there who wished to see me—surprising me very much. I went with him, when he introduced me to two others, one calling himself Jackson, a tall, slim man, of about thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, as near as I could judge. He seemed very much interested in the news of the engagement, and at once asked if the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry were engaged and as to the casualties. I gave him my version of it, and how I got into trouble. I was asked if Colonel Palmer was in command, and if not whether I knew anything about him. I did not, I had never met the Colonel; that since I joined the Regiment at Carlisle he was a mystery, and all my inquiries concerning him elicited the only reply, 'We don't know.' 'Well,' I was answered, 'you may possibly meet him in Washington.' Then we separated. In due time the boat reached Fortress Monroe and Annapolis, and we disembarked and took the train for Washington. . . ."

He didn't meet Mr. Jackson in Washington, but after a short leave of absence he returned to the Regiment, then encamped at Murfreesboro, and he continues: "On arriving at Murfreesboro I met some of the members of the Regiment quartered near the town, who invited me to stay with them until morning. While there, on the following morning, one of the company shouted, 'There comes Colonel Palmer!' The Colonel and staff rode up, saluted, and seeing me he at once cordially greeted me. It was instant, mutual recognition—"Mr. Jackson" of the flag-of-truce boat. No allusion or explanation of the past was made. We knew each other."

52. *Libby Prison* was situated on the James River in Richmond. It had formerly been the warehouse of Libby & Sons, Ship Chandlers, and was used throughout the war as a prison. For the first two years it was used for enlisted men, then officers were imprisoned there. It became second only to Andersonville in dirt and misery. In 1864 most of its inmates were removed to Macon, Ga., because of the frequent Union Cavalry raids near Richmond.

54. *Dennis.* Harry G. Dennis was Sergeant of Co. A at the end of the war. G. P. Denis was Sergeant in Co. G until Feb. 1864, when he was discharged for promotion. (*Denis* was the "Infant.")

55. *Copperheads.* Northerners who sympathized with the South. It was a contemptuous term used in the North.

61. *Vallandigham.* Clement L. Vallandigham was a Democratic member of Congress from Ohio, and a violent Copperhead, an anti-Abolitionist and a fervent State's Rights man.

He became bitterly outspoken in his hatred of the Government and all it stood for. He called the President "King Lincoln", and advised the people to come together at the ballot

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box to "hurl the tyrant from his throne". Finally, he was arrested and sentenced to be placed in close confinement in "some fortress of the United States". This sentence was later commuted by President Lincoln and he was sent within the Confederate lines. With the aid of the Confederates he escaped to Bermuda and finally to Canada.

In 1864 the Democratic party had nominated Vallandigham for Governor in Ohio, so from Canada came many impassioned speeches, all denouncing the Government, the President, and the war. The Union party nominated John Brough, a war Democrat, and adopted a platform of unqualified devotion to the Union, in favor of a most vigorous prosecution of the war, and pledging hearty support to the President. The upshot was that in spite of Vallandigham's speeches he was overwhelmingly defeated by a majority of 101,000 votes!

In June 1864 Vallandigham returned to the United States, but the President refused to take any further notice of him.

CHAPTER VI SCOUTING CAN BE FUN

65. *Barrens*. An area in Tennessee covering parts of three counties, generally flat with scrub oak, attesting the thinness of the soil.

65. *Butternuts*. Confederate soldiers, so called because of their brown homespun clothing.

68. *50,000 militia*. This was the forerunner of the Battle of Gettysburg. Lee's army was then in Fredericksburg.

69. *Christian Commission*. A Society formed, not only to raise money for supplies for the armies, but to extend to the soldiers the benefits and "consolations of religion in cases where the overworked army Chaplains found the complete fulfilment of these offices beyond their powers." (*Abraham Lincoln, A History*)

70. *General Spear court-martialed*. The reason? Possibly this. He was in charge of a large supply train during the battle at Stone's River, and General Crittenden in his article in *Battles and Leaders* says this: "On the night of the 31st a wagon-train arrived from Nashville escorted by a thousand men, and these men, I learned, were sent back. I won't say whom they were under, but I know I felt and thought it was unwise that a thousand men who hadn't been in the fight at all should be sent away. All the wagons in the world wouldn't have made me send back a thousand fresh men. They could have staid there and eaten horse for a while until they had won the fight."

CHAPTER VII TULLAHOMA

75. *Vidette*. A mounted sentinel posted in advance of the outposts of an army.

75. *Port Hudson, La.*, and Vicksburg were the last two strongholds of the Confederacy on the Mississippi River. After General Pemberton in Vicksburg had surrendered to General Grant, the word was sent to General Gardner, the Confederate commander in Port Hudson. He, too, had been under siege, and his men were near starvation, so, on July 9th, he surrendered, and the Mississippi was in Union control.

75. *batteries on Morris Island captured*. The batteries on Morris Island were taken, but Charleston stood the siege until February 17th, 1865, when it was evacuated by the Confederate troops, and then only to furnish additional men to those in the field.

75. *riots in New York*. The riot started on July 12th, 1863, the day after the draft began. It was caused mainly by foreigners lately arrived in the country, zealots who were against the Government, and by Southern sympathizers. They destroyed the enrolling offices by fire in upper New York, attacked any colored person, man, woman, or child, and late in the afternoon of the second day, set fire to the Colored Orphan Asylum. There were no troops in the vicinity, the militia having been called to Pennsylvania because of the invasion by General Lee, and the police were inadequate and helpless before the storm of rioters. Gov. Seymour of New York was, himself, rabid against the Government, and to quell the riot he gave them assurances that the draft would be repealed. Finally the militia returned and the riot ceased on the 4th day. More than a thousand people were killed or wounded and the property damage was over \$2,000,000.

The riot in Boston was promptly put down by the united efforts of the civil and military authorities.

75. *Sanitary Commission*. The U.S. Sanitary Commission was formed in May 1861, to look after the sanitary conditions of the various camps. Headed by a group of doctors with

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many civilians attached, it quickly grew into an organization resembling the Salvation Army and the Red Cross of today.

Whether in permanent camp or on the field, the agents were always present with the armies, having ready invaluable hospital supplies as well as clothing and nourishing food. Nurses were attached to the Commission officially and unofficially and did valiant service.

Branches were formed in cities throughout the North and to them was left the task of raising money. They raised \$5,000,000 in cash and \$9,000,000 in supplies. Much of the money raised was by means of "Sanitary Fairs" held in the larger cities. These were somewhat like our present State Fairs, with the exhibitions of Fine Arts, Arms, Trophies, etc. Various industries would have exhibits and they became very popular, sometimes lasting for weeks at a time. The Sanitary Fair in New York City raised \$1,300,000.

CHAPTER VIII ADVANCE TO CHATTANOOGA

81. *Rossville, Ga.*, is now an industrial suburb of Chattanooga. The Ross House still stands (1940), unpainted and weather-beaten, just as it was when used as Headquarters in 1864.

82. *Quotes: Army of the Cumberland.* (Cist)

82. *Quotes: Ibid.*

85. *Fort Sumter and Wagner.* Fort Sumter's batteries were silenced, but General Beauregard moved infantry to the fort during the night, and it still was not "taken". Fort Wagner was attacked early in August with a great loss of life on the Union side, but was not captured until early in September.

85. *Hill's Cave*, near Cave Spring, is now equipped with stairs and bridges which lead to a deep pool formed of limestone. The water from a spring that flows from the cave is piped to supply the town of Cave Spring. A smaller spring, a short distance from the cave, supplies a large rock swimming pool.

88. *Gordon's plantation.* The Gordon-Lee house is still standing. It was built by slave labor in the 1850's. It is of greyish-red brick and has walls 18" thick. General Rosecrans made it his headquarters at some time during or before the battle of Chickamauga.

CHAPTER IX BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA

90. *Quotes: Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan.*

91. *Quotes: Ibid.*

94. *Quotes: History of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.*

103. *Napoleon gun.* This was a Howitzer, developed by the French under Napoleon III, and was adopted by the U.S. Army before the Civil War. Its maximum range was 1,680 yards. It could fire grape shot and shell in addition to ball. It was usually used with cannister.

CHAPTER X BESIEGED BY BRAGG

109. *All the wagons . . . have been captured.* After the battle of Chickamauga "General Bragg called upon General Wheeler (then only 27 yrs. old) to cross the Tennessee River and destroy the wagon trains, which in long lines dotted every road north of Chattanooga and upon which, for food and ammunition, the union forces were compelled to rely." In spite of the condition of their horses, unshod and emaciated, the men ill fed and weary from the fight, Wheeler answered the call with an order to his command to cross the Tennessee River at once. Re-enforced by two brigades they made their way through the darkness and rain until on October 2d they came upon a train of some 1,200 wagons, toiling down the valley, laden with ammunition and supplies for the Union army. "To the starving men, with but scant supplies in their cartridge belts and still scancer in their haversacks, and now already aware of the but short delayed breaking down of the steeds they were astride, this scene presented an enrapturing vision. . . . A brigade of Federal cavalry marched in its van and another in its rear . . . and a brigade of infantry marched alongside its huge serpentine body and behind the infantry rode a third brigade of cavalry, all intent upon the safe arrival of this precious cargo . . . What Wheeler had searched for, Wheeler had found."

Without hesitation the charge was made, and although outnumbered two to one, the long slim line, some 12 miles long, could not be protected at every point. "The Federal guards were not disposed to run away without a fight, . . . but after two hours the Federal

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guards gave up the struggle and retreated from the scene of contest . . . With a thousand prisoners in the hands of the ragged, hungry, reckless Confederates, the whole wagon train was at their mercy." Needed supplies were quickly gathered and then came the hurried destruction of ammunition wagons and those mules for which they had no use, "and Wheeler and his men, happy in victory, well supplied, and with a new crown of laurels, in the stillness of the night rode away in search of other and new adventures and in quest of more glory and increasing fame."

From *Confederate Wizards of the Saddle*.

111. *Quotes: History of the Fifteenth Pa. Cavalry.* (Will)

111. *Quotes: Ibid.*

112. *Parson Brownlow.* William G. Brownlow was known as the "Fighting Parson". He was earlier an itinerant Methodist preacher. From 1849 until the Civil War he edited *The Knoxville Whig*, which paper became the most influential in the state. Although not opposed to slavery, he was most strongly opposed to secession and was a recognized leader among the Union element in Tennessee. At the start of the war his paper was suppressed, and after hiding in the mountains for a few months, he was captured and imprisoned, but only for one month. He was then sent to the North and there he made a successful lecture tour.

After the war he was governor of Tennessee and in 1869 he was sent to the U.S. Senate.

Following is an excerpt from a letter he wrote in 1860 in answer to one from a man in Arkansas asking him when he was going to join the Democratic Party:

" . . . I join the Democracy! Jordan Clark, you know not what you say. When I join the Democracy, the Pope of Rome will join the Methodist Church. When Jordan Clark, of Arkansas, is President of the Republic of Great Britain by the universal suffrage of a contented people; when Queen Victoria consents to be divorced from Prince Albert by a county court in Kansas; when Congress obliges, by law, James Buchanan to marry a European princess; when the Pope leases the Capitol at Washington for his city residence; when Alexander of Russia and Napoleon of France are elected Senators in Congress from New Mexico; when good men cease to go to Heaven and bad men to Hell . . . when men turn to ants and ants to elephants,—I will change my political faith and come out for the Democracy.

"Supposing that this full and frank letter will enable you to fix upon the period when I will come out a full-grown Democrat, and to communicate the same to all whom it may concern in Arkansas,

"I have the honor to be, etc.,

"W. G. Brownlow."

From *Sketches of the Rise, Progress and Decline of Secession.*)

114. *Bull Run battlefield . . . Meade has been defeated.* This rumor was probably Meade's incomprehensible retreat to Centreville, Va., after he had followed Lee's army on its retreat from Gettysburg across the Rapidan.

114. *Quotes: Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan.*

115. *Quotes: History of the Army of the Cumberland.*

118. *Quotes: Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant.*

120. *Gen. Jeff C. Davis.* There is an anecdote regarding General Jefferson C. Davis. It seems that toward the end of the war, while in command of the 14th Corps of the Army of the Cumberland, his headquarters were in a small southern town, and an old man was persistent in his request to meet him. After waiting several hours he was ushered to General Davis, who enquired as to what he wanted. The old man replied: "I want to shake you by the hand, General, for I think you are the smartest man in the United States. Here you are, a general in the Union army and also the President of the Confederacy!"

121. *Le Carron.* Henri Le Caron, Chief bugler. He claimed to be French, but always had great trouble with his h's. In 1864 he was discharged from the Anderson Cavalry and received a commission in the 15th U.S. Colored Infantry.

Before he left the 15th Infantry he and some of the other officers joined a "Fenian Circle" in Nashville, which in the latter part of 1866 began to invade Canada "to make war on England," but they were all captured and soon liberated.

However, in a book which he published entitled *Twenty-five Years in the Secret Service: the Recollections of a Spy*, he claims that he was English and his name was Beach. He ran

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away from home, joined the Anderson Cavalry and the Fenians, etc., but in 1867 while on a visit to his father in England he agreed to become a British Agent in order to follow what the Fenians might be doing. This proved easy to do, for he stood high in their ranks. He returned to the United States, spying all the time, or so he said, until he was discovered, when he fled to England with his wife and children.

121. *Meade . . . whipped Lee.* The taking of the Redoubts of the Rappahannock by the Army of the Potomac, November 7th, 1863.

CHAPTER XI BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA

122. *Quotes: Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan.*

123. *Quotes: Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant.*

124. *Quotes: Ibid.*

125. *Quotes: Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan.*

125. *Quotes: This Hallowed Ground.*

127. *Quotes: Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain.*

128. . . . *plan . . . captured.* This is the map Ball made which has been used as end papers.

129. *Murdock*, James E. was an actor and orator, who recited war lyrics at enlistment meetings, in the camps at the front, and in the wards of military hospitals. He lost one son at Chickamauga, and another came out of the war disabled.

CHAPTER XII PALMER'S OWLS

133. *Gatlinburg* is now a mountain resort and the headquarters of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. It was here that training in primitive crafts was first encouraged, and the shops display patchwork quilts, hooked rugs, and other native crafts.

A road now ascends the mountains back of the little town, and about four miles up there is a trail leading to Cove Mountain, which overlooks Wear Cove, the latter named for John Wear who was at the surrender of Cornwallis. It was here the Anderson Cavalry toiled up, the night of December 8th, 1863.

136. *New Market* was settled in 1788. In 1862, about 450 young men, both from the town and the farms nearby, started out to join the Union Army, but were promptly captured by the Confederates and spent the rest of the war in prison in Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

136. *Mossy Creek* is now named Jefferson City. The creek flows swiftly by the town, and in 1840 was used to provide power for an ax-handle factory, a cotton mill, a woolen mill, and an iron works. It is a college town, with many fine old ante-bellum houses. In the yard of one of the old houses there is a pecan tree 80 feet high and 11 feet in circumference, still bearing (1939) soft-shelled pecans.

Frances Hodgson Burnett lived here in her youth, and after her marriage in 1875 she came back each summer to write. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was in part written here. Her home, a little weather-boarded loghouse, is still extant.

141. *Mary(s)ville, Tenn.*, lies on the crest of a hill, and in 1939 derived its main income from mines and the Alcoa plant nearby. Maryville College, founded in 1819, was one of the centers of antislavery in East Tennessee, and during the Civil War, after most of the young men had left for military service, a group of young women formed the Blount County Womens' Home Guard. They adopted a flag with 32 stars in a blue field, which is now in the Lamar library on the campus. The advance guard of Sherman's troops, while on the way to relieve Burnside in the siege of Knoxville, when hearing that the Union advance was being opposed, sent out a skirmish line, to find that the opposition was the "Blount County Home Guards" commanded by Captain Cynthia Dunn!

In 1807 Sam Houston, with his mother and eight brothers, established a store in Maryville, but Sam soon lit out for the Cherokee country.

CHAPTER XIII ALL'S QUIET ON THE TENNESSEE

144. *Grierson Raid.* "It was highly important, if Grant was to carry out his maneuver of crossing the Mississippi at Grand Gulf and advance upon Vicksburg from the south, that

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Pemberton's attention should be distracted in other directions. The morning after Admiral Porter ran the batteries, Grierson, (Col. B. H.) left La Grange, Tenn. to penetrate the heart of the Confederacy, sweeping entirely through Mississippi from north to south, and reaching Baton Rouge on May 2d." (*Photographic History of the Civil War.*)

In sixteen days, with less than 1,000 men, Grierson marched 600 miles, breaking up the Southern and New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern railroads. Near Newton his raiders burned several bridges, and destroyed engines and cars loaded with commissary stores, guns, and ammunition. This raid was probably the most successful of its kind during the Civil War.

145. *Rev. E. P. Smith.* Member of the Christian Commission and after the war, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. He had his own troubles during the Atlanta campaign. The army had reached Kingston, Ga., and were resting on a Sunday. Rev. Smith was ringing the bell for service "when Sherman, being disturbed by the ringing, sent a guard to arrest the supposed 'bummer'. Smith, in spite of his indignant protest, was marched to Sherman's ante-room and kept under guard for an hour. Then he was taken to Sherman, who looked up from his writing and asked abruptly: 'What were you ringing that bell for?' 'For service. It is Sunday, General.' Smith replied. 'Oh, is it?' answered Sherman. 'Didn't know it was Sunday. Let him go.'" (*B & L. Gen. O. O. Howard.*)

147. *Capt. DeWitt under arrest.* Because of his failure to form a courier line during the Chickamauga campaign.(?)

147. *Quotes: History of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.* (Will)

148. *President's message.* President Lincoln's annual message to Congress. A program of amnesty was presented to Congress and was essentially this: that full pardon and restoration of property, except as to slaves, would be granted to those individuals or States wishing to resume their allegiance to the Union. Every such person would have to take the oath of allegiance to the Constitution of the United States, and the union of the States thereunder; and that he would "abide by and faithfully support all acts of Congress passed during the existing rebellion with reference to slaves, so long and so far as not repealed, modified, or held void by Congress, or by decision of the Supreme Court;" and that he would "support all proclamations of the President made during the existing rebellion having reference to slaves, so long and so far as not modified or declared void by decision of the Supreme Court." (*Abraham Lincoln, a History.*)

152. . . . *received as veterans.* Anyone having served two years, could re-enlist for another three years or for the duration of the war. The only benefit received was that the man so re-enlisting could receive a 30-day furlough home. The Anderson Cavalry had only been in the service for 18 months, so could not veteranize.

CHAPTER XIV SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1864

154. *Quotes: Life of General George B. Thomas.*

154. *Marco Bozzaris.* In reference to a ballad by Fitz-Greene Halleck on the last battle of the Greek hero Bozzaris (d. 1823) against the Turk.

156. *Champ Ferguson.* A guerrilla leader who confessed to 19 murders, 'was convicted of 21, and charged with 24. He was hanged at Nashville during General Shafter's command in 1864. F. M. Crawford of Co. C of the 15th was on the scaffold when Ferguson was hanged and was the man detailed to "put the black cap on him".

159. *Only a portion on this campaign.* One was John E. Brown. After the battle of Stone's River he was on duty at the headquarters of General J. M. Brannan, Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Cumberland, and was one of the members of the 15th participating in every battle of that army, from Stone's River to Atlanta. John Walter of Co. K so distinguished himself at the battle of Resaca that Sherman personally asked him to be his private orderly. He was retained in that position until discharged in July, 1865. J. Reese Moore, Co. M, was in the signal corps, and before the campaign ended had charge of the signal men at headquarters. Arthur O. Granger of Co. C was with Sherman from Atlanta to the surrender of General Johnston.

161. *Calhoun, Ga.,* was almost completely destroyed during the Civil War, but is now an industrial center. Just outside the city limits is a statue of Sequoyah, the son of an Indian trader and his Cherokee wife. Sequoyah invented the Cherokee alphabet, a system of 85 characters. Later he published a newspaper, the *Cherokee Phoenix*. Shortly after 1822 Se-

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quoyah followed his tribe to Oklahoma, where he was active in the political life of his tribe. Later he went to California in search of "the lost tribe of Cherokee" who had moved to California before the Revolutionary War. The giant sequoias of California were named for him.

161. *Cassville, Ga.*, was in 1846 the most thriving town in northwestern Georgia, with a population of 2,000 or more. There were two colleges, one for girls and one for boys. It began to decline when the citizens refused to allow the Western and Atlantic railroad to enter the town. In 1864 the colleges were burned and the entire town destroyed by Union cavalrymen. It is now a farming community, with a population of 165 in 1940.

164. *Garrison, Wendell Phillips & Lucretia Mott*. All three were red-hot Abolitionists. Garrison edited *The Liberator* and did much to encourage John Brown on his attempt to free the slaves. After the war they continued to work for any reform that appeared: Women's Suffrage, Temperance etc.

169. . . . *found Ball in his little house*. Benjamin F. Taylor, a newspaper reporter, who was in Chattanooga at this time, wrote as follows: "If there are men in the world gifted with the most thorough self-reliance, American soldiers are the men. . . . Cosy little cabins, nearly fitted, are going up; here a boy is making a fireplace, and quite artistically plastering it with the inevitable red earth; he has found a crane somewhere and swung up thereon a two-legged dinner-pot; there a fellow is finishing a chimney with brick from an old kiln of secession proclivities; yonder a bower-house, closely interwoven with evergreen, is almost ready for the occupants, the avenues between the lines of tents are cleared and smoothed . . . little seats with cedar awnings in front of the tents give a cottage-look, while the interior, in a rude way, has a genuine homelike air. . . . They are tailors, they are tinkers, they are writers; . . . every wood, ravine, hill, field is explored; the productions, animal and vegetable, are inventoried. . . . Soldiers have interrogation points in both eyes. They have tasted water from every spring and well, estimated the corn to the acre, tried the water-melons, bagged the peaches, knocked down the persimmons, milked the cows, roasted the pigs, picked the chickens; they know who lives here and there and yonder, the whereabouts of the native boys, the names of the native girls. If there is a curious cave, a queer tree, a strange rock, anywhere about, they know it. You can see them with chisel, hammer and haversack, tugging up the mountain, or scrambling down the ravine, in a geological passion . . . and home they come with specimens that would enrich a cabinet. The most exquisite fossil buds just ready to open, beautiful shells, rare minerals, are collected by these rough and dashing naturalists.

"If you think the rank and file have not taste and no love for the beautiful, it is time you remembered of what material they are made. Nothing will catch a soldier's eye quicker than a patch of velvet moss, or a fresh little flower, and many a letter leaves the camps enriched with faded souvenirs of these expeditions."

169. *Col. Leopold*. Actually, Col. Bernard Laiboldt, of the 2d Mo. He had been stationed at Dalton since May 14th, when Johnston retreated south. During General Wheeler's raids to cut Sherman's communications, he attacked Dalton on August 14th with a superior force. Col. Laiboldt held out until General Steedman and his forces arrived, compelling Wheeler to withdraw.

CHAPTER XV DULL DAYS FOR AN ORDERLY

171. *Rock City* is about 11 miles from Chattanooga and covers 10 acres of sandstone rocks and caves. In 1939 you paid \$1 to be guided through its tortuous crevices. Bridges now cross where Ball jumped.

174. . . . *Craven's old house*. This is the house built by Robert Craven in 1854, and is now "Craven's Reservation", with markers in the yard describing the "Battle Above the Clouds".

179. . . . *well calculated to do*. Ball is referring to President Davis's report on the position of Bragg's army. "These dispositions, faithfully sustained, insure the enemy's speedy evacuation of Chattanooga, for want of food and forage. Possessed of the shortest route to his depot and the one by which reinforcements must reach him, we hold him at our mercy, and his destruction is only a question of time." (B. & L.)

180. *Andersonville* was evacuated almost entirely at the approach of Sherman's army, leaving only about 5 thousand sick. Col. G. C. Gibbs, then commander of the post, took energetic methods of improving the condition there. It was possible then to procure food enough

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for that number, hospital sheds were built, and although a few prisoners were returned after Sherman had passed, conditions were never again as horrible as they had been before.

CHAPTER XVI HOOD'S ADVANCE

182. *Quotes: Life of General George H. Thomas.*

184. *Prof. P. P. Bliss.* Philip Paul Bliss was born in Rome, Pennsylvania, in 1838. He was an evangelist, "the Charles Wesley of the 19th century." He wrote "Hold the Fort", "Pull for the Shore, Boys", and many others. His entire royalties of \$60,000 he gave to charity, and refused \$5,000 which Moody wished to give him for his help. He died in a train wreck at Ashtabula, Ohio, in 1876.

One verse of "Hold the Fort" follows:

"Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcement now appearing!
Victory is nigh.

Chorus:

"'Hold the fort, for I am coming,'
Jesus signals still.
Wave the answer back to Heaven,
'By Thy Grace we will.'"

187. *Quotes: Life of General George H. Thomas.*

CHAPTER XVII SECOND EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN

188. *Bull's Gap, Tenn.*, was named for John Bull, who made the "long rifles". Each rifle was marked, not only with the maker's name, but with the name of the purchaser and the date the rifle was completed.

188. *Jonesboro, Tenn.*, claims to be the oldest town in Tennessee. It was founded in 1779. The people take great pride in their old buildings and discourage any remodeling of the stores on the main street. The constitutional convention and first legislative sessions of the State of Franklin were held here until 1785, when the seat of Government was moved to Greeneville. (The State of Franklin was formed the year after the Revolution and continued until 1788.)

A tale cherished in Jonesboro is that of a man named Bean, son of the first white settler in East Tennessee. It seems that Bean returned home, after a two years' absence, to find his wife nursing a baby! In a rage he bit both the baby's ears off. He explained this reasonable action by saying, "To mark it so I can tell it from my own".

189. *Kingsport, Tenn.*, is now a thriving industrial city, lying encircled by mountains, in the heart of the Southern Appalachians.

An old Indian trail passed through the town, which, it is said, was used by Daniel Boone and his party in 1769 when marking the route of the Wilderness Road.

Being located on a main north and south post road, Kingsport was a busy town before the Civil War, having powder mills, iron works, tanneries, gristmills, and sawmills.

201. *Louisa, Ky.*, is a pleasant town, at the head of navigation of the Big Sandy River. It was named for Louisa, Duchess of Cumberland.

During the Napoleonic wars, thousands of bearskins were shipped from Louisa, down the Big Sandy to the Ohio, thence to New Orleans, and finally to France, to be used as head gear for Napoleon's grenadiers. Packets and barges came after the flat boats, and today (1940) an occasional steamboat continues between Louisa and Catlettsburg.

202. *Hackett.* James H. Hackett was a comedian, whose role as Falstaff was famous.

CHAPTER XVIII BATTLE AT FRANKLIN

209. *Quotes: Life of General George H. Thomas.*

210. *Quotes: B & L.*, Colonel Henry Stone.

211. *Quotes: Ibid.*

213. *Quotes: Ibid.*

213. *Quotes: Ibid.*

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CHAPTER XX NASHVILLE

225. *Quotes: B & L, Colonel Henry Stone.*
226. *Quotes: Under the Old Flag.*
226. *Quotes: Life of General George H. Thomas.*
227. *Quotes: Ibid.*
228. *Quotes: Ibid.*
230. *Quotes: B & L, Colonel Henry Stone.*
230. *Quotes: Ibid.*
232. *Quotes: Ibid.*
233. *Quotes: Under the Old Flag.*
233. *The failure of the light-draught boats* The river was so low the gunboats could not reach the pontoon bridge.
233. *Quotes: Under the Old Flag.*
234. *Quotes: B & L, Colonel Henry Stone.*
234. *Quotes: Lincoln and His Generals.*

CHAPTER XXI CHASE AFTER HOOD

235. *Col. Salm-Salm's quarters.* Colonel Prince Felix Salm-Salm, a Prussian nobleman now in the 68th Regiment, New York Volunteers, Infantry.

240. *Quotes: History of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.*

249. *President's message.* This was President Lincoln's message to Congress on December 6, 1864. In it he expressed the hope that they would pass the 13th Amendment, the abolishment of slavery throughout the United States. It was passed on January 31st, 1865, with 119 votes for, 56 against, and with eight not voting. Rhode Island was the first to ratify it, on February 2d, 1865. All but New Jersey, Iowa, and Texas ratified it during 1865. New Jersey and Iowa did so in 1866, but Texas lagged until 1870!

CHAPTER XXIII CHASE AFTER GUERRILLAS AND OIL

264. . . . letter from Mr. Leland directing to Nashville.

"1526 Locust St. Philada.
"Sep. 7, 1864

"Dear Baldwin,

"Do you remember telling me that once in Tennessee you marched through a place where petroleum abounded and where there were 'puddles of it on the surface of the earth.' If you can recall the locality I beg you will let me know it without delay.—And if I can turn the knowledge to account rely upon it you shall not be forgotten.

"In great haste, but hoping sincerely my dear boy that you are well and will safely ride through the war I am

"Your very true friend
Charles G. Leland."

On the back of the letter, in Ball's fine handwriting, is the following: "Mouth of Paint Creek, Johnson Co., Ky., below Paintville, a Mr. Gray who was prospecting a few weeks ago, struck his cane into the sand and gas was emitted in such volume that he ignited it with a match. Near the head of Georges Creek, about 22 miles S.W. of Louisa, Ky. on Mr. Murray's farm, all the region from Pound Gap to Louisa, Ky. All the valleys are separated by parallel ridges and the formation is the same as in the coal and oil regions of Western Penna. Mud Creek, Shelby Creek.

"On Ball Jack road runs from South of Nolensville across and strikes the Murfreesboro Pike near Stewarts Creek, about 8 miles north of Murfreesboro."

(No mention of gas is made at Paintville, Ky., in the *Guide to the State of Kentucky*, so here is your chance!)

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CHAPTER XXIV BEGINNING OF THE END

275. *Quotes: History of the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry.*

275. *Quotes: History of the Army of the Cumberland.*

277. *Quotes: Ibid.*

280. *Elkin, N.C.*, 2,852 Pop. (1955), is surrounded by thermal belts. Apples are grown in great quantities. The cotton factory mentioned by Capt. Weand was established by Richard Gwyn in 1855. General Stoneman is said to have spent the night at the Gwyn home (still extant), and because of the cordiality he received there the factory was spared. A larger mill has been built since the war and is one of the largest producers of woolen blankets in the world.

282. . . . *not advancing.* I believe it means that he would have waited for Stoneman if he *had* been advancing.

282. *Quotes: A Rebel War Clerk's Diary.*

283. *Quotes: History of the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry.*

285. *Quotes: Thomas W. Wheat.* Thomas Wheat may have loaded the gun, but there are other versions as to who pulled the lanyard that fired it. Wheat says Major Hallenquist was the man; Gen. Stephen D. Lee in *Battles and Leaders* says Capt. George S. James, in charge of the Battery, was the man; Carl Sandburg in *War Years* says Edmund Ruffin, a Virginian farmer and rabid dis-union newspaper editor, was the man. So take your pick!

286. *Winston-Salem, N.C.*, 87,811 pop. (1955), has had a tremendous growth and is now considered the leading industrial city of the two Carolinas. The industries include the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, the Hanes Hosiery Mills, and the Western Electric radio shops. The two towns united in 1913, Winston becoming the industrial section, while Salem remains mostly residential.

288. *Statesville, N.C.*, in 1955 was still a nice old town with broad tree-bordered streets. In 1930 the entire city became a bird sanctuary.

291. *Lincolntown, N.C.*, was named for General Benjamin Lincoln, of the Revolutionary Army. It was settled mainly by Germans, whose descendants own many plantations close by. In 1939 it depended on cotton manufacturing, and had grown very little since Weand wrote about it.

After the Revolution, distilling was an important industry. One minister conducted a sawmill, a cotton gin, a blacksmith shop and a distillery. Preaching must have been his sideline!

291. *Vesuvius Iron Furnace, N.C.* Apparently all that is left is a large white frame house built for General Joseph Graham in 1792. It overlooks the "famous" Graham iron furnaces on Leipers Creek.

295. *Satterlee Hospital spoke to Summit House.* Both were military hospitals, Satterlee a huge one with many thousand beds, while Summit House had only a few hundred.

CHAPTER XXV PURSUIT OF JEFF DAVIS

300. *Quotes: B & L, Gen. Basil Duke.*

300. *Quotes: Ibid.*

300. *Armistice . . . disallowed.* Arthur O. Granger of Co. C was with Sherman at this time and he wrote of the surrender.

"It was not until after we reached Savannah that I was made confidential clerk to General Sherman. This was a most interesting position to occupy, for I was behind the scenes, as it were, and knew all the movements of our army and what the General expected to accomplish by the various marches of the different corps of his army, separated as they were by long distances. General Sherman was exceedingly kind and considerate to those with him, and while at all times he was the superior officer, he had a flattering manner of saying nice things in such a way as endeared him to you. He always had a good opinion of our Regiment, but the official dispatch which we received on January 21, 1865, telling of the capture of General Hood's pontoon and wagon train, raised us still higher in his estimation.

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He talked to John Walter (his orderly) about the Regiment and said it was the best one in his Department. 'They can ride faster, do more hard fighting and capture more wagon trains than any regiment in my command.'

"At Columbia, S.C., the contingent of Anderson's cavalymen in Sherman's army was increased by the arrival of Joe Rue, who was a member of my old company in the Regiment. Joe had been captured over a year before, in East Tennessee, but had escaped and hid in Columbia just before our army reached there, and, as he had nothing to eat for several days, was overjoyed to be with friends again.

"It was not till the 15th of April, after we had received the news of Lee's surrender, that General Joe Johnston, in our front, gave any indications that the time had come for his army to quit, too. At that date a dispatch came from him, through General Kilpatrick, asking for a cessation of hostilities and a personal interview, which was arranged to take place near Durham Station on the 17th. General Sherman took his staff officers and three or four orderlies, among whom was John Walter. I was the only clerk along. At General Kilpatrick's headquarters horses were furnished us and we rode through our lines with a flag of truce at the head of the column. General Johnston was met about four miles out from Durham Station, riding along the road with a portion of his staff, and also flying a flag of truce. The two Generals shook hands with each other and rode back to the house of a Mr. Bennett, where they went into a room by themselves and talked for an hour. Our men mingled with the rebel cavalry. They were pretty bitter and the officers haughty. The Generals arrived at no conclusion that day, as General Johnston wanted to see Secretary of War Breckinridge again and obtain authority to include all Confederate armies in the surrender. I had a good opportunity to observe Generals Johnston and Wade Hampton. They were both in full dress uniforms of gray cloth. Johnston was a full General and his badge of rank was three stars in a row, on each end of his coat collar. The stars are supposed to be silver, and the outside ones are half-circled by a wreath of gold.

"The next day the two Generals, Sherman and Johnston, met again at the same place. Soon afterwards General Johnston sent one of his staff officers back to his lines for Mr. Breckinridge, the rebel Secretary of War, Major General C.S.A. and ex-Vice-President of the United States. I recognized him at once from photographs I had seen. He was a good specimen of a real Southerner. His clothes looked rather seedy, but he was haughty and his manner was proud. General Sherman would only consent to see him in his character of a general officer, and would not recognize him as Secretary of War. The conference lasted several hours, and Breckinridge returned to the rebel lines. Terms were finally agreed upon, and Sherman appeared at the doorway, bareheaded, calling 'Granger'. I quickly responded. He introduced me to General Johnston and told me to make two copies of the agreement, and while I wrote the two commanders talked interestingly, and I did so wish that I could have listened to them. The agreements being finished, they were signed by both, first by General Sherman and then by General Johnston, after which both parties returned to their respective armies, for we had to wait until the agreement could be ratified by the authorities in Washington. . . .

"On April 24th, Lieutenant-General Grant arrived at our headquarters. I heard him tell Sherman that Lee had surrendered over 26,000 men; that their killed and wounded were upwards of 20,000, and that he had captured in battle some 23,000, and also said that his loss was not over 15,000 in killed, wounded and missing. General Grant's special mission was to report that the agreement for the surrender of Johnston's army was disallowed by the Washington authorities. General Sherman at once notified the rebel commander and demanded the surrender of the army on the same terms as were granted General Lee by General Grant.

"On April 26th, Sherman and Johnston again met at Mr. Bennett's house and the surrender of his army was consummated. We had to wait for General Johnston, but as soon as he arrived the two Generals went in together and, after consulting for an hour, General Schofield was called in and, at the dictation of General Sherman, drew the terms of capitulation, which were the same as Grant had given General Lee. After General Sherman had written the terms and they had been read to the two chiefs, General Sherman called for me and directed that I make two copies, one for General Johnston and the other for himself. Each copy was signed by the two Generals, and my share of the surrender was the pen and holder and inkstand. I tried to purchase from Mr. Bennett the table cover on which the writing was done, but the old fellow could not be induced to part with it.

The total of officers and men surrendered by General Johnston was over 89,000; 36,817 were in our front and the balance distributed in Georgia and Florida. At the consummation of this great event, the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry had a greater representation than any volunteer regiment in the service, for John Walter, of Company K, stood just outside the door while I was inside writing the official copy."

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302. *Spartanburg, S.C.*, lies in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains and is the civic center for an industrial and farming community. It was named for a body of Carolina militia, called the Spartan Regiment, which fought throughout the Revolution.

With the coming of the railroad in 1859, grain raising increased while an impetus was given both tobacco and cotton. During the Civil War every plant worked furiously to supply cotton and wool yarns, corn and wheat, arms and tools for the Confederate armies.

The Reconstruction period in Spartanburg was short, since the Spartans had never owned many slaves and were not dependent on their labor.

303. *Anderson, S.C.*, has become quite an industrial city, the main industry being textile mills.

In 1864 a branch of the Confederate treasury was moved here from Columbia, but in 1865 "Yankee raiders" destroyed the plates and dies. These were probably the troops of Brown's brigade, as mentioned by Ball on May 3d of that year. A pleasant picnic party, which was being held in the Silverbrook Cemetery, was rudely dispersed by the same troops on May 1st.

304. *Breckinridge . . . went again on their wanderings.* General Basil Duke, in *B & L* mentions this episode. "General Breckinridge requested Col. W.C.P. Breckinridge and myself to hold a body of our men together for two or three days, and, marching in a direction different from that Mr. Davis had taken, divert attention as much as possible from his movements. We accordingly marched with 350 men of our respective brigades toward Woodstock, or Woodville, I do not certainly remember the name. I moved upon one road; Col. Breckinridge, with whom the general was, upon another. We were to meet at the point I have mentioned. I arrived first, and halted to await the others. I found that a considerable force of Federal cavalry was just to the west of the place, and not more than three miles distant. The officer in command notified me in very courteous terms that he would not attack unless I proceeded toward the West, in which event he said he would, very much to his regret, be compelled 'to use violence.' He said that he hoped I would think proper to surrender, as further bloodshed was useless and wrong; but that he would not undertake to hasten the matter. I responded that I appreciated his sentiments and situation, and that I would give the matter of surrender immediate and careful consideration. That evening Colonel Breckinridge arrived. He had encountered a body of Federals, who had made to him almost the identical statement the officer in my front had addressed to me. He had parleyed with them long enough to enable General Breckinridge, with one or two officers who were to accompany him in his effort to escape, to get far enough away to elude pursuit, and then, telling them where he wished to go, was allowed to march by upon the same road occupied by the Federal column. The men of the previously hostile hosts cheered each other as they passed, and the 'Yanks' shouted, 'You rebs better go home and stop this nonsense; we don't want to hurt each other!' The colonel brought an earnest injunction from General Breckinridge that we should both surrender without delay. We communicated his message to our comrades, and for us the long agony was over."

305. *Madison, Ga.*, in 1940 was still a town of quiet streets, arched over by branches of large oak trees, and with many ante-bellum houses.

In 1845 the town was described as "the wealthiest and most aristocratic village on the stagecoach route between Charleston and New Orleans."

There is a monument in the public square to Benjamin Braswell. He had stated in his will that thirteen of his slaves should be sold to provide an education for indigent white children. The sum that was raised, \$3,595, increased by investments, still provides an income to purchase books and supplies for needy white children.

307. . . . *train of 5 wagons.* The wagons were of the old Conestoga Type drawn by large French Norman horses. In a letter to his uncle, Palmer wrote: "the wagons contained \$188,000 in coin, \$1,588,000 in bank notes, bonds, etc., of various Southern States, and about \$4,000,000 of Confederate money, besides considerable specie, plate and other valuables belonging to private citizens of Macon. The main portion of the above property comprised the assets of the Central Railroad and Banking Company, Georgia, which had been moved out of Macon at the approach of General Wilson. The wagons also contained the private baggage, maps, and official papers of General Beauregard and the same of General Pillow. Nothing was disturbed, and I sent the whole on by railroad to Augusta in charge of Captain Patterson, acting Assistant Adjutant General, to be delivered to the commanding officer of United States forces, to await action of the Government.

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"This train was brought by a Sergeant and ten men of the Fifteenth, a day's march, to me at Athens without a single article being disturbed. There! I am as proud of that as of all the fights the Regiment was ever in."

After the war Palmer learned that all the captured money and other property had been returned to the rightful owners without the loss of a dollar.

317. *Quotes*: General Wilson in *Under the Old Flag*.

318. *Quotes*: *Ibid*.

CHAPTER XXVI HOMEWARD BOUND

322. *Quotes*: *History of the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry*.

323. *Major Hough*. Alfred Lacey Hough was a commission merchant at the outbreak of the war, living in Philadelphia. He enlisted in the Penna. Volunteers as a sergeant, but soon received his commission. He was first on the staff of General Negley, but later that of General Thomas, with whom he remained the rest of the General's life.

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Men of the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry are listed with their rank at Mustering-out. Arabic numerals have been used for brigades and divisions, with large Roman numerals for the corps, wherever possible.

Abbreviations other than the usual ones for States and rank follow.

A of C Army of the Cumberland
A of N. Va. Army of Northern Virginia
A of O Army of the Ohio
A of P Army of the Potomac
A of T Army of Tennessee (C)
A of the T Army of the Tennessee
A of Va Army of Virginia (C)
AAG Asst. Adj. General
ADC Aide de Camp
Adv. Advance
Ant. Antietam
APHG Army Provost Marshal Gen.
Art. Artillery
Atl. Atlanta
Bat. Battle
Batt. Battery
Bur. Bureau
(C) Confederate
(c) or cap. Capture(d)
c. of D. Capture of Davis
Cam. Campaign
Cand. Candidate
Chat. Chattanooga
Chick. Chickamauga
Chr. Com. Christian Commission
Com. Commanding or Command
Comsy. Commissary
CSA Confederate States of America
(d) Died
Des. Deserted
Disch. Discharged
Dist. District
Fr. Franklin
Gett. Gettysburg
(k) Killed
Murf. Murfreesboro
Nash. Nashville
NYSM N.Y. State Militia
Org. Organized
P of D Pursuit of Davis
Plant. Plantation
PMG Provost Marshal Gen.
Pon. Pontoon
San. Com. Sanitary Commission
Seq. Val. Sequatchie Valley
St. Riv. Stone River
Suc. Succeeded
Sur. Surrender(ed)
Tulla. Tullahoma
USCT U.S. Colored Troops
USMA U.S. Military Academy
(w) Wounded
Wild. Wilderness

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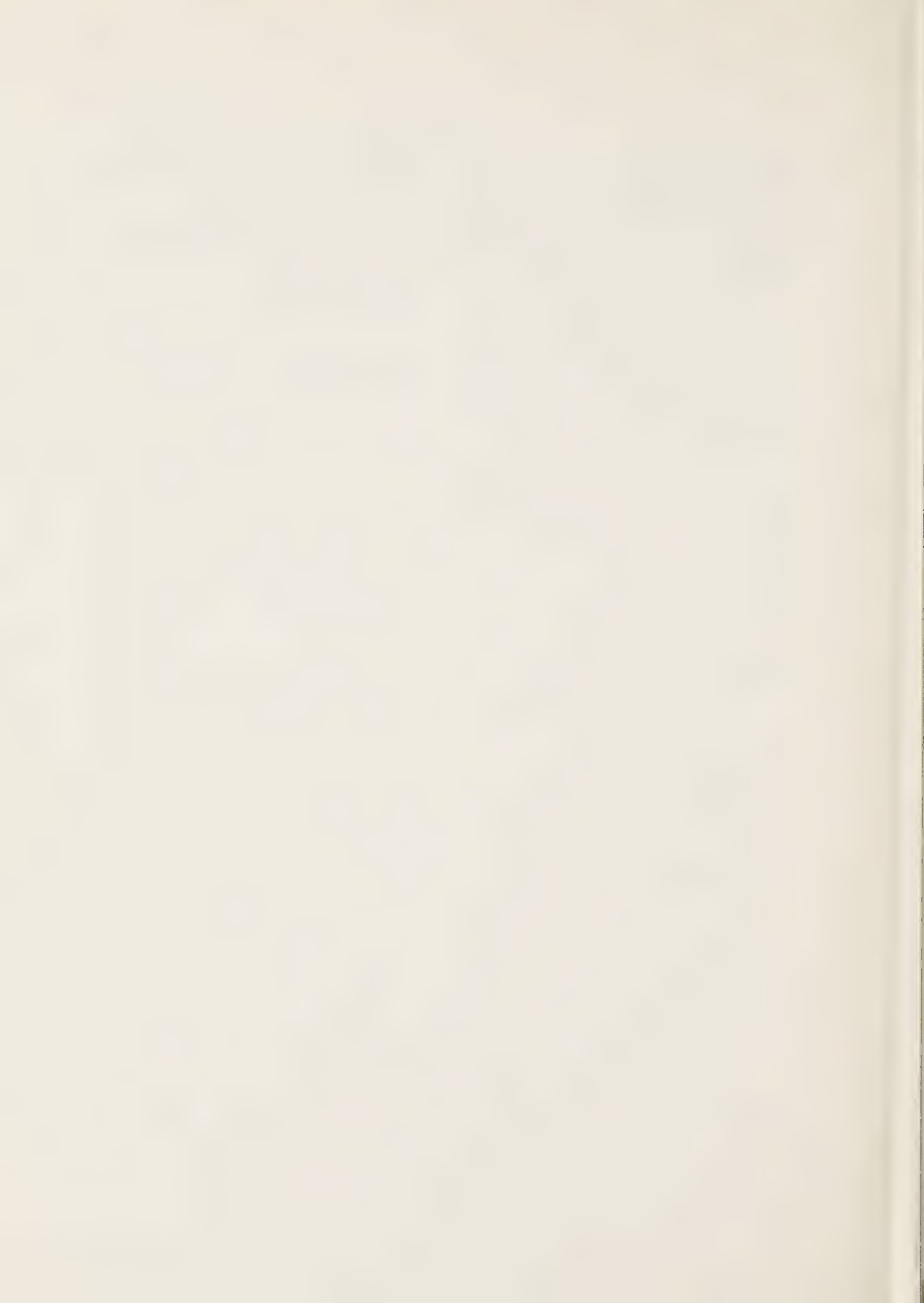
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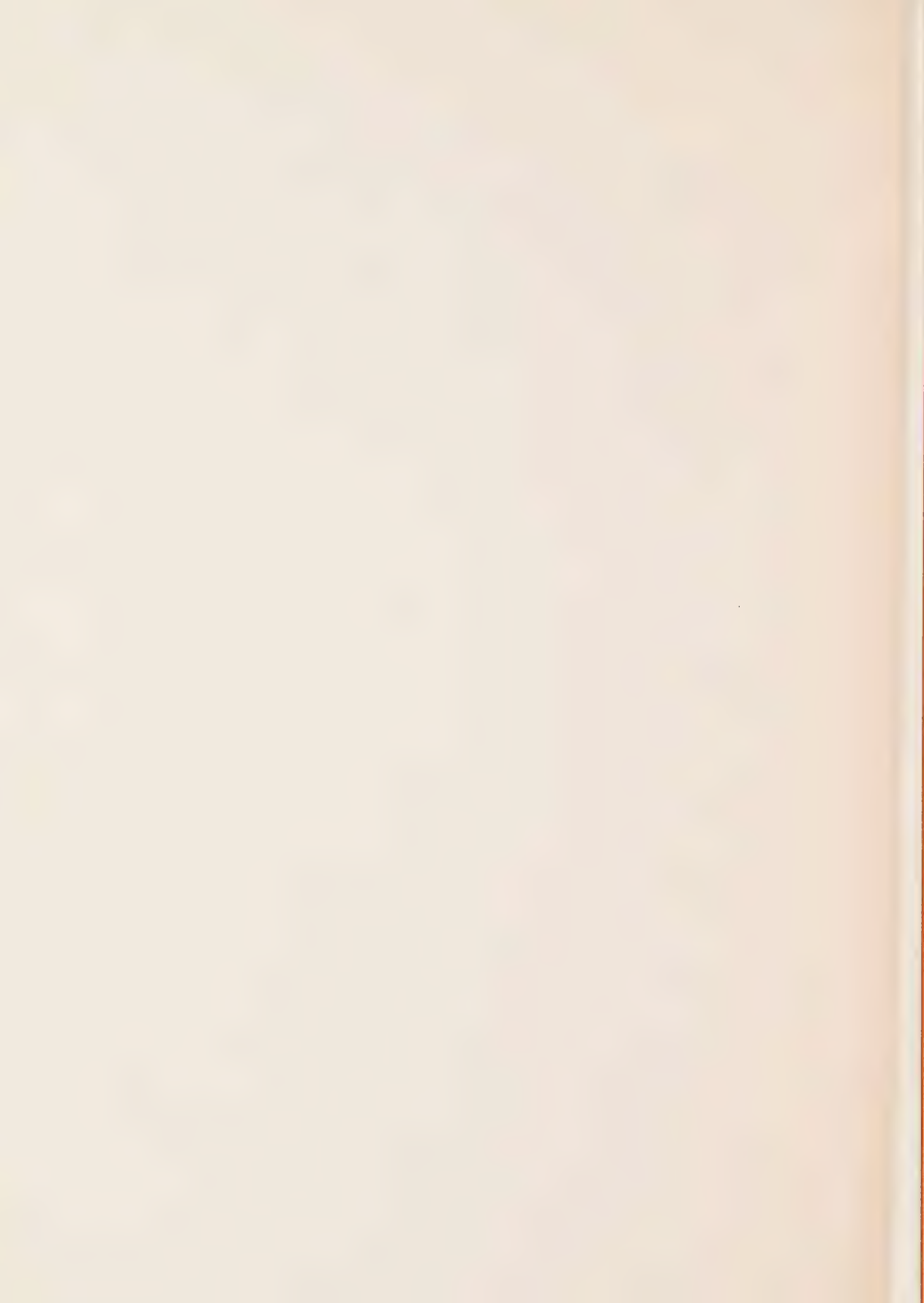
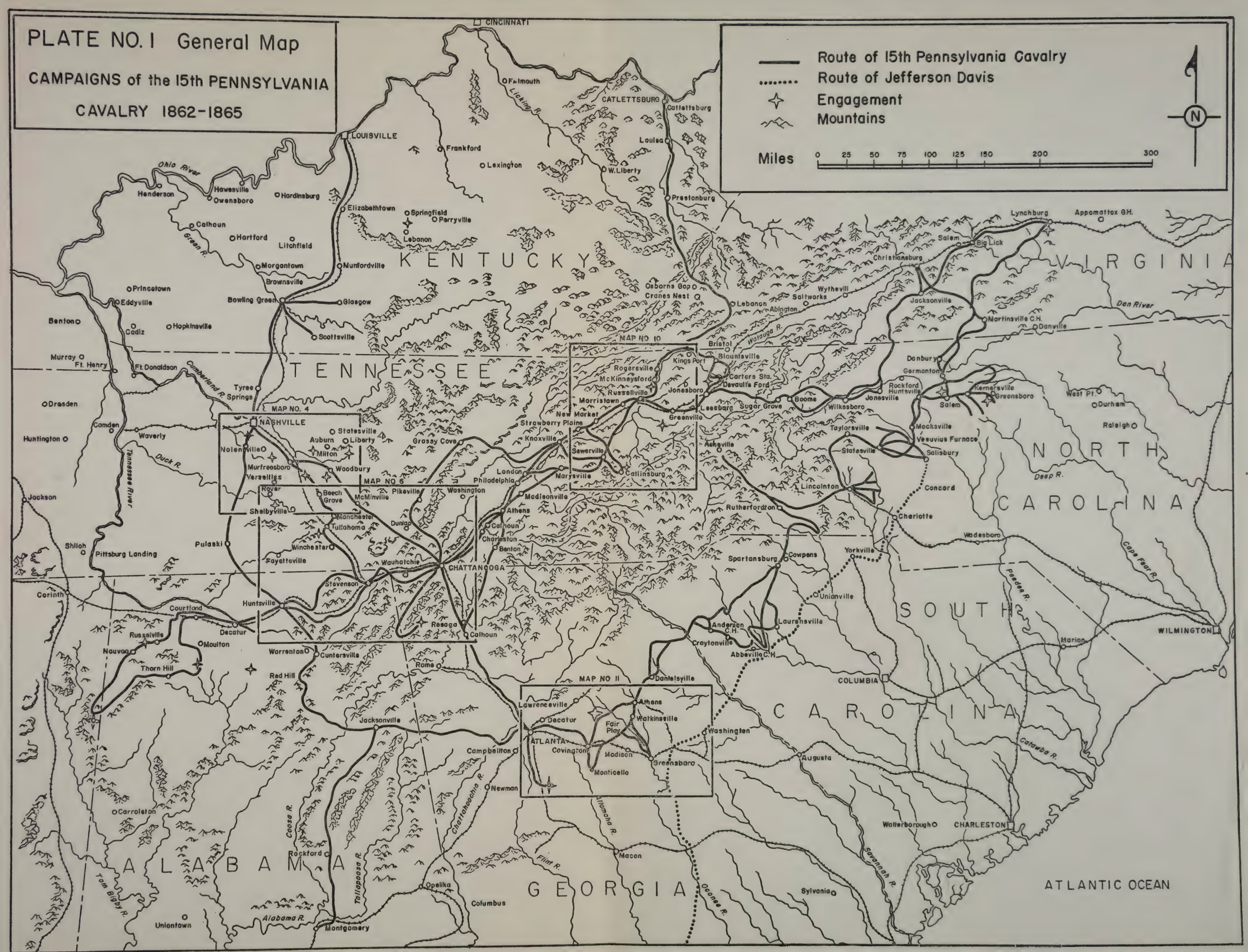
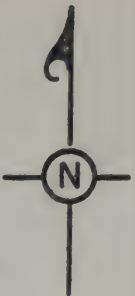
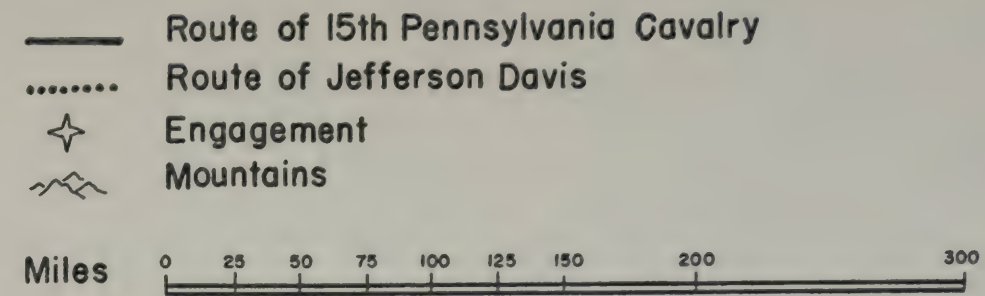


PLATE NO. I General Map
CAMPAIGNS of the 15th PENNSYLVANIA
CAVALRY 1862-1865





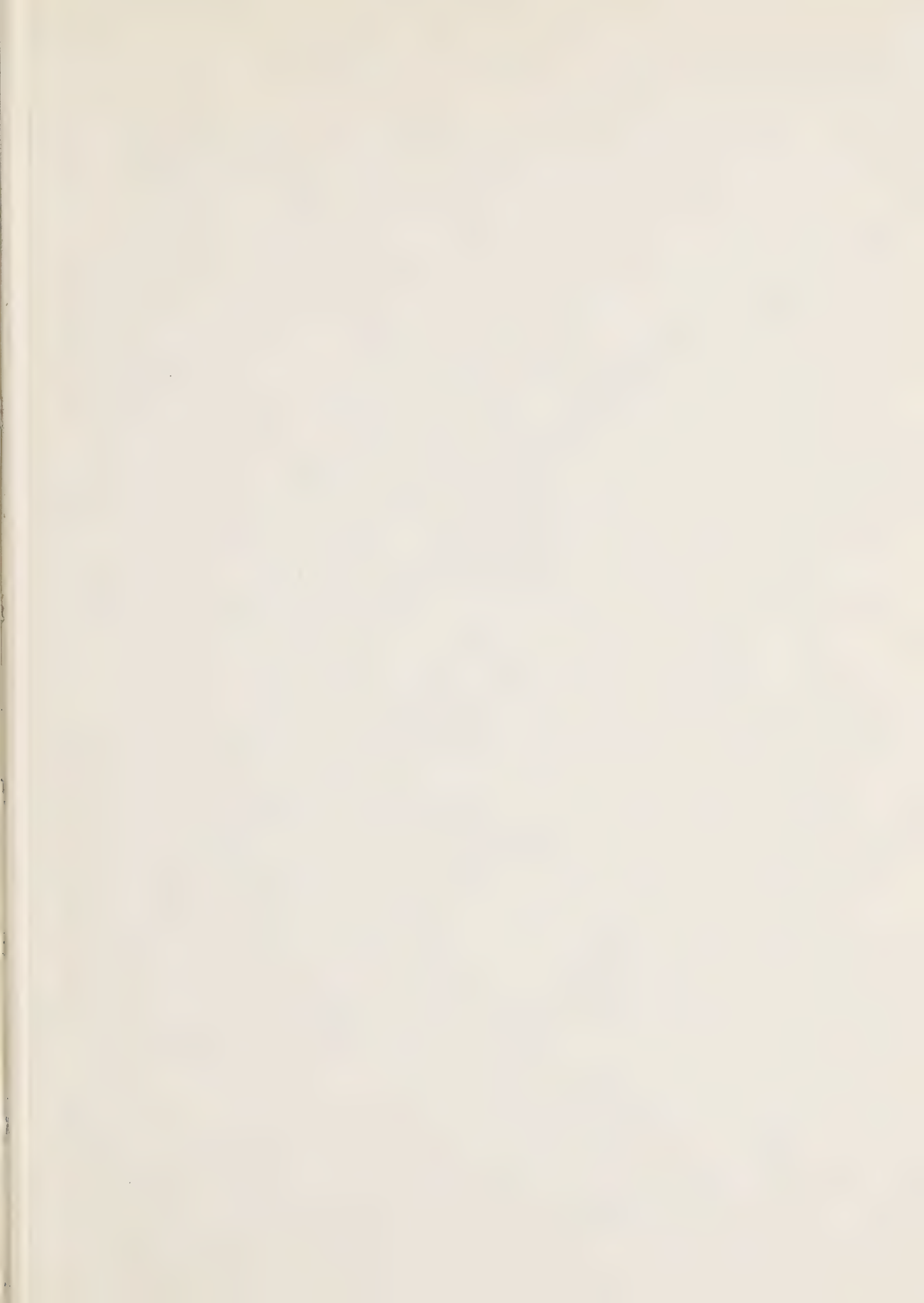
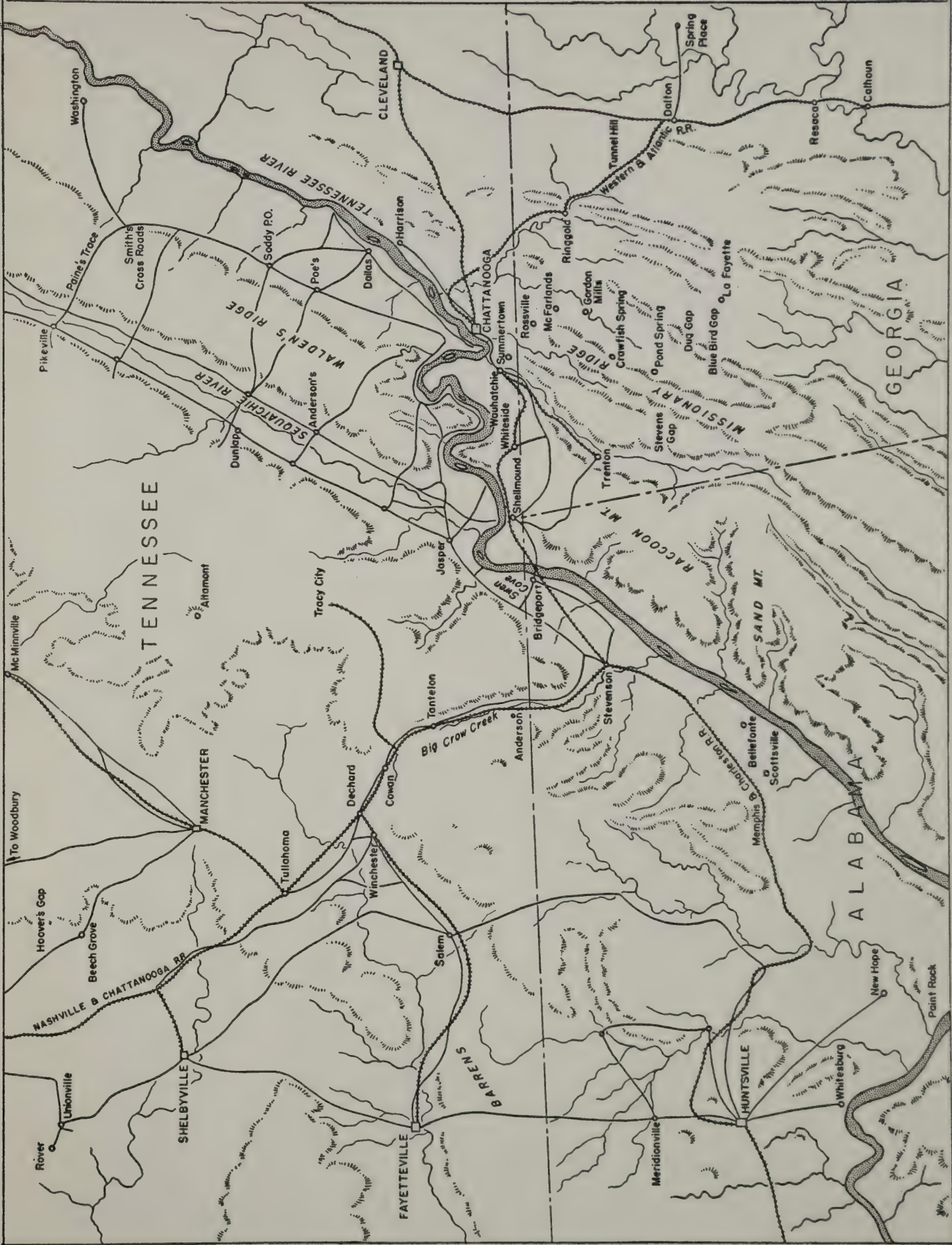
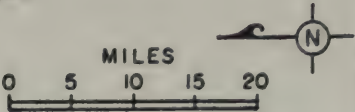




PLATE NO. VI Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia
(Valley of the Tennessee River)



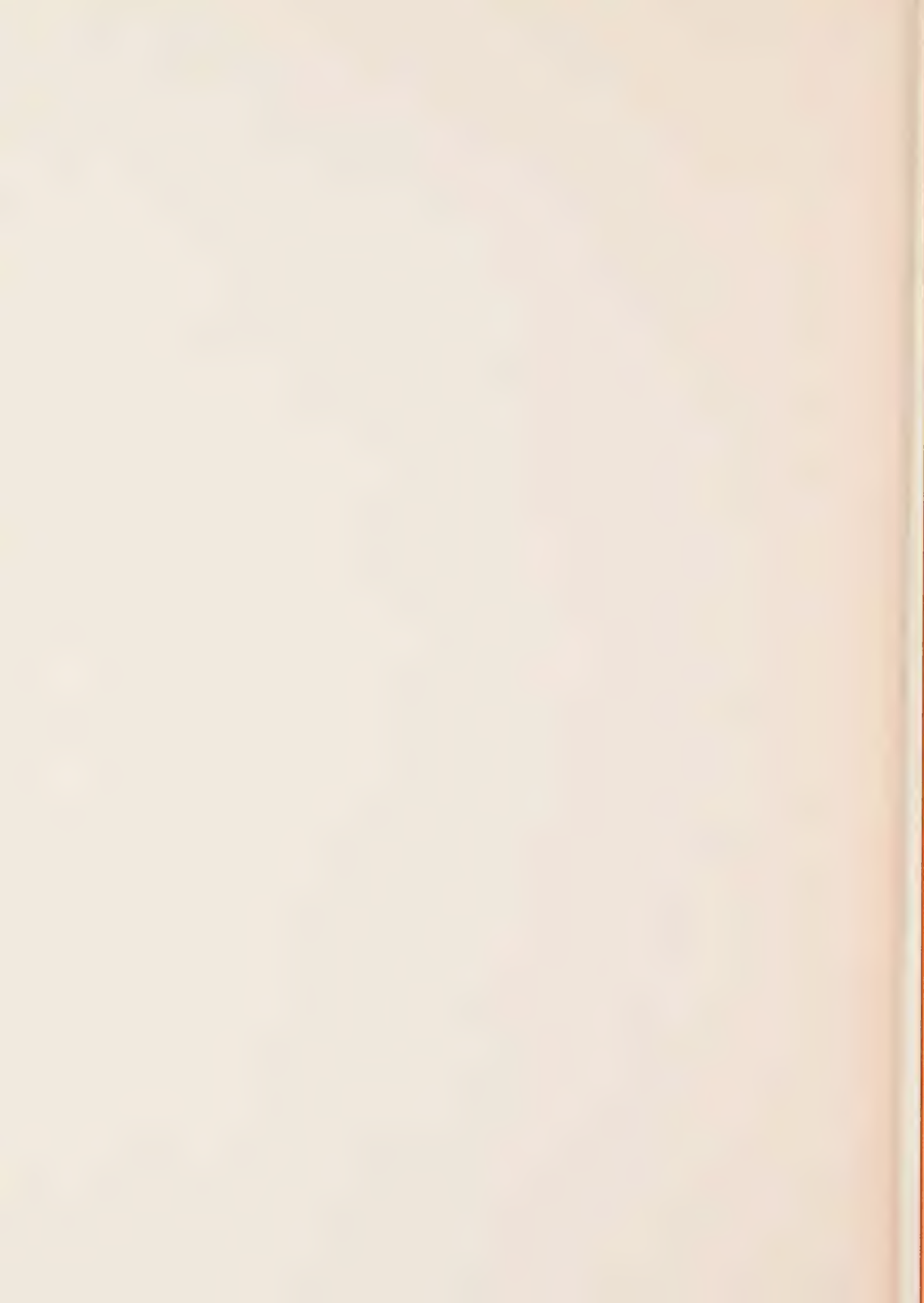


PLATE NO. X

East Tennessee



Battle



Peak

Miles

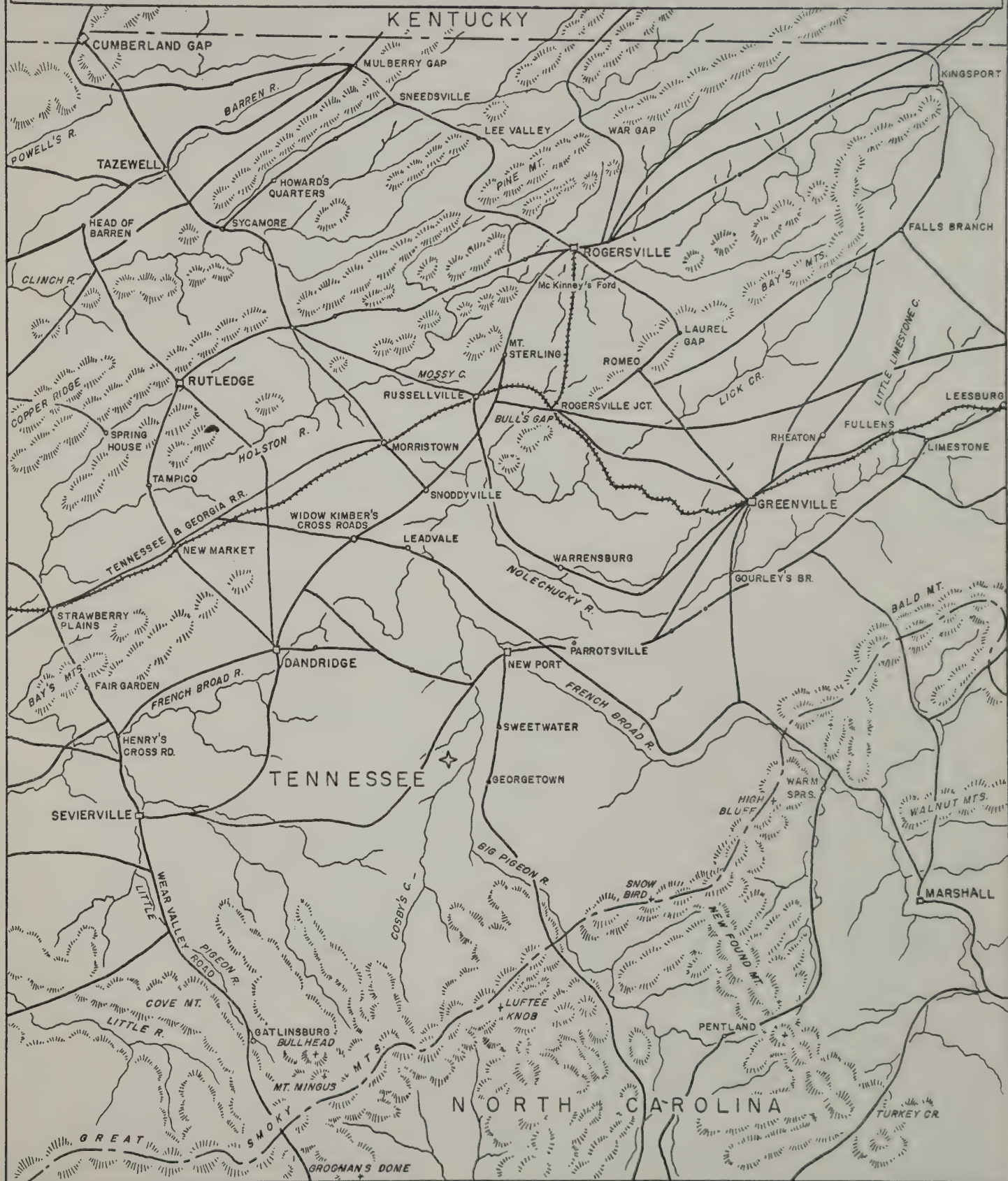
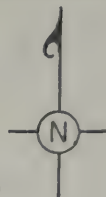
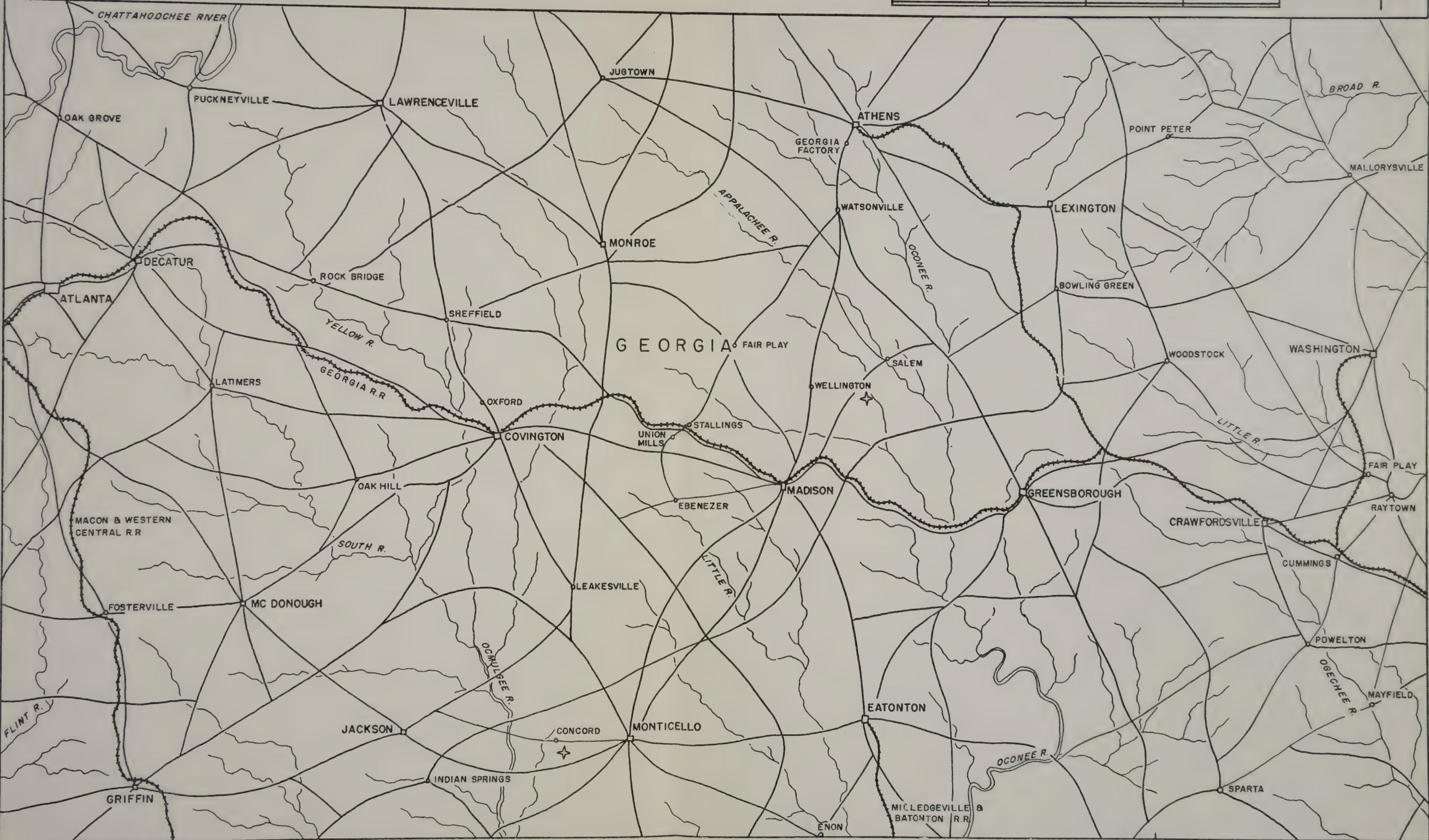
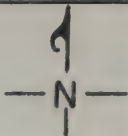
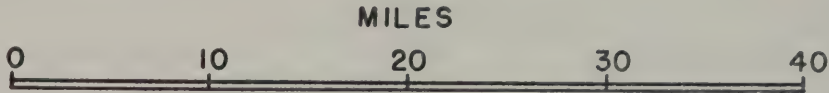
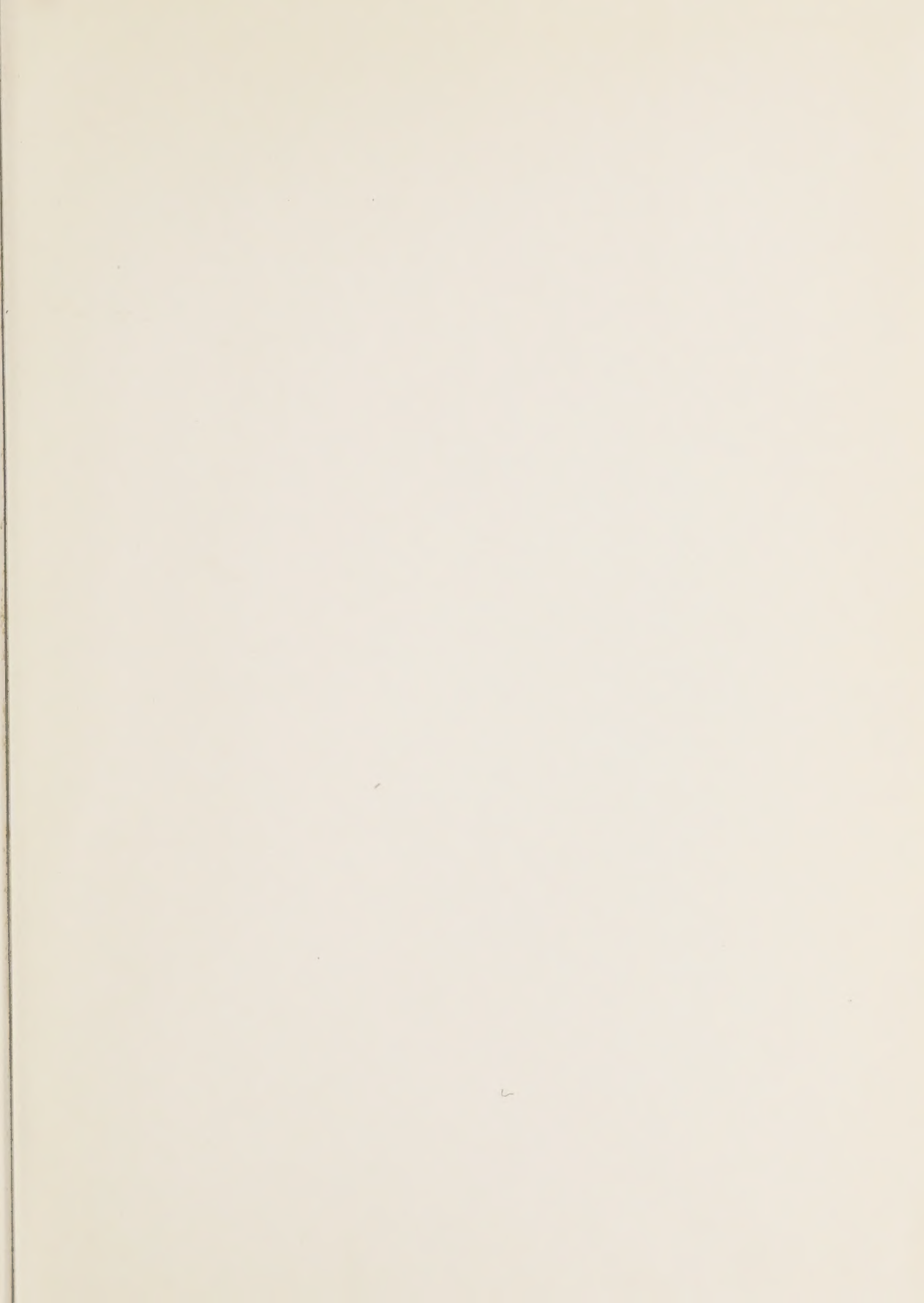
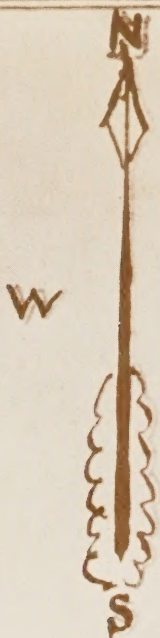




PLATE NO. XI North Central Georgia







Browns Ferry
Pontoon

Moccasin Pt

Mill

Mill

Pontoon

HOOVER

LOOKOUT
Summertown Institute
Hotel



